

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

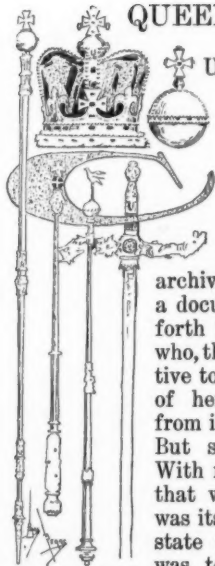
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QUEEN VICTORIA'S "CORONATION ROLL."



UNUSUALLY enough, neither the birth, baptism, nor confirmation of Queen Victoria is a matter of official public record. One might suppose that, filed away in its appointed place among the state archives, there could be found a document formally setting forth the birth of the child who, though not heir presumptive to the throne at the time of her birth, was removed from it by only three degrees. But such is not the case. With regard to her birth, all that was deemed necessary was its announcement by the state officials whose duty it was to be personally cognizant of the fact.

In the huge Public Records Building in Chancery Lane, wherein are jealously guarded the muniments of ancient landed titles and the records of royal treaties, one may see the marvelously well-preserved Domesday Book, which is the beginning of all things to the English conveyancer; the solemn compacts of cardinals, envoys, ambassadors, and ministers; the priceless records of royal prerogatives side by side with the grants wrung from unwilling monarchs to the growing power of the people. There, also, are preserved, and

with equal care, a multitude of writings which have no other interest, despite their antiquity, than that which comes from the fact that they have to do with the trivial details of the most common incidents in the lives of the kings and queens of England. But among them all there can be found no official or other record of the coming into existence of a certain child, one Alexandrina Victoria, who was destined to become the first empress that ever sat upon an English throne, to rule over a wider extent of country than ever before comprised the dominion of a sovereign, to count among her willing subjects a greater number of people and a wider diversity of races than has ever acknowledged a common scepter, and who has, finally, in the closing decade of the nineteenth century, completed a longer term of continuous reign than has been allotted to a queen in the world's history.

Among these records there is guarded, as if it had a special pious virtue, a discolored parchment which, in Elizabeth's time, was the patent by the authority of which a certain dean was made the instructor of the queen in the rites and ceremonials of the church. But there is no note, formal or informal, among these records of how or where or when Queen Victoria, this first empress, and the most illustrious of English sovereigns, was received into that church of which she is now the temporal head. Even the circumstance that, since the time of Charles II, every English sovereign, upon his accession to the throne,



FROM A PAINTING BY THOMAS SULLY.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

QUEEN VICTORIA, 1838.

has been required by law to make a declaration which precludes the possibility of its occupant being of any faith save that of the Established Church, is hardly sufficient to account for the omission from the records of the baptism and confirmation of the present head of the church. But this being the case, and the birth of the Queen being accepted as a matter of officially demonstrable proof, and her baptism as a matter of inference, her coronation becomes, in point of time and of importance, the first event with which the public records concern themselves.

Fortunately this one record, which is called the «Coronation Roll», is wonderfully and curiously complete. It sets down every detail with minuteness and elaboration. The «Coronation Roll» of Queen Victoria is like the rolls of all her predecessors since the time of Richard II—a huge, bulky roll of parchment. It is what the lawyers would call a deed poll as distinguished from an indenture. It has its preambles and recitals and its obligation, all of which are quaintly set out in stilted phrases on a series of pieces of sheepskin, each fifteen inches wide, fastened together by loose stitches, until the whole attain the length of nearly one hundred lineal feet. It can be perused only by unrolling from one end or the other, and is so unwieldy that the seeker for any information of which the precise location is unknown must invoke the aid of no end of manual assistance to attain it. The script is in the highest style of the scrivener's art, and is an excellent example of the engrossment that is still considered necessary in England for wills and deeds, which, as there is no general system of publicly recording such instruments, are kept in «strong boxes» under lock and key. Speaking generally, the result, as a whole, is over a hundred square feet of solid reading in one breath and in a language that is a mixture of legal, medieval, and court phrases; but each line gives one a glimpse not to be had otherwise of the intricacy, dignity, and significance of the coronation ceremony.

Modestly enough, the title on the documents is «A Roll containing certain Proceedings relating to the Coronation of Her Most Gracious Majesty Victoria,» and it begins by the announcement of the Queen's intention to be crowned. But one need not suppose that this announcement was a simple thing. Kings and queens may be anything else, but they may never know what simplicity is. They may hear of it, and wish to know it, and even be acquainted with it by tradition, but to

have a speaking acquaintance with it is obviously impossible. Keeping that in mind, it is not surprising, then, to read that «Whereas We have resolved by the Favour and Blessing of Almighty God to celebrate the Solemnity of Our Royal Coronation and forasmuch as by Ancient Customs and Usages of this Realm as also in regard of sundry Manors Lands and other Hereditaments many of Our loving subjects do claim and are bound to do and perform divers services on the same day . . . We therefore out of Our princely care for the preservation of the lawful rights of Our loving subjects whom it may concern do hereby give notice of and publish the same accordingly.» The day originally fixed upon was Tuesday, June 26, 1838, the second year of her reign; this date was changed by a second royal proclamation to Thursday, the 28th, and yet another proclamation is recorded in the roll which states that, «inasmuch as it is the wish of Her Majesty to make the arrangements as much abridged and as economical as might be compatible with a strict regard to the solemnity and importance of the Occasion it is decided to omit that part of the Coronation that usually takes place in Westminster Hall and that part which consists of the Procession leaving only that part which is solemnized in Westminster Abbey. But that such omission shall not interfere with the Rights and Privileges of those persons whose attendances and services are hereby dispensed with.»

This last announcement was not merely a matter of form; for the rendering of the services connected with the whole ceremony was not only a privilege legally belonging to the heads of certain families, but upon the due performance of those services depended, in some cases, the actual tenure of land and houses. If, therefore, the opportunity of rendering these services was taken from sundry persons by omitting the part of the ceremony in which they would have occurred, it became a legal necessity to state that their non-performance came, not from any neglect on their part, but because their services had been dispensed with by royal command and for this particular occasion.

And thereby hang many tales, which the roll proceeds to unfold with its inevitable deliberation and capital letters. After telling how the Privy Council was formed into a commission «to hear the petitions of the Lords, Great Men, Nobles, Knights, and others with regard to services duties attendances Offices Fees and Rights connected with the Ceremony of Coronation,» the roll states what



FROM THE ENGRAVING BY H. T. RYALL, AFTER THE PAINTING BY SIR WILLIAM CHARLES ROSS.

BY PERMISSION OF PAUL AND DOMINIC COLNAGHI.

QUEEN VICTORIA, 1840.

these petitions were, or at least such of them as were granted.

One was that of the Duke of Norfolk, who claimed «the right to find for the Queen on her day of Coronation a glove for Her Majesty's right hand and to support the Queen's Right Arm on the same day as long as Her Majesty shall hold in her hand the Royal Sceptre the petitioner holding the Manor of Worksop by the aforesaid services.» In other words, if the Duke of Norfolk had failed to provide the glove or to support her Majesty's arm at that particular time, his ownership of Worksop Manor would have been invalidated, and the property have reverted to the crown.

Another petition was that of Barbara, Baroness Grey de Ruthyn, who, as the head of her family, claimed the right to carry the great spurs before her Majesty on the day of her coronation, and asked that George, Lord Byron, be appointed her deputy for the performance of that duty.

Yet another was that of Francis, twelfth Earl of Huntingdon. The earldom of Huntingdon had remained suspended for many years, owing to the tenth earl dying without issue. When, however, this twelfth in the line of succession succeeded in establishing, as a descendant of the second earl, his right to the peerage, he also claimed the right to carry one of the four swords of state in the coronation procession; this, as well as other duties and services connected with the ceremony, being the condition of his tenure of lands. Small wonder, then, that in announcing the omission of the procession it was important to set forth also that the non-performance of duties connected with it should entail no forfeitures.

Some of the coronation services were, as the roll puts it, connected with certain «Offices Fees and Rights» which, naturally enough, the claimants were not slow to set forth. The most interesting of these to one not versed in either religious or court ceremonial is the petition presented by the Dean and Chapter of the Collegiate Church of St. Peter. In it they claim the right to be admitted to the coronation for three reasons: First, because «The Abbots of the late Monastery of St. Peter in Westminster have been beyond the memory of man the instructors of the Kings and Queens of England in all the forms, rites and ceremonies used in their Coronation. Second, because the Abbots have for all the time aforesaid usually assisted the Archbishop to perform Divine Service at the Coronation, and, Third, because by virtue of letters patent from our

late illustrious Sovereign Queen Elizabeth the Dean ought to be the instructor of the Queen in her Coronation.» Surely a convincing plea, when one considers all that it embodies of law, precedent, and implied duty.

Being evidently quite convinced that this much of their petition will be granted, the dean and chapter go on to enumerate the «Fees and Allowances for their services in the Coronation.» The list is too quaint, too interestingly minute, not to give it in full. It comprises:

Two yards of Scarlett	} For the Dean's Robes.
Six ells of dark coloured Cloth	
Six yards of Sarcenet	
Two pieces of double Worsted	

Four ells of black Cloth and a piece of double worsted for each of the Dean's Chaplains for their Robes.

Robes for six Ministers of the said Church, of the Queen's gift.

The Queen's Upper Vestment in which she comes to the Church at her Coronation.

Also The Oblation and Offering at the time of her Coronation. (The oblation being one pound—in weight—of Gold, and the offering a Purse of Gold.)

Also The Stage Throne Royal Seats Tapestry Chairs Cushions Carpet Cloths and all the ornaments with which the Stage and the Church shall be embellished at the time of the Coronation.

Also The four Poles or Staves which support the Canopy and the four little bells that hang at each corner of the Canopy.

Also The blue Cloth upon which the Queen walks from the West door of the Church to the Stage.

Also The Great Chantor to have an ounce of Gold by the hands of the Treasurer of the Queen's Chamber.

Also An hundred Manchets of Wine and Fish according to the bounty of her said Royal Majesty for the said Dean and Chapter's repast on her Coronation day.

Six ells of cloth was considered enough for a dean's robe, but the Lord Great Chamberlain was not to be satisfied with any such modest amount for his appareling; for «in consideration of bringing to Her Majesty, by proxy, such of Her Majesty's apparel as is usually brought to her by him on her Coronation day he claims forty ells of crimson velvet for his Robe and the furniture in the Chamber occupied by Her Majesty the night previous to her Coronation.» Truly a large fee for a small service, especially when that service is rendered by proxy!

But the petition concerning the largest number of people was that presented by the baronets, who discovered, evidently to their



PAINTED BY F. M. BELL SMITH.

SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

QUEEN VICTORIA, 1895.

consternation, that they were not included in the «Lords, Great Men, Nobles, Knights, and others» who were to be present at the coronation. Not only were there no services for them to render, nor fees for them to claim, but their bodily presences were to be dispensed with. Promptly they presented a petition setting forth their claims. The commission, after deliberation, «did not see its way clear to granting it.» The baronets then set about the matter in a more businesslike and, as might be expected, a more successful way: they organized themselves into an association for the time being, and through their representative presented a second petition, in which it was suggested that if all of them might not be admitted, four—one each from England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales—should be permitted to attend as representatives. More deliberations on the part of the commission only resulted in their still being so undecided that they finally referred the petition to the Queen herself, who granted it in a way that showed her Majesty to be as gracious in fact as in name.

Whether by intention or not, no separate instructions were issued to these baronets as to how they should appear at the coronation. Dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, and barons were minutely instructed as to how many rows of ermine and how deep the borderings of miniver were to be worn on their respective robes and mantles, and as to the material and precise patterns of their coronets. And no less definite were the instructions to each duchess, marchioness, countess, viscountess, and baroness. The higher the rank the deeper the fur and the longer the train, of course, beginning with a baroness's train, which was required to be three feet on the ground, and going by quarter-yard gradations to that of a duchess, who was entitled to one lying two yards upon the floor. Only as to baronets was the earl marshal silent: perhaps because there were to be but four of them, perhaps because they were by inference included among those described as «others than Peers and Peeresses.» These «others» received directions which prohibited the women from wearing court trains, feathers, or lappets, and directed the men to appear in either uniform or full dress.

The Abbey doors were opened at five o'clock in the morning; no one was admitted after half-past nine. Now let the roll tell this part of the story in its own fashion:

And be it Remembered that afterwards namely on Thursday the Twenty-eighth day of June about
VOL. LIV.—22.

Ten of the Clock in the morning the said Lady the Queen attended by her Royal Household accompanied by the Princes and Princesses of the Blood Royal attended by their respective households of Their Royal Highnesses proceeded from Buckingham Palace to the Great Western Tower of Saint Peter Westminster Her Majesty having been robed in the Royal Robes and her Regalia having been previously laid on the Table in the Jerusalem Chamber were delivered by the Lord Chamberlain to Arthur Duke of Wellington for this time Lord High Constable of England and by him to Lord Willoughby de Eresby as Lord Great Chamberlain and by His Lordship to the Noblemen by whom the same were to be carried videlicet Saint Edward's Staff to James Henry Robert Duke of Roxburghe The Golden Spurs to George Anson Lord Byron as deputy to the Baroness Grey de Ruthyn The Sceptre with the Cross to William Harry Duke of Cleveland The Third Sword unsheathed to Robert Marquess of Westminster The Second Sword unsheathed to George Granville Duke of Sutherland The Sword called Curtana to William Spencer Duke of Devonshire The Sword of State to be carried unsheathed before the Queen to William Viscount Melbourne The Sceptre with the Dove at the top to Charles Duke of Richmond The Orb with the Cross to Edward Adolphus Duke of Somerset The Great Crown called St. Edward's crown to Alexander Duke of Hamilton for this time High Steward of England The Patina to Christopher Archbishop of Bangor The Chalice to John Bishop of Lincoln The Holy Bible to Charles Richard Bishop of Winchester The Peers Dowager Peeresses and Peeresses in their Robes of Estate and others summoned by Her Majesty's commands to be present at the Solemnity of Her Coronation were conducted to the places assigned to them previously to the arrival of Her Majesty These things being done the Procession began and went up the Nave to the Choir with great magnificence and splendour while an Anthem was playing The Queen having come to the Area or Theatre erected between the four pillars the said Lady the Queen was according to Ancient Custom shown to the People and they unanimously consented to obey the said Lady the Queen as their Liege Lady And Her Majesty having previously videlicet on Monday the Twentieth day of November One Thousand eight hundred and thirty seven in the Presence of the Two Houses of Parliament made and subscribed the Declaration mentioned in the Thirtieth year of the Reign of King Charles the Second intitled «An Act for the more effectively preserving the King's Person and Government by disabling Papists from sitting in either House of Parliament» the Oaths by Law required were administered to and taken and subscribed by our said Lady the Queen as appears by the said Oath hereunto annexed And our said Lady the Queen being then Anointed and Crowned by the said Archbishop ascended the Throne where the said Archbishop for himself and the other Lords Spiritual then present and Kneeling around him did

The OATH.

ARCHBISHOP. *Madam. Is Your Majesty willing to take the Oath?*

THE QUEEN. *I am willing.*

ARCHBISHOP. *Will You solemnly promise and swear to govern the People of this United Kingdom of GREAT BRITAIN and IRELAND, and the Dominions thereto belonging according to the Statutes in Parliament agreed on; and the respective Laws and Customs of the same?*

QUEEN. *I solemnly promise so to do.*

ARCHBISHOP. *Will You to Your Power cause Law and Justice, in Mercy, to be executed in all Your Judgements?*

QUEEN. *I will.*

ARCHBISHOP. *Will You to the utmost of Your Power maintain the Laws of God, the true Profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant Reformed Religion established by Law? And will You maintain and preserve inviolably the Settlement of the United Church of ENGLAND and IRELAND, and the Doctrine, Worship, Discipline, and Government thereof, as by Law established within ENGLAND and IRELAND and the Territories therunto belonging? And will You preserve unto the Bishops and Clergy of ENGLAND and IRELAND and to the Churches there committed to their Charge, all such Rights and Privileges, as by Law do, or shall appertain to them, or any of them?*

QUEEN. *All this I promise to do.*

These things which I have here before promised, I will perform, and keep.

So help me God.

Victoria R.

Homage Afterwards Augustus Frederick Duke of Sussex ascended the steps of the Throne and knelt before the Queen and for himself and for Adolphus Frederick Duke of Cambridge who also knelt with him did Homage in these words (the Duke of Cambridge repeating after him)

"I Augustus Frederick Duke of Sussex do become your Liege Man of Life and Limb and of Earthly Worship and Faith and Truth I will bear

unto you to live and die against all manner of Folks. So help me God."

Then His Royal Highness in Testimony of his assent and readiness for the defence of the Crown touched the Crown upon Her Majesty's Head and kissed Her Majesty's left Cheek as also did the Duke of Cambridge.

A representative of each order of nobility

then «pronounced the Words of Homage in the same manner and in Testimony of their assent and readiness for the Defence of Her Majesty's Crown severally touched with their hands the said Crown on Her Majesty's Head and kissed Her Majesty's Hand.»

The remainder of the roll is given over to an enumeration of the persons who by thus doing homage through their representatives were officially present. The only approximate idea that one can give of their number is to say that this part of the roll is about ten feet long. Below the list, crowded into one corner, in an almost microscopic handwriting, is a memorandum of how the President of Her Majesty's Council and the Lord Chief Justice of England brought «this Roll of the Proceedings into the open Court of Chancery in the great Hall of Westminster and the said Marquess with his own hands in the presence of the said Lord Chief Justice delivered the same into the hands of the Right Honorable Charles Christopher Baron Cottenham Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, sitting in the Court, which said Lord High Chancellor then and there in like manner delivered the same into the hands of the Right Honorable Henry Baron Langsale Master or Keeper of the Rolls of the said Court of Chancery to remain afterwards among the records of the whole Court aforesaid.»

So much for the roll, interesting not only as a record, but as a description; not only as a bit of history, but as a piece of good literary work. With all its necessarily involved and pompous style, it is not pretentious; it has an arrogant simplicity characteristic, perhaps, of the person who wrote it, certainly of the personages of whom it was written. But interesting as the roll itself is, that interest is enhanced by a document that is attached to it—«the Oath hereunto annexed» spoken of in the text. «Annexed» is evidently the equivalent in court language for «stitched»; for, sewed by one edge to the side of the roll, with double thread and rather uneven, awkward stitches, is the coronation oath itself. It is a gold-bordered parchment on which are the questions put by the Archbishop to the Queen,—whom he addresses as «Madam,»—her Majesty's answers, her oath to keep the promises she has made, and in the lower corner, so far toward the right that it runs into the border, the signature «Victoria R.»—her first signature as queen *de jure* as well as queen *de facto*. Two things strike one on looking at this the crux of the coronation. The first is the equally balanced nervousness and force shown by the

signature itself—the nervousness begotten by the tremendousness of the situation, and counteracted by the force inherent in the character of the signatory. The other is the directness and simplicity of the language in which the Queen took upon herself the heaviest duties and responsibilities that can fall to any human being. This obligation is thus set out:

Archbishop: Madam, Is Your Majesty willing to take the Oath?

The Queen: I am willing.

Archbishop: Will You solemnly promise and swear to govern the people of this United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the Dominions thereto belonging according to the Statutes in Parliament agreed on and the respective Laws and Customs of the same?

The Queen: I solemnly promise so to do.

Archbishop: Will You to Your Power cause Law and Justice in Mercy to be executed in all Your Judgements?

The Queen: I will.

Archbishop: Will You to the utmost of your Power maintain the Laws of God, the true Profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant Reformed Religion established by Law? And will You maintain and preserve inviolably the Settlement of the United Church of England and Ireland, and the Doctrine, Worship, Discipline, and Government thereof, as by Law established within England and Ireland and the Territories thereunto belonging? And will You preserve unto the Bishops and Clergy of England and Ireland and to the Churches there Committed to their charge all such Rights and Privileges as by Law do or shall appertain to them or any of them?

The Queen: All this I promise to do.

The things which I have here before promised I will perform and keep.

So help me God.

Victoria R.

Whether it is a peculiarity of this one official document, or is common to them all, one cannot say, but this much is certain of the roll—that it fails one at the critical moment. It omits a description of the most interesting parts of the ceremony. It tells with minuteness who carried each separate portion of the regalia, and what bishops carried the Bible and the chalice and the patina, all of which any one can very well imagine. But what one not thoroughly versed in royal ceremonies cannot very well imagine is the actual anointing and crowning of a queen, or the manner of her enthronization. They are details beyond anything in which either our recollection or our imagination is likely to be of reliable assistance; and being the climax of the entire ceremony, being indeed its *raison d'être*, it is but natural to feel some-

Afterwards Augustus Frederick Duke of Sussex
 attended the steps of the Throne and knelt
 before the Queen and for himself and for Adolphus
 Frederick Duke of Cambridge also knelt with
 him his homage in these words (the Duke of
 Cambridge repeating after him).

"I Augustus Frederick Duke
 of Sussex do become your
 Liege Man of Life and Limb
 and of earthly honour and state
 and Fealty I will bear unto
 you to live and die against all
 manner of folks"
 "So Help me God"

PART OF THE «CORONATION ROLL» (REDUCED FACSIMILE).

what cheated when the coronation roll only refers to them instead of describing them. Fortunately for us, however, there is another record which to a great extent supplies the lack in the roll. It is a supplement to the «Official Gazette», a chronicle of the court, which announces on its title-page that it is «published by Authority»—whose it is of course needless to say. Its account of the coronation gives even such particulars as who of those taking part in the ceremony had two pages to carry their coronets, who only one. These same pages seem a superfluous flourish until one finds by reading further that they, like all apparent superfluities, are a necessity to the luxury of the occasion; for at stated times the coronets of all present had to be put on and taken off, and one can imagine, when the latter was the case, how much they would have been in the way of their owners if they themselves had been obliged to hold them while assisting in some part of the ceremony. This putting on and off of the coronets had a significance—as indeed had every part of the solemnity—that explains itself. Long and elaborate as it was, the symbolism of every part of the ceremony is apparent even to one who only reads of it. Perhaps the best place to begin is at what the chronicle calls the «Recognition», and is in these words:

The Archbishop of Canterbury facing to the Eastern side of the Theatre asked for the people's acceptance of the Queen:

«Sirs, I here present to you Queen Victoria, the undoubted Queen of the Realm; wherefore all you

who are come this day to do your homage, are you willing to do the same?»

This he repeated to the East, West, North and South, from the raised platform between the four great pillars, during which time the Queen stood up by Her Chair and turned toward the side at which the Recognition was made, the People replying with loud acclamations of «God save Queen Victoria.» At the last Recognition the trumpets sounded and the drums beat.

The Queen then made the first of her offerings: an altar-cloth of gold placed upon the altar, and an ingot of gold weighing a pound placed in the oblation dish. This done, the regalia were placed upon the altar, where they remained during the litany, the communion service, and the sermon—all being preliminary to the taking and signing of the coronation oath. After signing the oath the Queen was anointed; and the mental picture one has of her at this moment is one of the most vivid. But little more than a child either in years or in stature, «she sat in St. Edward's Chair which was covered with a cloth of Gold, with a fald-stool in front of her placed in front of the Altar. Four Knights of the Garter held a Pall of Gold over her head, and the Sub-Dean of Westminster took from the Altar the Ampulla, containing the consecrated oil, and pouring some of it into the Anointing Spoon anointed the Queen on the Head and Hands in the Form of a Cross.» The great spurs, having, like every other part of the regalia, their own symbolism in the ceremonial, were then delivered to the Queen, who returned them to be laid upon the altar. Indeed, if

one may translate the meaning of the whole ceremonial, it was briefly this: that there was an intimate connection between the church as typified by the altar, and the power of government as typified by the regalia. But the symbolism of what next followed is too involved for laymen: «The Sword of State was now delivered to the Lord Chancellor who gave Viscount Melbourne another in exchange for it the which Lord Melbourne delivered to the Archbishop. This the Archbishop after placing it on the Altar delivered to the Queen saying (*Receive this kingly Sword*), etc. Whereupon the Queen placed the Sword on the Altar and it was then redeemed by Viscount Melbourne for an hundred shillings and carried by him for the rest of the ceremony.»

The mantle which the Queen had worn was now replaced by the imperial or Dalmatian mantle of cloth of gold, and after the ring had been placed on the fourth finger of her right hand, the subdean brought from the altar the two sceptres. Meantime the Duke of Norfolk presented her Majesty with a glove for her right hand, embroidered with the Howard arms,—the glove that figured in the petition,—which the Queen put on; and then «the Archbishop placed the sceptre with the cross in her right hand saying (*Receive the Royal Sceptre*) and the Sceptre with the Dove in Her left hand saying (*Receive the Rod of Equity*), and the Duke of Norfolk supported Her Majesty's right arm and held the Sceptre as occasion required.»

And now came the actual moment of coronation:

«The Archbishop, standing before the Altar and having St. Edward's Crown, consecrated and blessed it, and attended by the Bishops, and assisted by the Archbishops and Sub Deans of Westminster Put the Crown on Her Majesty's Head. Then the people with loud shouts cried (*God Save the Queen*.) And immediately the Peers and Peeresses put on their coronets, the Bishops their caps, the Deputy Garter King of Arms his crown, the trumpeters sounding, the drums beating, and the Town and Park Guns firing by signal.» Is not that fine! And must not the benediction and the Te Deum which immediately followed have voiced in a way that could not have been otherwise expressed the emotions of that splendid moment!

But though crowned, the Queen was not yet enthroned; and the manner of this, as well as of the crowning, cannot fail to impress one as symbolical of the inherent difference between the constitutional mon-

archy that England has come to be, and the autocratic government that Russia still remains. At the coronation of the Czar he placed the crown on his own head; when the Queen was crowned, it was not by her own hands. Where one assumed it, the other received it. So, also, with her enthronement: the ceremony was evidently symbolical of the means by which she came to occupy her exalted position.

The Queen ascended the Theatre, and was lifted into her Throne by the Archbishops, Bishops and Peers around Her Majesty, and being so enthroned all the Great Officers of State, the Noblemen bearing the Swords and the Noblemen who had borne the other Regalia stood about the Steps of the Throne to hear the Exhortation.

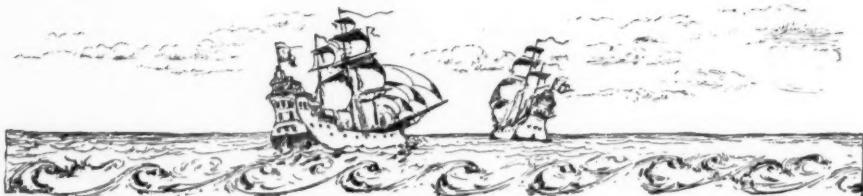
During the homage the Duke of Richmond stood on her Majesty's left, and the Duke of Norfolk on her right,—he seems to have been, in both senses of the word, next to the most prominent personage present at the coronation,—and each peer, as he knelt, put off his coronet. And the Queen, as well, put off her crown when, in partaking of the sacrament, she paid her homage to the Power yet higher than her own. But she wore it for the rest of the service, at the end of which, «having been disrobed of the Royal Imperial Mantle and arrayed in a Royal Robe of Purple Velvet and still wearing Her Crown, with the Sceptre in Her Right Hand, the Orb in Her Left Hand, and followed by the Peers and Peeresses all with their Coronets upon their heads she returned in State and order of Procession herebefore mentioned to Buckingham Palace.»

We close the record, and sit fingering the roll, already yellowed by the passage of sixty years, the measure of the reign the formal beginning of which it chronicled. From it is reflected as in a vision the masses of life astir upon the streets of London from the three-o'clock dawn of that June day; the lines of soldiers making a living wall down all the way that the royal cortège is to pass; the arches, the flags, the decorations of the house-fronts; the windows and housetops packed with impatiently patient spectators; the equipages of state, containing perhaps those of the blood royal, perhaps representatives of foreign powers—Esterhazy, «all diamonds—diamonds to his very boot heels»; Soult, grim, weather-beaten, military in every gesture or lack of gesture, and greeted with cheers as ringing as those accorded to Wellington, as each passes along on his way to perform his allotted part in the ceremonial.

All this the imagination sees with a brilliancy that for once is not greater than the reality. But more vivid than any other part of the splendid picture stands out, as it should, the central figure—the figure of one woman amidst all the throng of men about her. Tiny of stature, pathetically young, patheti-

cally isolated, although so surrounded, this child-woman, with her silvery voice, her grave yet sweet demeanor, her evident realization of all that she is promising "to do and to perform," her graciousness—this figure stands clear in outline, unmistakable in pose—the Queen, Victoria.

Florence Hayward.



THE LAST FIGHT.

THAT night I think that no one slept;
No bells were struck, no whistle blew,
And when the watch was changed I crept
From man to man of all the crew
With whispered orders. Though we swept
Through roaring seas, we hushed the
clock,
And muffled every clanking block.

So when one fool, unheeding, cried
Some petty order, straight I ran,
And threw him sprawling o'er the side.
All life is but a narrow span:
It little matters that one bide
A moment longer here, for all
Fare the same road, whate'er befall.

But vain my care; for when the day
Broke gray and wet, we saw the foe
But half a stormy league away.
By noon we saw his black bows throw
Five fathoms high a wall of spray;
A little more, we heard the drum,
And knew that our last hour had come.

All day our crew had lined the side
With grim, set faces, muttering;
And once a boy (the first that died)
One of our wild songs tried to sing:
But when their first shot missed us wide,
A dozen sprang above our rail,
Shook fists, and roared a cursing hail.

Thereon, all hot for war, they bound
Their heads with cool, wet bands, and drew
Their belts close, and their keen blades
ground;
Then, at the next gun's puff of blue,
We set the grog-cup on its round,
And pledged for life or pledged for death
Our last sigh of expiring breath.

Laughing, our brown young singer fell
As their next shot crashed through our rail;
Then 'twixt us flashed the fire of hell,
That shattered spar and riddled sail.
What ill we wrought we could not tell;
But blood-red all their scuppers dripped
When their black hull to starboard dipped.

Nine times I saw our helmsman fall,
And nine times sent new men, who took
The whirling wheel as at death's call;
But when I saw the last one look
From sky to deck, then, reeling, crawl
Under the shattered rail to die,
I knew where I should surely lie.

I could not send more men to stand
And turn in idleness the wheel
Until they took death's beckoning hand,
While others, meeting steel with steel,
Flamed out their lives—an eager band,
Cheers on their lips, and in their eyes
The goal-rapt look of high emprise.

So to the wheel I went. Like bees
 I heard the shot go darting by;
 There came a trembling in my knees,
 And black spots whirled about the sky.
 I thought of things beyond the seas—
 The little town where I was born,
 And swallows twittering in the morn.

A wounded creature drew him where
 I grasped the wheel, and begged to steer.
 It mattered not how he might fare
 The little time he had for fear;
 So if I left this to his care
 He too might serve us yet, he said.
 He died there while I shook my head.

I would not fall so like a dog,
 My helpless back turned to the foe;
 So when his great hulk, like a log,
 Came surging past our quarter, lo!
 With helm hard down, straight through the fog
 Of battle smoke, and luffing wide,
 I sent our sharp bow through his side.

The willing waves came rushing in
 The ragged entrance that we gave;
 Like snakes I heard their green coils spin
 Up, up, around our floating grave;
 But dauntless still, amid a din
 Of clashing steel and battle-shout,
 We rushed to drive their boarders out.

Around me in a closing ring
 My grim-faced foemen darkly drew;
 Then, sweeter than the lark in spring,
 Loud rang our blades; the red sparks flew.
 Twice, thrice, I felt the sudden sting
 Of some keen stroke; then, swinging fair,
 My own clave more than empty air.

The fight went raging past me when
 My good blade cleared a silent place;
 Then in a ring of fallen men
 I paused to breathe a little space.
 Elsewhere the deck roared like a glen
 When mountain torrents meet; the fray
 A moment then seemed far away.

The barren sea swept to the sky;
 The empty sky dipped to the sea;
 Such utter waste could scarcely lie
 Beyond death's starved periphery.
 Only one living thing went by:
 Far overhead an ominous bird
 Rode down the gale with wings unstirred.

Windward I saw the billows swing
 Dark crests to beckon others on
 To see our end; then, hurrying
 To reach us ere we should be gone,
 They came, like tigers mad to fling
 Their jostling bodies on our ships,
 And snarl at us with foaming lips.

There was no time to spare: a wave
 E'en then broke growling at my feet;
 One last look to the sky I gave,
 Then sprang my eager foes to meet.
 Loud rang the fray above our grave—
 I felt the vessel downward reel
 As my last thrust met thrusting steel.

I heard a roaring in my ears;
 A green wall pressed against my eyes;
 Down, down I passed; the vanished years
 I saw in mimicry arise.
 Yet even then I felt no fears,
 And with my last expiring breath
 My past rose up and mocked at death.

L. Frank Tooker.



THE SHAW MEMORIAL AND THE SCULPTOR ST. GAUDENS.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE MONUMENT.



IN October or November, 1865, a meeting was held in the council-chamber of Massachusetts, on the call of the governor, Dr. S. G. Howe, Senator Sumner, Henry Lee, and others, at which a committee of twenty-one was appointed to procure an equestrian statue of the late Robert G. Shaw, the commander of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment, who fell at Fort Wagner, and to raise the money necessary for this purpose. The purpose was declared in the following words:

"The Monument is intended not only to mark the public gratitude to the fallen hero who at a critical moment assumed a perilous responsibility, but also to commemorate that great event wherein he was a leader by which the title of colored men as citizen soldiers was fixed beyond recall. In such a work all who honor youthful dedication to a noble cause and who rejoice in the triumph of freedom should have an opportunity to contribute."

The committee consisted of John A. Andrew, chairman; Charles Sumner, Joshua B. Smith, Henry P. Kidder, Charles R. Codman, Henry W. Longfellow, James L. Little, William W. Clapp, Jr., Charles Beck, William G. Weld, Leonard A. Grimes, Royal E. Robbins, Robert E. Apthorp, Francis W. Bird, Edward W. Kingsley, George B. Loring, Alanson W. Beard, Solomon B. Stebbins, Robert K. Darrah; Charles W. Slack, secretary.

I was not present at the meeting, but on the request of Senator Sumner I undertook to serve as treasurer.

Between October, 1865, and March, 1866, the sum of \$3161 was placed in my hands, invested, and later reinvested.

After the death of Governor Andrew and, later, that of Senator Sumner, interest in the subject lapsed, the money remaining in my hands. In 1876 the fund had reached somewhat over \$7000. There appeared to be no executive body in existence, and it seemed to me judicious to have an effective committee appointed, with full powers. I therefore sent notice to all the subscribers, suggesting that they put written authority in my hands to call Messrs. John M. Forbes,

Henry Lee, and M. P. Kennard to act as such committee, to which the assent of all the subscribers was given.

The whole number of subscribers was thirty-five; the total amount of money received from subscriptions was \$7521. In 1883 the fund had increased, by investment and reinvestment, to \$16,656.21, and that sum seemed sufficient to procure a suitable work.

The desire had been expressed to me by Senator Sumner that the work should consist of an equestrian statue of Colonel Shaw in very high relief upon a large bronze tablet. A suitable place for such a work appeared to be in the curve on the front of the State House, at the level of the sidewalk.

While I was thinking of this matter, the late H. H. Richardson, who was my neighbor and friend, asked me what had become of the plan for a monument, saying that he had known Colonel Shaw, and greatly desired that the monument should be one of highest merit. He stated that he had some ideas upon the subject, upon which I submitted to him the suggestion for an alto-rilievo in front of the State House. To this suggestion he gave earnest assent, offering his services for the architectural work, and suggesting Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens as the sculptor. The statue of Admiral Farragut had just then been placed, and on viewing a photograph of it I concurred with Mr. Richardson in this choice. Having a great dread of competitions in connection with such a subject, I brought the matter before the committee, who approved making an immediate contract with Mr. St. Gaudens for the work. That contract was executed February 23, 1884, within the sum in the custody of the committee. The money was then placed on deposit in the New England Trust Company, where the accumulation has since been at trust-company rates of interest, reaching a total of \$22,620.95.

It was expected that the work would be completed in two years; but as the artist dealt with it, it grew upon him in its importance, in its significance, and also in the size of the panel. Hence, although the consent of the State had been given to the use of the land in front of the State House, it was thought best to choose a site where the

THE SHAW MEMORIAL.



memorial should be placed on a terrace with-
in the lines of Boston Common.

The artist, controlled by his own concep-

When the time of completion seemed near
at hand, Mr. George von L. Meyer became in-
terested in the matter. Being then an alder-



A DETAIL OF THE SHAW MEMORIAL.

tion, has devoted a part of each of the twelve
best years of his life to this great work. In
the interval Mr. Richardson passed away,
and Mr. McKim became the artist's adviser
on the architectural part.

man of the city of Boston, he obtained an ap-
propriation for building the terrace. That has
been executed by Norcross Brothers at the
cost of nearly \$20,000. Only five of the com-
mittee are now living.

Edward Atkinson.

II. THE SCULPTOR ST. GAUDENS.

I.

THE «Shaw» was finished and ready for the bronze-founders. As I sat in the studio of the sculptor, one afternoon in the autumn of 1896, I read aloud the inscription on the base of the monument. «The 10th of October!» I exclaimed. «This is Shaw's birthday.»

And the coincidence that the last touch had been put on the memorial on that anniversary morning led me to ask Mr. St. Gaudens about the time he had spent upon it. It has been said in some quarters that Mr. St. Gaudens takes a good deal of time to finish a work, and he has even been charged with being dilatory. He told me, as we sat looking at the «Shaw,» that he had received the commission twelve years before, but had spent only two years and a half in actual work on it. During the period between the time he received the commission and the autumn of 1896, when the memorial was finished, he produced, with the exception of the statues of Farragut and Randall and some other less important works, all the sculpture that has made his reputation. It was not the actual execution of the Shaw memorial that took the time, but the thinking about it. The artist, modifying his original sketch, made many changes. The original idea of the equestrian figure with the troops in the background has always been adhered to; but the horseman and the

soldiers have been almost entirely modeled before in lower relief, and the work thus designed, with a different general scheme from that which it presents in its completed state, was almost finished more than once and pulled down again.

In the very beginning, before any definite plan was settled upon, the projectors of the



A DETAIL OF THE SHAW MEMORIAL.

monument thought it should take the form of an equestrian statue on a high pedestal: but the family of Colonel Shaw felt that this would give too much importance to the single figure, the idea of the memorial being



PORTRAIT BY KENYON COOK.

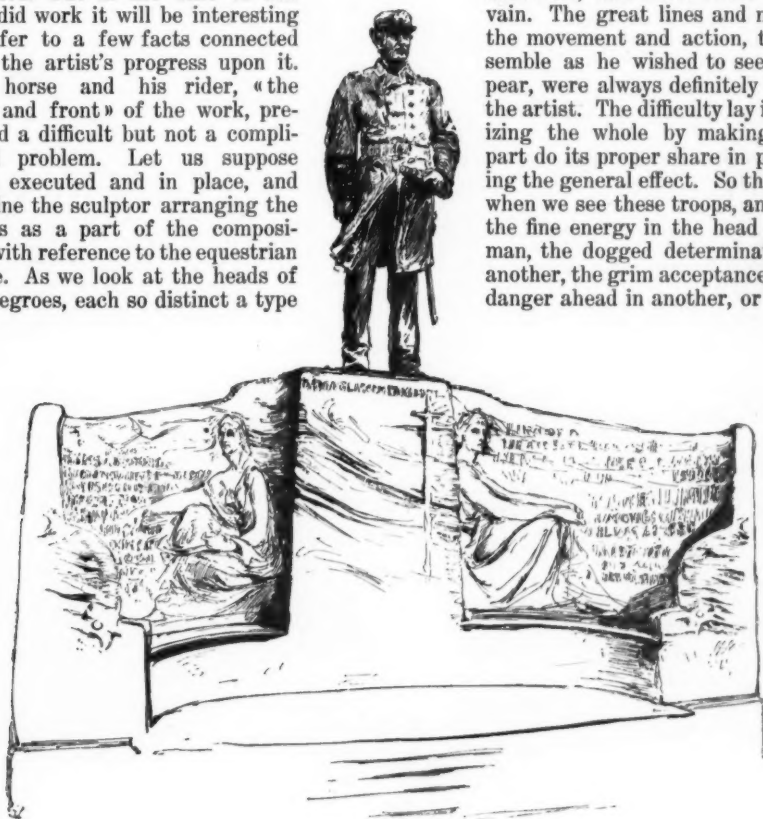
AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS.

ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY.

that it should typify patriotic devotion, and embody a modern spirit with heroic attributes. Young Shaw was chosen as the type to illustrate the idea; but he was to be thought of as a commander of troops, a man associated with other young officers, and, at their head, marching to war for his country. Mr. St. Gaudens finally decided upon a composition in which, with the commander in high relief, almost in the round, and the troops behind him in high relief, the elements of the conception might be bound together. When he explained it to the memorial committee, it received their approval, and he made his first sketch.

Artists understand the difficulties that are inherent in the creation of a work of art. It is not shown to the public until it is finished, and then, seen in its completeness, there is nothing to tell—as there should not be—of the trials through which perfection was attained. But in the case of this splendid work it will be interesting to refer to a few facts connected with the artist's progress upon it. The horse and his rider, «the head and front» of the work, presented a difficult but not a complicated problem. Let us suppose them executed and in place, and imagine the sculptor arranging the troops as a part of the composition with reference to the equestrian figure. As we look at the heads of the negroes, each so distinct a type

and so natural, it might be supposed that, having found a suitable model and having made a satisfactory study, the sculptor had only to put such a figure in a given place and go on to the next one. But though he had many models, and though he found many heads that pleased him on account of one or another quality or characteristic, though he made heads in which he obtained all that he sought to achieve, he found over and over again that he could not use them. The study while isolated was admirable; placed in the niche intended for it, it «threw out» all the rest, and could not be used. It could not be modified in many cases, and there was nothing to do but to cast it aside and begin anew. Let it be borne in mind that there was no haphazard selection, but that each study was made with a definite conception in view. It was the difficulty of harmonizing, of making the whole work unified and yet characteristic, that made these essays vain. The great lines and masses, the movement and action, the ensemble as he wished to see it appear, were always definitely before the artist. The difficulty lay in realizing the whole by making each part do its proper share in producing the general effect. So that now when we see these troops, and note the fine energy in the head of one man, the dogged determination in another, the grim acceptance of the danger ahead in another, or in yet



DRAWN BY ROBERT BLUM.

THE FARRAGUT MONUMENT, MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

another the careless look born of the martial sound of fife and drum, it is worth while remembering that others quite as fine in themselves were tried, only with the result of abandoning them. Here is the part of the artist's task that is unknown to the uninitiated; here, in the realization of a grand conception, are satisfaction and keen pleasure when we see a result that shows a positive triumph over difficulties—difficulties that we know existed, and yet show no trace in the completed work of having arisen at all.

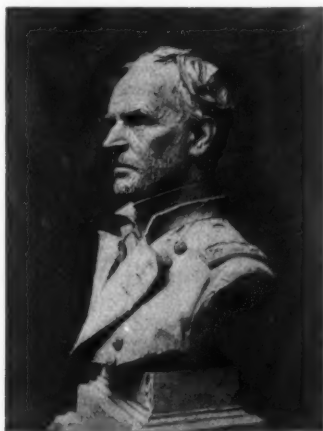
It was not always easy to get the models the sculptor wanted for his types. One snowy night when he was standing on the platform of a crowded Broadway car he saw passing under the bright gas-lights in Madison Square a negro whose head, as he caught a glimpse of it, struck him as being just what he wanted for one of his figures. He jumped off and accosted him, and secured him as a model. But his experiences were not always so lucky. At first when he met a man in the streets that he thought would serve his purpose, he used to ask: "Would you like to have your picture made? Come along with me, and I'll pay you;" and the negro would follow, with apparent willingness in most cases, but would manage to slip off somehow on the way to the studio. They had in mind a fiction implicitly believed by some of their race concerning the methods employed by medical students to obtain subjects for dissection; and the sculptor soon adopted another form of introducing the question, simply saying: "Do you want a job? Well, then, come to this address to-morrow morning." This generally secured his man. Many and many a day, too, the horse model, with his saddle and trappings, stood and champed his bit in the studio in Thirty-sixth street, while the sculptor looked and studied, measured his proportions, and noted his action in movement, climbing up and down the platform steps to add a bit of clay here or to take away another there. Even the disposition of the horse's mane and tail have been changed and modified several times to meet the requirements of the sculptor's ideal for a perfect ensemble.

The Shaw memorial monument has been placed on Boston Common, opposite the State House. The site was prepared by removing fifty feet ten inches of the wall inclosing the Common on Beacon street, and building out the ground into the space beyond, making it level with the street, the surface of the Common being here considerably below the level of Beacon street. The plateau forming the site of the monument is held in

place by a retaining-wall built up on three sides from the level of the Common. Two large elms which stood in the plot have been preserved by sinking wells around their trunks, so that, looking at the face of the monument from Beacon street, it is seen between the two trees, which are about thirty feet apart. A stone bench surrounds the base of the monument, and there are other stone benches on each side of the plateau. The distance from the curb of the sidewalk on Beacon street to the base of the monument is twenty-five feet six inches. In this arrangement of the site, and in the well-proportioned, dignified, and beautiful architectural frame and base for Mr. St. Gaudens's sculpture, Mr. Charles F. McKim has again given evidence of his excellent taste and his artistic feeling in composition.

The figure of Colonel Shaw on his horse heads to the right of the spectator. He appears riding at the side of the troops, who march in the same direction. Overhead in the field of the composition floats a figure in half relief, beckoning to the men with her left hand. In her right hand she holds the palms of glory. Her right arm is held close to her body, clasping her drapery and poppies, the symbol of death; the heads of one or two poppies only are seen. The drapery of the figure flows closely over one leg, and floats in a whirl where it reaches the feet. The head is fine in type, and shows the nobility characteristic of the sculptor's ideal work. Above this figure, in the arch of the frame, are caissons, which were introduced as decorative points and to bind together the figure and the architecture. In each caisson is a star, although four immediately over the figure are concealed. There are eleven on the right and nineteen on the left. The number of thirty-four was finally decided upon, though a lesser number would have sufficed for the architectural exigencies, because there were thirty-four States in the Union at the time the troops went to the front. In the field to the right of the figure is the inscription, "*Omnia relinquit servare rempublicam*," the motto of the Society of the Cincinnati. Colonel Shaw by right of descent was a member of the society. The dimensions of Mr. St. Gaudens's work—the sculptured composition—are eleven feet from the base-line to the center of the arched top, and fourteen feet in width.

Colonel Shaw, as represented in the St. Gaudens memorial, wears the uniform of campaign, with the fatigue-cap, and, with his right arm extended downward, holds in



CHARLES C. BEAMAN.
FRANCIS D. MILLET.
D. MAITLAND ARMSTRONG.

GENERAL SHERMAN.
MISS PAGE.
WILLIAM A. CHANLER.

WILLIAM M. EVARTS.
HOMER ST. GAUDENS.
GEORGE W. MAYNARD.

his hand his naked sword. His head is firmly set on his shoulders, and is quiet of aspect, determined, and straightforward of type. It is purely American, with features which suggest Scandinavian race characteristics. The expression of the face is noble and reposeful. His chest is broad, but not too swelling; his arm is admirably felt under the sleeve of his coat, and suggests muscular tension, but not rigidity; his leg in his boot fits the horse's side with firm but springy action. On his saddle before him are the holsters holding his pistols, and his left hand holds the bridle-rein. The horse, deep-chested and strong in neck and shoulder, carries his head high up; and while big and simple in type, and so modeled as to have an almost classic grandeur, is truly American, and does not suggest the Greek or the Spanish conformations which characterize many good equestrian statues. He is strong and massive; but in his well-turned body, in the strength of his legs, in the majestic lift of his feet, are alertness and nervous force befitting the rider. The sweep of his long tail around and behind his legs is not unrestful, and is sufficiently sculptural in form to carry its naturalness of movement. The officer and his steed are one in the grim but light-hearted march to war.

Now look at the drummer-boy and the grizzled old man in the front ranks, at the one who is third from the nearest in the first row of soldiers, at him who comes first behind the horse, and the next one, with the Arab cast of features, and the three together in the last file. See what variety of type and what gradations of expression are shown in these heads, and note the rhythm of the march, the individuality of the bodies, of the arms and legs and hands and feet. Every part of the relief bears testimony to the skill of the sculptor and to his analytical powers. But stand back and look at the work as a whole. How the equestrian figure dominates the composition, and yet how essentially a part of one's impression is the presence of the troops! How unified and complete it is! With what force is the general effect brought to one, making him feel the grandeur of the whole! Technically the work abounds in fine *morceaux*. The head of Shaw is admirably modeled. The arm is a remarkable piece of movement felt through concealing drapery. The horse in every part is simple in rendering and broadly treated as to surface texture, nervous, strong, and shapely in all his lines. The treatment of the troops, the way in which reality is embodied in sculptural

form, the moderation of what would be too prominent as details if they were not so well subordinated by giving each object a place where it will tell and not tell too much,—matters purely artistic, matters concerning the sculptor's art in line, mass, and relief,—are masterly. No poet's dream of heroism, glory, or devotion, however fine in conception it might be, could be realized in material form as this is, except through the art that goes to the bottom of the elements and arranges them one by one, but always with their effect altogether in mind, according to the space they may occupy, their length, breadth, and thickness, their strength or fineness of line, their weight or delicacy of mass, their coarseness or refinement of texture, their proportion, their direction, their value in relief under the light and the shadows they cast. Yet I have touched but lightly on the things that go to make up this beautiful work of art.

On the face of the pedestal of the memorial, directly under the horse and figure, are inscriptions, to the right and left of which are sculptured wreaths of bay-leaves. The inscriptions are as follows:

ROBERT GOULD SHAW

COLONEL OF THE FIFTY-FOURTH REGIMENT OF MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY BORN IN BOSTON OCTOBER X MDCCCXXXVII KILLED WHILE LEADING THE ASSAULT ON FORT WAGNER SOUTH CAROLINA JULY XVII MDCCCLXIII

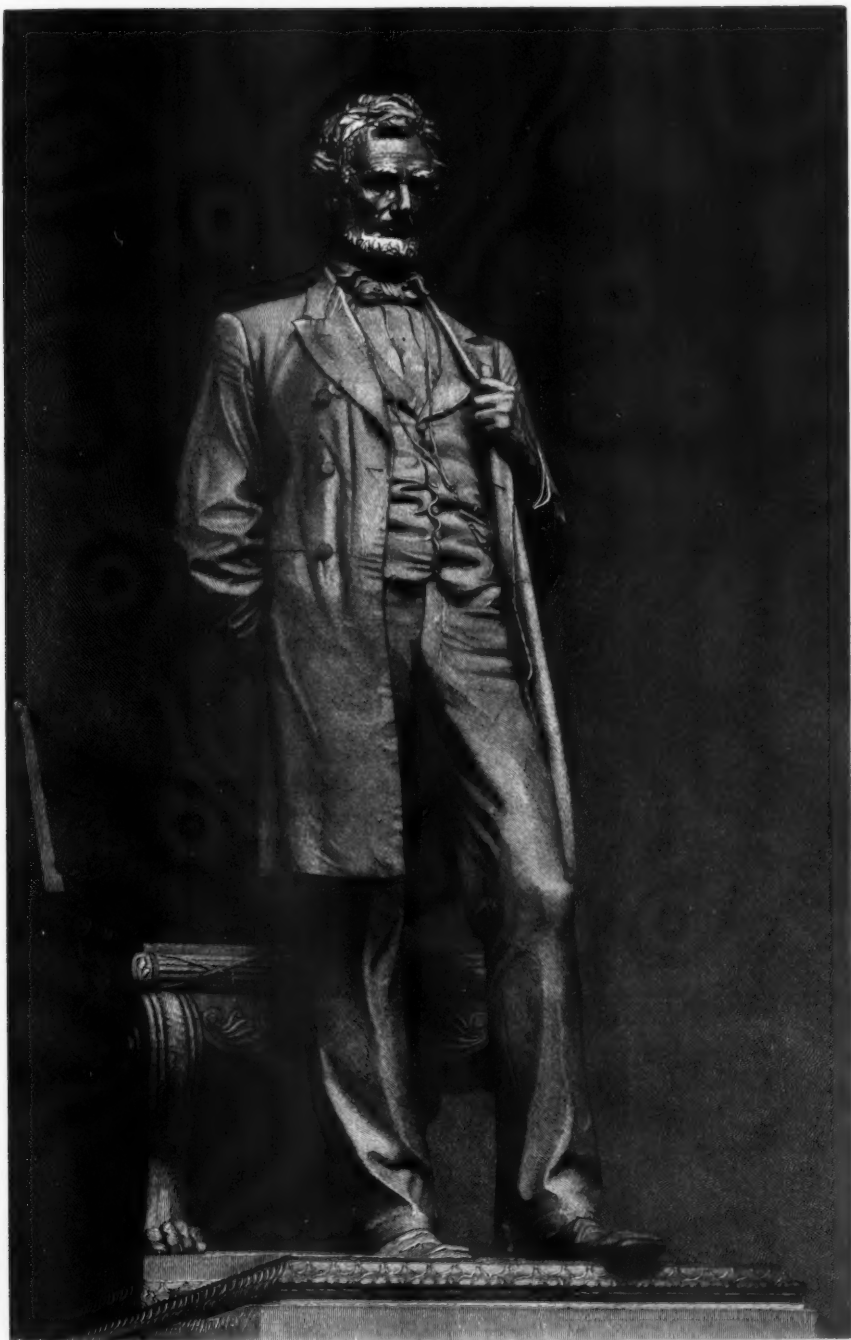
RIGHT IN THE VAN ON THE RED RAMPART'S SLIPPERY SWELL,
WITH HEARTS THAT BEAT A CHARGE HE FELL
FOEWARD AS FITS A MAN,
BUT THE HIGH SOUL BURNS ON TO LIGHT MEN'S FEET
WHERE DEATH FOR NOBLE ENDS MAKES DYING SWEET.

These fine lines by Lowell were not, of course, written for the monument, but were inspired by the circumstances of Shaw's death. On the back of the monument are other inscriptions. That written by President Eliot of Harvard is as follows:

TO THE FIFTY-FOURTH REGIMENT OF MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY.

THE WHITE OFFICERS

TAKING LIFE AND HONOR IN THEIR HANDS CAST IN
THEIR LOT WITH MEN OF THE DESPISED RACE UN-
PROVED IN WAR AND RISKED DEATH AS INCITERS
OF SERVILE INSURRECTION IF TAKEN PRISONERS
BESIDES ENCOUNTERING ALL THE COMMON PERILS
OF CAMP MARCH AND BATTLE



ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY.

STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO.

THE BLACK RANK AND FILE

VOLUNTEERED WHEN DISASTER CLOUDED THE UNION
CAUSE SERVED WITHOUT PAY FOR EIGHTEEN MONTHS
TILL GIVEN THAT OF WHITE TROOPS FACED THREAT-
ENED ENSLAVEMENT IF CAPTURED WERE BRAVE
IN ACTION PATIENT UNDER HEAVY AND DANGEROUS
LABORS AND CHEERFUL AMID HARDSHIPS AND
PRIVATIONS

TOGETHER

THEY GAVE TO THE NATION AND THE WORLD UNDY-
ING PROOF THAT AMERICANS OF AFRICAN DESCENT
POSSESS THE PRIDE COURAGE AND DEVOTION OF
THE PATRIOT SOLDIER ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY
THOUSAND SUCH AMERICANS ENLISTED UNDER THE
UNION FLAG IN MDCCCLXIII-MDCCCLXV

The names of the officers who were killed in the assault are also on the back, each within a wreath: Cabot Jackson Russell, William Harris Simpkins, Edward Lewis Stevens, Frederick Hedge Webster, David Reid. Other inscriptions will be put on the back, on a bronze plate. In spite of the nobility of the lines by Lowell, it would have been, I think, more fitting from the artistic point of view to have had nothing carved on the face of the pedestal but the simple inscription. President Eliot's fine and exalted words are divided into three parts, an arrangement by which the white officers and what is said of them come in one division, the colored troops and their praise in the second, and in the third their achievements together.

II.

AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS was born in Dublin, March 1, 1848. His father was born in France, near Saint-Gaudens, a town of Haute-Garonne in the Pyrenees; and his mother, whose maiden name was McGuinness, was a native of Dublin. Mr. St. Gaudens came to America with his wife and family when Augustus, the third child, was six months old. After spending three months in Boston, he came to New York and settled here. So St. Gaudens is truly a son of New York. He attended school until he was thirteen, when he went to work with a cameo-cutter named Avet, and served a three years' apprenticeship. Avet was a Savoyard, and the first stone cameo-cutter in the United States. Seals were cut before his time, but he did the first work in relief. Stone cameos are cut with a lathe. When he was seventeen St. Gaudens had a quarrel with Avet, and received his walking-papers. He thought he had lost three good years, and that, indeed, the end of the world had come; but when overtures were made by Avet to his parents looking to his coming back to work

with him, he utterly refused to do so. His parents took a calm view of the situation, and St. Gaudens went to work with a shell cameo-cutter named Le Breton. He spent three years with him. During all the time that he was working at cameo-cutting in the daytime he studied drawing at night. The first four years he attended the classes at Cooper Union, the last two those at the National Academy of Design. In 1867 he went to Paris, and entered the sculpture atelier of M. Jouffroy in the École des Beaux-Arts, where he worked until 1870. He then went to Italy, and spent about three years in Rome, where he was closely associated with the prizemen of the French Academy. Mercié the sculptor, and Luc-Olivier Merson and Joseph Blanc the painters, were his most intimate companions. While at Rome St. Gaudens made his statue of «Hiawatha,» which was bought by Governor Morgan of New York, and for another New York patron the figure called «Silence.» He received also at Rome, at the time that the Geneva tribunal was sitting, an order to make a bust of William M. Evarts. He executed this on his return to New York, which followed his sojourn in Italy. Mr. St. Gaudens returned to Europe in 1878. One of the objects of his trip was to perform his duties as a member of the international jury for fine arts at the Paris Universal Exposition held that year. He carried with him commissions for the statue of Farragut, which stands in Madison Square, and for that of Governor Randall at Sailors' Snug Harbor. He modeled both in Paris, and the «Farragut» was exhibited in plaster at the Salon of 1880. From this point in his career to the present time, St. Gaudens has been working constantly at his studio in New York; and it is difficult to place his works in chronological order. He has had several statues, monuments, and decorative projects under way at all times, commissions coming to him so fast that they almost blocked his headway. The commissions to execute the «Lincoln» for Chicago; the statue of Deacon Chapin, called «The Puritan,» for Springfield, Massachusetts; the portrait relief of Dr. McCosh for Princeton University; that of Dr. Bellows, the monuments to Peter Cooper and General Sherman for New York; the bust of Garfield for Philadelphia, placed on a tall pedestal designed by Stanford White, with a figure of America in front of it; the Shaw memorial, and the two groups of three figures each to be placed before the Public Library in Boston; and the equestrian statue of General Logan



THE FIGURE IN ROCK CREEK CEMETERY, WASHINGTON.



JAMES McCOSH, PRINCETON, N. J.



HENRY W. BELLOWS, D. D., CHURCH OF ALL SOULS
(UNITARIAN), NEW YORK CITY.



ANGEL WITH THE TABLET, MORGAN TOMB,
HARTFORD, CONN.



THE PURITAN, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, MODELED IN BAS-RELIEF BY AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS IN 1887, DURING STEVENSON'S ILLNESS IN NEW YORK.

for Chicago, are the most important. All of these, except the groups for Boston and the «Sherman», have been finished. The groups for Boston will represent Law and Labor. The figures will be seated. Law will be flanked by Power and Religion, Labor by Science and Art. The Sherman monument will be an equestrian figure, with a female figure symbolizing Fame leading the war-horse. When these two works are finished the sculptor will begin the monument to Phillips Brooks for Boston.

During this period from 1880 onward Mr. St. Gaudens has also produced some of his finest and most individual works, but they have not been public projects. His three

angels chanting at the foot of the cross, for the Morgan monument at Hartford, met a most unfortunate fate. The scaffolding surrounding the tomb took fire, and the figures were completely destroyed. The sculptor deeply regrets this loss of his work; for the angels were, in his opinion, among the best of all his creations. The mysterious figure which has been called «The Peace of God,» in the Rock Creek Cemetery, Washington, is one of the finest of his works in the round produced in this period, and one of the most original and beautiful of his conceptions. While working on the «Lincoln» he modeled the portrait low-relief of the children of Jacob H. Schiff, and at other times finished



PORTRAIT IN BAS-RELIEF OF THE CHILDREN OF PRESCOTT HALL BUTLER.

the equally effective portraits, in the same style, of Robert Louis Stevenson, of Miss Violet Sargent, sister of John S. Sargent, of Miss Lee, of Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, of his son Homer St. Gaudens, of the children of Prescott Hall Butler, and others; and the Hollingsworth memorial for the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, a bust of General Sherman,

the decorative figure of Diana for the Madison Square Garden, the relief over the main entrance of the Boston Public Library, from which Kenyon Cox designed the library seal, and the medal for the World's Fair of 1893. The low-relief portrait of Bastien-Lepage, one of the most sensitively modeled of all those he has done, was made in Paris before his re-

turn in 1879; and sketches of work afterward executed here were prepared at that time. The low relief of Dr. Bellows was the first attempt by an artist in this country to adapt this form of sculpture to portraiture, and the method has been adopted since by many other sculptors. The angels for the monument in the cemetery at Garrisons, New York, those for Mrs. Smith's monument at Newport; the caryatides for Cornelius Vanderbilt; and the angels in St. Thomas's Church, New York, designed in collaboration with John La Farge, were produced in the earlier years of the period following 1879; and one of the most important works included in it is the Hamilton Fish monument. The colossal figure of «Art» in the rotunda of the new Congressional Library, commonly referred to as by St. Gaudens, was modeled from his sketches, under his direction, by Tonetti Dozzi, and is signed with the name of the modeler, «after sketches by Augustus St. Gaudens.» The medal commemorative of the celebration at New York in 1889 of the one-hundredth anniversary of the inauguration of George Washington as first President of the United States was modeled in the same way by Philip Martiny. Mr. St. Gaudens has also made a number of small medallion portraits, such as those of Francis D. Millet and George W. Maynard the painters, and of the daughters of Maitland Armstrong the decorative artist. The mere enumeration of these works shows that the sculptor's productive power is great, and that his industry is quite equal to that of most eminent artists. That his creative powers are remarkable is evident when we come to consider the variety and breadth of scope of his achievements in spite of the fact that, except the «Diana,» which the sculptor counts as belonging to his decorative work only, he has produced no nude figures. I should be at a loss to name any other sculptor of a reputation so wide as that

which St. Gaudens enjoys in this country who has not at some time in his career numbered among his capital works one or more nude figures in the round.

The virility, breadth, and grasp of salient characteristics in the work of Augustus St. Gaudens are well exemplified in the statues of Farragut and Randall. These earlier works almost as much as the later ones give an impression of artistic power that belongs to



THE CHILDREN OF JACOB H. SCHIFF.

sculpture which is the product of mature thought. They are so good in this respect that the sculptor would have maintained a high standard if in the work he did afterward he had simply kept up to their level. But he has done much more than this. His works show that his conceptions have broadened while his workmanship has remained vigorous and stanch. His modeling, more delicate and more sensitive in some instances where his subject required lightness of body or elegance of line, has grown more authoritative in other instances where dignity or nobility was to be expressed. A glance at



ANGEL FOR THE TOMB OF GOVERNOR E. D. MORGAN.

the calm, spiritual faces of his angels at Newport, or at the wistful but energetic profile in the subtly felt low-relief portrait of Stevenson, is sufficient to show how well the sculptor understands the portrayal of character and expression. A look at the great *bravura* figure of General Logan shows how far he can go in the direction of spirited action and impressiveness by boldness without exaggeration. But in none of his works, in my judgment, are all his qualities so well gathered as in the statue of Lincoln at Chicago. It was no light task to make an imposing and dignified figure of the great President's somewhat ungainly form clad in the ordinary modern suit of clothes. He represented him erect and vigorous, strong like the pine-tree rather than sturdy like the oak, thoughtful, imaginative, calm, but not stern, contained, but not defiant. He made his «Lincoln» unyielding, but kindly. The head is especially fine. There is no trace of the conventionally noble features of the classic type, but there are grandeur and power in the rugged lines. The clothes are real and natural, but are so treated as to drape the figure severely and simply. The man is modern and a man of the people, yet he has the commanding dignity of a hero. He is imposing and he is lovable, the chief of a great government and the father of a free people.

What St. Gaudens will do in the future can hardly be a matter for conjecture. He seems to be now at the highest point of his creative and productive ability. The most interesting works to look forward to are the groups for the Boston Public Library, as he will in these have to do with purely abstract creations. It is safe to prophesy that his work will show no falling off; and so sincere and earnest is his general artistic purpose that we may see sculpture not only as good as anything he has yet done, but still finer. With a mind so alert and a hand and eye so well trained as his, there is no way exactly to define limitations.

William A. Coffin.

VOL. LIV.—25.



CARYATID, IN THE HOUSE OF CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.

III. COLORED TROOPS UNDER FIRE.

THE first colored regiment actually enlisted in the civil war was the 1st South Carolina, raised by Major-General Hunter (May 9, 1862); but this was disavowed by the government, though one company of it was not disbanded, and became the nucleus of a reorganized regiment, under the same name. The first regiment actually authorized by the government was the 1st Kansas Colored (August, 1862); the first regiments mustered into the service were the three composing the Louisiana Native Guard (September–November, 1862). The reorganized 1st South Carolina was authorized by the United States government, August 25, 1862, and mustered in by companies from October, 1862, to January, 1863. This was the first regiment composed of freed slaves, the others being made up of free

negroes. These five were the only colored regiments of the year 1862. It remains now to consider the circumstances under which the colored troops came actually under fire.

The first actual fighting by organized colored troops of which there is official record took place on St. Helena Island, South Carolina, October 26, 1862, when the pickets of Company A, 1st South Carolina Volunteers, under Captain Trowbridge, fired upon and drove back two boat-loads of Confederates who had attempted a landing. A day or two later (October 27, 29) the newly formed 1st Kansas Regiment had skirmishes at Island Mound, Missouri, with a loss of one officer and eight enlisted men killed, and nine enlisted men wounded. These were probably the first colored soldiers killed in the war. It

was claimed by General B. F. Butler, in a letter in the «Boston Herald» of August 6, 1887, that the 1st and 2d Louisiana Native Guard, being placed under General Weitzel, came in conflict with the enemy in «September or October,» 1862; but this very form of statement showed that he relied upon his memory, and the official records conclusively show him to be wrong in this, as in several other dates given in the letter. He said, for instance, that he «had two regiments [of colored troops] not later than the middle of August, 1862,» whereas his order calling for them was not dated until August 22; and he wrote to the War Department, in a letter undated, but received there September 11, that his first regiment would be ready «within ten days.» So, in regard to these troops coming under fire, General Butler says that it was in «September or October,» whereas General Weitzel's expedition did not set out until October 24, 1862, and that of-



MISS VIOLET SARGENT.

ficer wrote on November 1 that the colored regiments had not yet reported to him, and wrote again on November 5, saying that they had reported, but absolutely refusing to command them. As Weitzel's operations appear to have ceased the next day, it is difficult to see when these two regiments came under fire. If General Butler is, however, correct in his impression that these troops were actually under fire with Weitzel, it must have been in November, 1862, and therefore after both the South Carolina and Kansas troops had come under fire.

Expeditions along the coast of Georgia and South Carolina were also made by the 1st South Carolina on November 3-10, and again November 13-18, 1862, both times under the command of Colonel Oliver T. Beard, 48th New York Infantry. On January 23-February 1, 1863, a longer expedition was made, under my own command, up the St. Mary's River, a stream which, from its rapidity and peculiar formation, had been pronounced by the naval commanders the most dangerous in the department. These expeditions had, however, only a local value, except as testing in some degree the discipline and courage of the new levies, this test being, nevertheless, for the benefit of the whole country, as the regiment was watched by newspaper reporters with minute attention, and its smallest affairs were reported. A more important enterprise was undertaken by a brigade of two regiments under my command, which reoccupied (March, 1863) the town of Jacksonville, Florida, and took with it a large supply of uniforms, equipments, and extra rations, with a view to pushing into the interior and establishing recruiting-stations for colored troops—a movement of the greatest promise, but thwarted on the very eve of success by one of General Hunter's impulsive changes of purpose. It was of this expedition that President Lincoln wrote to General Hunter (April 1, 1863): "I am glad to see the account of your colored force at Jacksonville. I see the enemy are driving at them fiercely, as is to be expected. It is important to the enemy that such a force shall not take shape and grow and thrive in the South, and in precisely the same proportion it is important to us that it shall." Again a force of colored troops under my command was sent up the South Edisto River (July, 1863), with a view to cutting the railroads in connection with General Gillmore's attack on Charleston—an attempt frustrated by the shallowness of the stream and the artificial obstructions that had been placed in it.



MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER.

The first official reports from the Louisiana colored regiments are dated April 11, 1863, when Colonel Daniels reports to General Sherman a skirmish between part of the 2d Louisiana and some Confederate cavalry and infantry at Pascagoula. He says of them: "Great credit is due to the troops engaged for their unflinching bravery and steadiness under this their first fire, exchanging volley after volley with the coolness of veterans."

The first conspicuous effort in line of battle of any colored troops was in the attack on Port Hudson, May 27, 1863, when two forts were assaulted by the 1st and 3d Louisiana



BASTIEN-LEPAGE.

Native Guard, the whole being under the command of Colonel John A. Nelson. The whole negro force consisted of 1080, and it made three successive charges upon a fort protected in front by a deep and almost impassable bayou. Their loss was 37 killed, 155 wounded, and 16 missing. General Banks stated in his official report that "their conduct was heroic; no troops could be more determined or more daring. . . . Whatever doubt may have existed before as to the efficiency of organizations of this character, the history of to-day proves conclusively, to those who were in a position to observe the conduct of these regiments, that the government will find in this class of troops effective supporters and defenders."

A smaller engagement took place at Milliken's Bend, Louisiana, which is thus described by General Grant in his "Personal Memoirs": "On the 7th of June [1863], our little force of colored and white troops across the Mississippi at Milliken's Bend were attacked by about 3000 men [under General McCulloch] from Richard Taylor's trans-Mississippi command. With the aid of the gunboats they were easily repelled. . . . This was the first important engagement of the war in which colored troops had been under fire. [This is an error, the attack on Port Hudson having preceded it.] These men were very raw, having been all enlisted since the beginning of the siege [of Vicksburg], but they behaved well."

The next important engagement in which negro troops took part was the attack of the 54th Massachusetts (Colonel R. G. Shaw) upon Fort Wagner in South Carolina. This colored regiment had acquitted itself well on James Island, South Carolina, July 16, in a skirmish; and its colonel had made this the ground of an application to be brigaded with white troops under General G. C. Strong. The request being granted, it set out on its march on the evening of that very day from James Island to Cole's Island, and thence by steamers successively to Folly and Morris islands, being almost without rations during this time, and bivouacking two nights in a hard rain. It reached the headquarters of General Strong, the commander of the expedition, about 5 P. M., and took its place at once on the right of a brigade containing five white regiments. The assault was finally made about midnight, under cover of a bombardment, and the regiment actually gained the parapet of the fort; but, being left for some reason without proper support, it was ultimately driven out, having suffered fearfully. More than half the officers were killed or wounded, and nearly one half the men were killed, wounded, or missing.¹ After an hour's fighting the regiment was withdrawn, under command of Captain Luis F. Emilio, and was formed anew in line of battle about seven hundred yards from the fort, where it awaited orders for another charge.² The attack was, however, discontinued, the commanding officer, General Strong, being mortally wounded. I subsequently conversed with this brave officer, a little before his death, and asked him to tell me frankly how the 54th Massachusetts had behaved. His answer was: "No new regiment which had lost its colonel could have behaved better."

The attack on Fort Wagner, with the picturesque and gallant death of young Colonel Shaw, made a great impression at the North, and did more than anything else, perhaps, to convince the public that negro troops could fight well, not merely as skirmishers, but in line of battle. To this was added the general sympathy called forth by a manly letter from the father of Colonel Shaw, requesting General Gillmore to refrain from all effort to recover the body of his son, but rather to leave it buried with those of his soldiers.

¹ "Official Army Register," VIII, 314.

² Williams's "Colored Troops," p. 193; his statement being based on information received from Captain Emilio, who commanded at the close of the engagement. Compare the accounts of survivors in "Howard Memorial Biographies," II, 257.

The early stages of a great movement always call for more fullness of narration than the later ones. During the remainder of the war the negro troops were so intermingled with other troops that it is less easy to trace their distinctive history. In the Department of the South, three colored regiments acquitted themselves well, under Major-General Seymour, in the disastrous battle of Olustee, Florida (February 20, 1864); two at James Island, South Carolina (July 2, 1864); and five at Honey Hill, South Carolina (November 30, 1864). In the Army of the Cumberland, a black regiment—the 14th United States Colored Troops—made a courageous charge in the defense of Dalton, Georgia (August 15, 1864), and «an enviable reputation in the Western army,» according to Colonel Morgan, its commander, during the defense of Decatur, Alabama. Eight regiments took part in the successful battle of Nashville, Tennessee (December 15, 16, 1864), against Hood's veterans. Twenty-five per cent. of the loss in this battle, according to General Steedman, fell upon the negro division; and he adds that most of this took place during their «brilliant charge upon the enemy on Newton Hill.»¹

On April 12, 1864, Fort Pillow, with a garrison of about 557 men, half white and half negro, was taken by a Confederate force under General Forrest, and the garrison was massacred under circumstances of peculiar barbarity. General Grant, in his «Memoirs,» quotes General Forrest as saying in his despatches: «The river was dyed with the blood of the slaughtered for two hundred yards. The approximate loss was upward of 500 killed, but few of the officers escaping. My loss was about 20 killed. It is hoped that these facts will demonstrate to the Northern people

that negro soldiers cannot cope with Southerners.» General Grant adds: «Subsequently Forrest made a report in which he left out the part which shocks humanity to read.»

But the most extensive service of negro troops took place during 1864 in Virginia, where they were at first mostly assigned to General Burnside, in the 9th Army Corps. At Powhatan, May 24, a force of colored troops, under General E. A. Wild, defended a fort against General Fitzhugh Lee; and a division of half a dozen regiments, under General Hincks, carried a line of rifle-pits, June 15,



PETER COOPER.

with the battle-cry, «Remember Fort Pillow!» and took sixteen guns. This division in particular was repeatedly in skirmishes before Petersburg, Virginia; and its total loss between January 15 and January 30 amounted to 575.

In the final assault on Petersburg, it was the desire of General Burnside to put his colored division in front. This is stated by General Grant in his «Personal Memoirs,»

¹ Williams's «Negro Troops,» pp. 282-90. The «Official Army Register» (VIII, 338) assigns but six regiments to this battle; but Williams gives officially the losses of eight.



1. COLUMBIAN MEDAL: REJECTED DESIGN.



2. COLUMBIAN MEDAL: REJECTED DESIGN.

and he adds: «Meade interfered with this. Burnside then took Ledlie's division—a worse selection than the first would have been.» In Grant's opinion, neither Ledlie nor Ferrero, who commanded the colored troops, was «equal to the occasion.» The assault through the exploded mine was a failure, the white troops having recoiled, partly through the inefficiency of their commander; and the colored troops who were sent in to relieve them accomplished nothing, though they confessedly fought well. Their loss was very great. Thus the 28th United States Colored Troops (Lieutenant-Colonel Russell) lost 7 out of 11 officers, and 91 out of 224 men, both the color-sergeants and all the color-guard being killed.¹ Later (October 7, 1864) the thanks of Major-General Birney, commanding the 10th Army Corps, were expressly given to the colored troops attached to his corps for their courage at Newmarket Heights, Fort Pillow, Fort Harrison, and elsewhere.

In March, 1865, President Lincoln reviewed 25,000 colored troops in the Army of the James. They took an active part in the final campaign against Petersburg and Richmond, and headed the entrance to both cities. It was eminently appropriate that the race which was the innocent cause of the Civil War, and whose freedom it virtually secured, should furnish the first Union soldiers to take possession of the conquered cities. The fears of barbarity and indiscriminate insurrection had ceased, and it was found that the black soldiers, trained and dis-

ciplined by military life, were not only courageous and faithful in the field, but orderly and self-respecting in the hour of victory.

In computing the actual value of colored troops, it must be remembered that they were not enlisted on any large scale until the war was nearly half through, and that they were in many places denied the discipline and opportunity that are needed to make soldiers. It must also be borne in mind that the original theory of their enlistment was to set free an equal number of white troops for more active service; and that in the most conspicuous trials made of them, as at Port Hudson, Fort Wagner, and Petersburg, the regiments employed had absolutely their first experience of hard fighting. There was also from the beginning some reluctance in putting the best guns into their hands; and it was often the case that they had the discouragement of knowing themselves less well armed than the white Union regiments beside them or the Confederate troops opposed to them. That under these circumstances their service was creditable is sufficiently proved by the fact that the ablest officers of the Confederate army wished to imitate the example of the United States government in employing them.

When General Lee was appointed commander-in-chief of the Confederate army, early in 1865, he recommended the policy of employing negroes as soldiers; and a measure for thus employing them twice passed the lower house of the Confederate Congress, only to be rejected by the Senate. It is a curious fact that one of the very last general orders issued by the adjutant and inspector-general was to detail an officer, Lieutenant

¹ Williams's «Negro Troops», p. 250. An excellent narrative of the part taken by colored troops in this assault appeared in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for September, 1887.

Cowardin, to recruit colored troops in Halifax County, Virginia. The adoption of this policy came too late to be of any service to the Confederate cause, but not too late to give emphatic indorsement to the policy adopted by the United States government.

The expected value of the colored troops for defensive service was undoubtedly justified, and they furnished an indispensable requisite for some important movements. The most conspicuous of these instances was perhaps in connection with the most brilliant separate achievement of the war. When Sherman made his great march to the sea, not a colored regiment marched with him; but the march would itself have been fruitless had not the troops in the Department of the South, his objective point, proved trustworthy, and these were two thirds negroes. «The operations on the South Atlantic coast, which long seemed a merely subordinate and incidental part of the great conflict, proved to be one of the final pivots on which it turned.» White troops made the march, but black regiments kept the door open.

In the way of direct service, it appears by the «Official Army Register» that the colored troops sustained actual casualties in two hundred and fifty-one different engagements, and doubtless took part in many more. To those commanding them the question of their fighting qualities was soon solved; and these were, of course, the persons best qualified to judge them. Two thirds of a good soldier consists in good discipline and organization; and the remaining one third, where the race element enters in, did not in this case involve enough difference to affect the result with any seriousness. It was like asking whether men with black eyes or with blue eyes made the better soldiers. Perhaps the best thing said or written about the freed slaves during the war was the answer given by General Saxton, after receiving a long series of questions about them from some benevolent committee. He bade his secretary draw a pen across all the interrogations, and write at the

bottom this summary: «They are intensely human.» The qualities of the negro soldiers were simply human. They were capable of fatigue or ardor, of cowardice or courage, of grumbling or cheerfulness, very much as white soldiers would have been in their place. If it is necessary to scrutinize more minutely, it is possible to say that they were more enthusiastic under excitement, and more easily depressed; more affectionate if judiciously treated, and more sullen and dogged if discouraged; more gregarious, and less prone to individual initiative—and so on with many other minor differences. Yet even these generalizations would be met by so many scattered exceptions as to be of subordinate value. Every regimental or even brigade commander comes to know after a while who are the men in his command who covet danger, who are the men who simply face it when it is inevitable, and who are the men who need watching lest they actually flinch; and all this is equally true, whether they be white or black. «Two o'clock in the morning courage,» in Napoleon's phrase, is a thing that belongs to the minority in every

race; and it is probably no more abundant, and yet no rarer, among black soldiers than among white.

Two peculiar traits of the black troops grew out of their former state of servitude. When serving on their own soil, or even on a soil and under conditions resembling their own, they had the great advantage of local knowledge. They were not only ready to serve as guides,

but they were virtually their own guides; they were serviceable as Indian scouts are serviceable; they could find their way in the dark, guess at the position of an enemy, follow a trail, extract knowledge from others of their own race; and all this in a way no white man could rival. Enterprises from which the bravest white men might shrink unaided could sometimes be safely transacted by black soldiers, or in their company. Again, they had to sustain them the vast stakes of personal freedom and that of their families. Say what one pleases,



3. COLUMBIAN MEDAL: ACCEPTED DESIGN.

they all desired this freedom,—I never encountered an exception,—and it gave them a peculiar stimulus apart from that of the white soldier. The latter had at stake his flag, his nation, his comrades, his life; the black soldier, if he had been a slave, had all these things risked upon the issue, and one thing more—his personal freedom, with that of his household. The negro regiments themselves recognized this, and had a feeling that they were playing for higher prizes than their white associates. Let the Confederacy succeed, and they would be remanded into slavery, while the white soldiers would simply lay down their arms and go home. No one who did not serve with them and have their confidence could know the great strength of this feeling in their hearts.

Their antecedents as slaves were not in themselves, as many supposed, a good preparation for the life of a soldier; for military discipline is of a higher grade than plantation discipline, and appeals throughout to a man's self-respect. It was necessary to educate this self-respect; and therefore it was generally found that officers who proceeded merely in the slave-driver method were unsuccessful with black soldiers. Again, they had a great taste for certain things which white soldiers were apt to find distasteful—namely, what may be called the manners of the camp, such as the salutation of officers, the gradations of rank, the precise formalities of guard duty. This last aptitude, joined with

the natural suspiciousness created by their previous lives, made them admirable sentinels. They generally felt it a step upward to enter military life, with its routine and discipline; whereas to white soldiers these were wholly a sacrifice, accepted only for the sake of their country. Sanitary regulations, for instance, were far more easily enforced among negroes than among whites, simply because the latter could never quite get over the feeling that the whole thing was a bore, and not what they enlisted for. The colored soldiers accepted it as a part of the whole affair, and raised no questions. On the other hand, the general ignorance of the black soldiers was a great inconvenience, and threw an exhausting amount of writing and clerical duty upon the officers of colored regiments. The health of the negroes was also a great source of solicitude: although more proof against malaria, they were more subject to pulmonary disease; and it was often hard to get good surgeons for the colored regiments, as it grew harder, indeed, for all regiments in the latter part of the war. As a whole, service with negro troops had two special satisfactions apart from all strictly military considerations: the peculiarly warm and, as it were, filial relation which readily grew up between them and their officers; and the feeling that their service in war was not merely a chapter in the history of a conflict, but in the emancipation and elevation of a race.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

THE SECRET.

NIGHTINGALES warble about it
 All night under blossom and star;
 The wild swan is dying without it,
 And the eagle cryeth afar;
 The sun he doth mount but to find it,
 Searching the green earth o'er;
 But more doth a man's heart mind it,
 Oh, more, more, more!

Over the gray leagues of ocean
 The infinite yearneth alone;
 The forests with wandering emotion
 The thing they know not intone;
 Creation arose but to see it,
 A million lamps in the blue;
 But a lover he shall be it
 If one sweet maid is true.

G. E. Woodberry.

CAMPAIGNING WITH GRANT.

BY GENERAL HORACE PORTER.

OPERATIONS ABOUT RICHMOND, PETERSBURG, AND ATLANTA, AND IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

STORMING OF NEWMARKET HEIGHTS.

IT was found that Lee had sent a division of infantry and cavalry as far as Culpeper to coöperate with Early's forces, and on August 12, 1864, Grant began a movement at Petersburg intended to force the enemy to return his detached troops to that point. Hancock's corps was marched from Petersburg to City Point, and there placed on steamboats. The movement was to create the impression that these troops were to be sent to Washington. Butler relaid the pontoon-bridge, and his forces crossed to Deep Bottom. The same night, August 13, the boats which carried Hancock's corps were sent up the river, and the troops disembarked on the north side of the James. Hancock was put in command of the movement.

General Grant said, in discussing the affair: "I am making this demonstration on the James, not that I expect it to result in anything decisive in the way of crippling the enemy in battle; my main object is to call troops from Early and from the defenses of Petersburg. If Lee withdraws the bulk of his army from Meade's front, Meade will have a good opportunity of making a movement to his left with one of his corps." The 14th and 15th were spent in reconnoitering and manœuvering and in making one successful assault. On August 16 I was directed to go to Hancock with important instructions, and remain with his command that day. This gave me an opportunity to participate in the engagements which took place. Early in the morning the movement began by sending out Miles's brigade and Gregg's cavalry, which drove back a body of the enemy to a point only seven miles from Richmond. At ten o'clock a vigorous attack was made by Birney's corps upon the works at Fussell's Mills. The intrenchments were handsomely carried, and three colors and nearly three hundred prisoners taken; but the enemy soon returned in large force, made a determined assault, and compelled Birney to abandon the works and he had captured. He succeeded, however, in

holding the enemy's intrenched picket-line. In the meantime the enemy brought up a sufficient force to check the advance of Gregg and Miles and compel them to withdraw from their position. Our troops fell back in perfect order, retiring by successive lines. Gregg took up a line on Deep Creek. That evening the enemy made a heavy attack on him, but only succeeded in forcing him back a short distance. The fighting had been desperate, and all the officers present had suffered greatly from their constant exposure to the heavy fire of the enemy in their efforts to hold the men to their work and add as much as possible to the success of the movements. This day's fighting was known as the battle of Newmarket Heights. In these engagements I was fortunate enough to be able to render service which was deemed to be of some importance by the general-in-chief, who wrote to Washington asking that I be breveted a lieutenant-colonel in the regular army for "gallant and meritorious services in action"; and the appointment to that rank was made by the President. As a result of these operations, Hill's command had been withdrawn from Petersburg and sent to Hancock's front, and a division of Longstreet's corps, which had been under marching orders for the valley, was detained.

General Grant was now giving daily watchfulness and direction to four active armies in the field—those of Meade, Butler, Sheridan, and Sherman. They constituted a dashing four-in-hand, with Grant holding the reins. These armies no longer moved "like horses in a balky team, no two ever pulling together." While some of them were at long distances from the others, they were acting in harmony, and coöperating with one another for the purpose of keeping the enemy constantly employed in their respective fronts, to prevent him from concentrating his force against any particular army. The enemy had short interior lines upon which to move, and railroads for the prompt transportation of troops; and it was only by these vigorous co-operative movements on the part of the Union armies that the enemy was kept from prac-

tising the fundamental principle of war—namely, concentrating the bulk of his forces against a fraction of those of the enemy.

A DRAFT ORDERED.

THE affairs of the country were now like a prairie in the season of fires: as soon as the conflagration was extinguished in one place it immediately broke out in another. While General Grant was hourly employed in devising military movements to meet the situation in the field, his advice and assistance were demanded for a grave state of affairs which had now arisen in the Northern States. A draft had been ordered by the President for the purpose of filling up our depleted regiments, and the disloyal element at home was making it a pretext to embarrass the government in its prosecution of the war. On August 11 Halleck sent Grant a confidential letter, in which he said, among other things of a disturbing nature: "Pretty strong evidence is accumulating that there is a combination formed, or forming, to make a forcible resistance to the draft. . . . To enforce it may require the withdrawal of a very considerable number of troops from the field. . . . The evidence of this has increased very much within the last few days. . . . Are not the appearances such that we ought to take in sail and prepare the ship for a storm?" General Grant replied, suggesting means for enforcing the draft without depleting the armies in the field, and saying he was not going to break his hold where he was on the James.

On the evening of August 17 General Grant was sitting in front of his quarters, with several staff-officers about him, when the telegraph operator came over from his tent and handed him a despatch. He opened it, and as he proceeded with the reading his face became suffused with smiles. After he had finished it he broke into a hearty laugh. We were curious to know what could produce so much merriment in the general in the midst of the trying circumstances which surrounded him. He cast his eyes over the despatch again, and then remarked: "The President has more nerve than any of his advisers. This is what he says after reading my reply to Halleck's despatch." He then read aloud to us the following:

"I have seen your despatch expressing your unwillingness to break your hold where you are. Neither am I willing. Hold on with a bulldog grip, and chew and choke as much as possible.

A. LINCOLN."

Throughout this period of activity at headquarters General Grant was not unmindful of the rewards which were due to his generals for their achievements. On August 10 he had written to the Secretary of War: "I think it but a just reward for services already rendered that General Sherman be now appointed a major-general, and W. S. Hancock and Sheridan brigadiers, in the regular army. All these generals have proved their worthiness for this advancement." Sherman and Hancock received their appointments on the 12th, and Sheridan on the 20th. General Grant was very much gratified that their cases had been acted upon so promptly.

BATTLE OF THE WELDON RAILROAD.

WARREN moved out at dawn on August 18, in accordance with orders, to a point three miles west of the left of the Army of the Potomac, and began the work of tearing up the Weldon Railroad. Hard fighting ensued that day, in which the enemy suffered severely. Lee hurried troops from north of the James to Petersburg, and in the afternoon of the 19th a large force turned a portion of Warren's command and forced it to retire. Two divisions of Parke's corps had been ordered to support Warren, our troops were now reformed, the lost ground was soon regained, the enemy fell back in great haste to his intrenchments, and the position on the railroad was firmly held by Warren's men. General Grant remained at City Point this day in order to be in constant communication with Hancock and Butler as well as with Meade. When he heard of Warren's success he telegraphed at once to Meade: "I am pleased to see the promptness with which General Warren attacked the enemy when he came out. I hope he will not hesitate in such cases to abandon his lines and take every man to fight every battle, and trust to regaining them afterward, or to getting better." He said after writing this despatch: "Meade and I have had to criticize Warren pretty severely on several occasions for being slow, and I wanted to be prompt to compliment him now that he has acted vigorously and handsomely in taking the offensive." His corps being greatly exposed in its present position, and knowing that the enemy would use all efforts to save the railroad, Warren on August 20 took up a position a mile or two in the rear of his line of battle the day before, and intrenched. All of Hancock's corps was withdrawn from the north side of the James. Lee soon discovered this, and hurried more troops back to Peters-

burg. On the morning of August 21 Hill's whole corps, with a part of Hoke's division and Lee's cavalry, attacked Warren. Thirty pieces of artillery opened on him, and at ten o'clock vigorous assaults were made; but Warren repulsed the enemy at all points, and then advanced and captured several hundred prisoners. The enemy had failed in his desperate efforts to recover the Weldon Railroad, and he was now compelled to haul supplies by wagons around the break in order to make any use of that line of supplies.

BATTLE OF REAMS'S STATION.

ON August 22 Gregg's division of cavalry and troops from Hancock's corps were sent to Reams's Station, seven miles south of Warren's position, and tore up three miles of the Weldon Railroad south of that place. Hancock discovered the enemy massing heavily in his front on the 25th, and concentrated his force at the station, and took possession of some earthworks which had been constructed before at that place, but which were badly laid out for the purpose of defense. That afternoon several formidable assaults were directed against Miles, who was in command of Barlow's division, but they were handsomely repulsed. At 5 P. M. Hill's corps made a vigorous attack. Owing to the faulty construction of the earthworks, Hancock's command was exposed to a reverse fire, which had an unfortunate effect upon the morale of the men. A portion of Miles's line finally gave way, and three of our batteries of artillery were captured. Our troops were now exposed to attack both in flank and reverse, and the position of Hancock's command had become exceedingly critical; but the superb conduct displayed by him and Miles in rallying their forces saved the day. By a gallant dash the enemy was soon swept back, and one of our batteries and a portion of the intrenchments were retaken. Gibbon's division was driven from its intrenched position, but it took up a new line, and after hard fighting the further advance of the enemy was checked. As the command was now seriously threatened in its present position, and none of the reinforcements ordered up had arrived, Hancock's troops were withdrawn after dark.

Hancock's want of success was due largely to the condition of his troops. They had suffered great fatigue; there had been heavy losses during the campaign, particularly in officers, and the command was composed largely of recruits and substitutes. The

casualties in this engagement, in killed, wounded, and missing, were 2742; the number of guns lost, 9. The enemy's loss was larger than ours in killed and wounded, but less in prisoners. General Miles, who thirty-one years thereafter became general-in-chief of the army, in all his brilliant career as a soldier never displayed more gallantry and ability than in this memorable engagement, which is known in history as the battle of Reams's Station.

The enemy had subjected himself to heavy loss in a well-concerted attempt to regain possession of the Weldon Railroad, which was of such vital importance to him, but in this he had signally failed. Lee had been so constantly threatened, or compelled to attack around Petersburg and Richmond, that he had been entirely prevented from sending any forces to Hood to be used against Sherman.

GRANT'S FAMILY VISIT HIM.

MRS. GRANT had come East with the children, and Colonel Dent, her brother, was sent to meet them at Philadelphia, and bring them to City Point to pay a visit to the general. The children consisted of Frederick D., then fourteen years old; Ulysses S., Jr., twelve; Nellie R., nine; and Jesse R., six. Nellie was born on the 4th of July, and when a child an innocent deception had been practised upon her by her father in letting her believe that all the boisterous demonstrations and display of fireworks on Independence Day were in honor of her birthday. The general was exceedingly fond of his family, and his meeting with them afforded him the happiest day he had seen since they parted. They were comfortably lodged aboard the headquarters steamboat, but spent most of their time in camp. The morning after their arrival, when I stepped into the general's tent, I found him in his shirt-sleeves engaged in a rough-and-tumble wrestling-match with the two older boys. He had become red in the face, and seemed nearly out of breath from the exertion. The lads had just tripped him up, and he was on his knees on the floor grappling with the youngsters, and joining in their merry laughter, as if he were a boy again himself. I had several despatches in my hand, and when he saw that I had come on business, he disentangled himself after some difficulty from the young combatants, rose to his feet, brushed the dust off his knees with his hand, and said in a sort of apologetic manner: "Ah, you know my weaknesses—my children and my horses." The

children often romped with him, and he joined in their frolics as if they were all playmates together. The younger ones would hang about his neck while he was writing, make a terrible mess of his papers, and turn everything in his tent into a toy: but they were never once reproved for any innocent sport; they were governed solely by an appeal to their affections. They were always respectful, and never failed to render strict obedience to their father when he told them seriously what he wanted them to do.

Mrs. Grant, formerly Miss Julia Dent, was four years younger than the general. She had been educated in Professor Moreau's finishing-school in St. Louis, one of the best institutions of instruction in its day, and was a woman of much general intelligence, and exceedingly well informed upon all public matters. She was noted for her amiability, her cheerful disposition, and her extreme cordiality of manner. She was soon upon terms of intimacy with all the members of the staff, and was quick to win the respect and esteem of every one at headquarters. She visited any officers or soldiers who were sick, went to the cook and suggested delicacies for their comfort, took her meals with the mess, kept up a pleasant run of conversation at the table, and added greatly to the cheerfulness of headquarters. She had visited her husband several times at the front when he was winning his victories in the West, and had learned perfectly how to adapt herself to camp life. She and the general were a perfect Darby and Joan. They would seek a quiet corner of his quarters of an evening, and sit with her hand in his, manifesting the most ardent devotion; and if a staff-officer came accidentally upon them, they would look as bashful as two young lovers spied upon in the scenes of their courtship. In speaking of the general to others, his wife usually referred to him as "Mr. Grant," from force of habit formed before the war. In addressing him she said "Ulyss," and when they were alone, or no one was present except an intimate friend of the family, she applied a pet name which she had adopted after the capture of Vicksburg, and called him "Victor." Sometimes the general would tease the children good-naturedly by examining them about their studies, putting to them all sorts of puzzling mathematical questions, and asking them to spell tongue-splitting words of half a dozen syllables. Mrs. Grant would at times put on an air of mock earnestness, and insist upon the general telling her all of the details of the next movement he intended to

make. He would then proceed to give her a fanciful description of an imaginary campaign, in which he would name impossible figures as to the number of the troops, inextricably confuse the geography of the country, and trace out a plan of marvelously complicated movements in a manner that was often exceedingly droll. No family could have been happier in their relations; there was never a selfish act committed or an ill-natured word uttered by any member of the household, and their daily life was altogether beautiful in its charming simplicity and its deep affection.

RELATIONS BETWEEN GRANT AND SHERMAN.

A LITTLE before nine o'clock on the evening of September 4, while the general was having a quiet smoke in front of his tent, and discussing the campaign in Georgia, a despatch came from Sherman announcing the capture of Atlanta, which had occurred on September 2. It was immediately read aloud to the staff, and after discussing the news for a few minutes, and uttering many words in praise of Sherman, the general wrote the following reply: "I have just received your despatch announcing the capture of Atlanta. In honor of your great victory I have ordered a salute to be fired with shotted guns from every battery bearing upon the enemy. The salute will be fired within an hour, amid great rejoicing."

In the meantime the glad tidings had been telegraphed to Meade and Butler, with directions to fire the salute, and not long afterward the roar of artillery communicated the joyful news of victory throughout our army, and bore sad tidings to the ranks of the enemy. An answer was received from Sherman, in which he said: "I have received your despatch, and will communicate it to the troops in general orders. . . . I have always felt that you would take personally more pleasure in my success than in your own, and I reciprocate the feeling to the fullest extent." Grant then wrote to Sherman: "I feel that you have accomplished the most gigantic undertaking given to any general in this war with a skill and ability which will be acknowledged in history as unsurpassed, if not unequalled. It gives me as much pleasure to record this in your favor as it would in favor of any living man, myself included." This correspondence, and the unmeasured praise which was given to Sherman at this time by the general-in-chief in his despatches and conversations, afford ad-

ditional evidences of his constant readiness to give all due praise to his subordinates for any successful work which they accomplished. He was entirely unselfish in his relations with them, and never tired of taking up the cudgels in their defense if any one criticized them unjustly.

The above correspondence with Sherman recalls the letters which were interchanged between them after General Grant's successes in the West. The general wrote to Sherman at that time: "What I want is to express my thanks to you and McPherson as the men to whom, above all others, I feel indebted for whatever I have had of success. How far your advice and assistance have been of help to me you know. How far your execution of whatever has been given you to do entitles you to the reward I am receiving, you cannot know as well as I. I feel all the gratitude this letter would express, giving it the most flattering construction." Sherman wrote a no less manly letter in reply. After insisting that General Grant assigned to his subordinates too large a share of merit, he went on to say: "I believe you to be as brave, patriotic, and just as the great prototype, Washington; as unselfish, kind-hearted, and honest as a man should be; but the chief characteristic is the simple faith in success you have always manifested, which I can liken to nothing else than the faith a Christian has in the Saviour. . . . I knew, wherever I was, that you thought of me, and if I got in a tight place you would help me out if alive." The noble sentiments expressed in this and similar correspondence were the bright spots which served to relieve the gloomy picture of desolating war.

Now that Sherman had captured Atlanta, the question at once arose as to what his next move should be; and a discussion took place at General Grant's headquarters as to the advisability of a march to the sea. Such a movement had been referred to in a despatch from Grant to Halleck as early as July 15, saying: "If he [Sherman] can supply himself once with ordnance and quartermaster's stores, and partially with subsistence, he will find no difficulty in staying until a permanent line can be opened with the south coast." On August 13 Sherman communicated with Grant about the practicability of cutting loose from his base and shifting his army to the Alabama River, or striking out for St. Mark's, Florida, or for Savannah. Further correspondence took place between the two generals after Sherman had entered Atlanta. The subject was one in which the members

of the staff became deeply interested. Maps were pored over daily, and most intelligent discussions were carried on as to the feasibility of Sherman's army making a march to the sea-coast, and the point upon which his movement should be directed.

SENT ON A MISSION TO SHERMAN.

On September 12 General Grant called me into his tent, turned his chair around from the table at which he had been sitting, lighted a fresh cigar, and began a conversation by saying: "Sherman and I have exchanged ideas regarding his next movement about as far as we can by correspondence, and I have been thinking that it would be well for you to start for Atlanta to-morrow, and talk over with him the whole subject of his next campaign. We have debated it so much here that you know my views thoroughly, and can answer any of Sherman's questions as to what I think in reference to the contemplated movement, and the action which should be taken in the various contingencies which may arise. Sherman's suggestions are excellent, and no one is better fitted for carrying them out. I can comply with his views in regard to meeting him with ample supplies at any point on the sea-coast which it may be decided to have him strike for. You can tell him that I am going to send an expedition against Wilmington, North Carolina, landing the troops on the coast north of Fort Fisher; and with the efficient coöperation of the navy we shall no doubt get control of Wilmington harbor by the time he reaches and captures other points on the sea-coast. Sherman has made a splendid campaign, and the more I reflect upon it the more merit I see in it. I do not want to hamper him any more in the future than in the past with detailed instructions. I want him to carry out his ideas freely in the coming movement, and to have all the credit of its success. Of this success I have no doubt. I will write Sherman a letter, which you can take to him." The general then turned to his writing-table, and retaining between his lips the cigar which he had been smoking, wrote the communication. After reading it over aloud, he handed it to me to take to Atlanta. It said, among other things: "Colonel Porter will explain to you the exact condition of affairs here better than I can do in the limits of a letter. . . . My object now in sending a staff-officer is not so much to suggest operations for you as to get your views and have plans matured by the time everything can be

got ready. It will probably be the 5th of October before any of the plans herein indicated will be executed. . . ."

I started the next day on this mission, going by way of Cincinnati and Louisville, and after many tedious interruptions from the crowded state of traffic by rail south of the latter place, and being once thrown from the track, I reached Chattanooga on the afternoon of September 19. From there to Atlanta is one hundred and fifty miles. Guerrillas were active along the line of the road, numerous attempts had recently been made to wreck the trains, and they were run as far as practicable by daylight. Being anxious to reach General Sherman with all despatch, I started forward that night on a freight-train. Rumors of approaching guerrillas were numerous; but, like many other campaign reports, they were unfounded, and I arrived at Atlanta safely the next forenoon. Upon this night trip I passed over the battle-field of Chickamauga on the anniversary of the sanguinary engagement in which I had participated the year before, and all of its exciting features were vividly recalled.

THE CAPTOR OF ATLANTA.

UPON reaching Atlanta, I went at once to General Sherman's headquarters. My mind was naturally wrought up to a high pitch of curiosity to see the famous soldier of the West, whom I had never met. He had taken up his quarters in a comfortable brick house belonging to Judge Lyons, opposite the Court-house Square. As I approached I saw the captor of Atlanta on the porch, sitting tilted back in a large arm-chair, reading a newspaper. His coat was unbuttoned, his black felt hat slouched over his brow, and on his feet were a pair of slippers very much down at the heels. He was in the prime of life and in the perfection of physical health. He was just forty-four years of age, and almost at the summit of his military fame. With his large frame, tall, gaunt form, restless hazel eyes, aquiline nose, bronzed face, and crisp beard, he looked the picture of "grim-visaged war." My coming had been announced to him by telegraph, and he was expecting my arrival at this time. I approached him, introduced myself, and handed him General Grant's letter. He tilted forward in his chair, crumpled the newspaper in his left hand while with his right he shook hands cordially, then pushed a chair forward and invited me to sit down. His reception was exceedingly cordial, and his manner exhibited

all the personal peculiarities which General Grant, in speaking of him, had so often described.

After reading General Grant's letter, he entered at once upon an animated discussion of the military situation East and West, and as he waxed more intense in his manner the nervous energy of his nature soon began to manifest itself. He twice rose from his chair, and sat down again, twisted the newspaper into every conceivable shape, and from time to time drew first one foot and then the other out of its slipper, and followed up the movement by shoving out his leg so that the foot could recapture the slipper and thrust itself into it again. He exhibited a strong individuality in every movement, and there was a peculiar energy of manner in uttering the crisp words and epigrammatic phrases which fell from his lips as rapidly as shots from a magazine-gun. I soon realized that he was one of the most dramatic and picturesque characters of the war. He asked a great deal about the armies of the East, and spoke of the avidity with which he read all accounts of the desperate campaigns they were waging. He said: "I knew Grant would make the fur fly when he started down through Virginia. Wherever he is the enemy will never find any trouble about getting up a fight. He has all the tenacity of a Scotch terrier. That he will accomplish his whole purpose I have never had a doubt. I know well the immense advantage which the enemy has in acting on the defensive in a peculiarly defensive country, falling back on his supplies when we are moving away from ours, taking advantage of every river, hill, forest, and swamp to hold us at bay, and intrenching every night behind fortified lines to make himself safe from attack. Grant ought to have an army more than twice the size of that of the enemy in order to make matters at all equal in Virginia. When Grant cried, 'Forward!' after the battle of the Wilderness, I said: 'This is the grandest act of his life; now I feel that the rebellion will be crushed.' I wrote him, saying it was a bold order to give, and full of significance; that it showed the mettle of which he was made, and if Wellington could have heard it he would have jumped out of his boots. The terms of Grant's despatch in reply to the announcement of the capture of Atlanta gave us great gratification here. I took that and the noble letter written by President Lincoln, and published them in general orders; and they did much to encourage the troops and make them feel that their hard

work was appreciated by those highest in command."

After a while lunch was announced, and the general invited me to his mess, consisting of himself and his personal staff. Among the latter I met some of my old army friends, whom I was much gratified to see again. The general's mess was established in the dining-room of the house he occupied, and was about as democratic as Grant's. The officers came and went as their duties required, and meals were eaten without the slightest ceremony. After we were seated at the table the general said: "I don't suppose we have anything half as good to eat out here as you fellows in the East have. You have big rivers upon which you can bring up shell-fish, and lots of things we don't have here, where everything has to come over a single-track railroad more than three hundred miles long, and you bet we don't spare any cars for luxuries. It is all we can do to get the necessaries down this far. However, here is some pretty fair beef, and there are plenty of potatoes," pointing to the dishes; "and they are good enough for anybody. We did get a little short of rations at times on the march down here, and one of my staff told me a good story of what one of the men had to say about it. An officer found him eating a persimmon that he had picked up, and cried out to him, 'Don't eat that; it's not good for you.' 'I'm not eatin' it because it's good,' was the reply; 'I'm tryin' to pucker up my stomach so as to fit the size of the rations Uncle Billy Sherman's a-givin' us.'"

After lunch we repaired to a room in the house which the general used for his office, and there went into an elaborate discussion of the purpose of my visit. He said: "I am more than ever of the opinion that there ought to be some definite objective point or points decided upon before I move farther into this country; sweeping around generally through Georgia for the purpose of inflicting damage would not be good generalship; I want to strike out for the sea. Now that our people have secured Mobile Bay, they might be able to send a force up to Columbus. That would be of great assistance to me in penetrating farther into this State; but unless Canby is largely reinforced, he will probably have as much as he can do at present in taking care of the rebels west of the Mississippi. If after Grant takes Wilmington he could, with the coöperation of the navy, get hold of Savannah, and open the Savannah River up to the neighborhood of Augusta, I

would feel pretty safe in picking up the bulk of this army and moving east, subsisting off the country. I could move to Milledgeville, and threaten both Macon and Augusta, and by making feints I could manöuver the enemy out of Augusta. I can subsist my army upon the country as long as I can keep moving; but if I should have to stop and fight battles the difficulty would be greatly increased. There is no telling what Hood will do, whether he will follow me and contest my march eastward, or whether he will start north with his whole army, thinking there will not be any adequate force to oppose him, and that he can carry the war as far north as Kentucky. I don't care much which he does. I would rather have him start north, though; and I would be willing to give him a free ticket and pay his expenses if he would decide to take that horn of the dilemma. I could send enough of this army to delay his progress until our troops scattered through the West could be concentrated in sufficient force to destroy him; then with the bulk of my army I could cut a swath through to the sea, divide the Confederacy in two, and be able to move up in the rear of Lee, or do almost anything else that Grant might require of me. Both Jeff Davis, according to the tone of his recent speeches, and Hood want me to fall back. That is just the reason why I want to go forward."

The general then went into a long discussion of the details which would have to be carried out under the several contingencies which might occur. He said: "In any emergency I should probably want to designate a couple of points on the coast where I could reach the sea as compelled by circumstances; and a fleet of provisions ought to be sent to each one of the points, so that I would be sure of having supplies awaiting me." I told him that this had been discussed by General Grant, and it was his intention to make ample provisions of that nature. The general said further: "You know when I cut loose from my communications you will not hear anything from me direct, and Grant will have to learn of my whereabouts, and the points where I reach the coast, by means of scouts, if we can get any through the country, and possibly depend largely upon the news obtained from rebel newspapers. I suppose you get these papers through the lines just as we do here." I said: "Yes; and I think more readily. The enemy is always eager to get the New York papers, and as we receive them daily, we exchange them for Richmond and Petersburg papers, and obtain in that way

much news that is valuable. There will be no difficulty in hearing of your movements almost daily.» At the close of the conversation I told the general I was anxious to get back to headquarters as soon as it would suit his convenience. He asked me to stay a couple of days, saying he would talk matters over further, and would write some communications for General Grant, a report, and also a list of the names of officers whom he wished to have promoted, if it could be prepared in time. I was invited to share the quarters of one of the staff-officers, and spent a couple of days very advantageously in looking over the captured city, and learning many points of interest regarding the marvelous campaign which had secured it.

AN EVENING WITH GENERAL GEORGE H.
THOMAS.

THAT evening I paid a visit to my old commanding officer, General George H. Thomas, who had quartered himself in a house on Peachtree street, now known as the Leyden House, and passed a very pleasant hour with him. The house was surrounded by a broad porch supported by rows of fluted columns, and was very commodious. The meeting revived a great many stories of the Chickamauga campaign. The general said in the course of the conversation: «Do you remember that jackass that looked over the fence one day when we were passing along a road near the Tennessee River? He pricked up his ears and brayed until he threatened to deafen everybody within a mile of him; and when he stopped, and a dead silence followed, a soldier quietly remarked, (Boys, did you hear him purr?) I thought that was about the loudest specimen of a purr I had ever heard.» Then the general lay back in his chair and shook with laughter at the recollection. While grave in manner and leonine in appearance, he had a great deal more fun in him than is generally supposed. When quartered at Murfreesboro, Tennessee, the year before, a piano had been secured, and it was the custom to have musical entertainments in the evening at general headquarters. There were some capital voices among the officers, and no end of comic songs at hand; and these, with the recitations and improvisations which were contributed, made up a series of variety performances which became quite celebrated. General Thomas was a constant attendant, and would nod approval at the efforts of the performers, and beat time to the music, and when anything particularly comical took place he

would roll from side to side and nearly choke with merriment.

That day Sherman wrote to Grant: «I have the honor to acknowledge, at the hands of Lieutenant-Colonel Porter of your staff, your letter of September 12, and accept with thanks the honorable and kindly mention of the services of this army in the great cause in which we are all engaged.» Then followed three or four pages, closing with the sentence: «I will have a long talk with Colonel Porter, and tell him everything that may occur to me of interest to you. In the meantime, know that I admire your dogged perseverance and pluck more than ever. If you can whip Lee, and I can march to the Atlantic, I think Uncle Abe will give us a twenty days' leave of absence to see the young folks.» Two days later I started back to City Point, and reached there September 27.

GRANT VISITS SHERIDAN.

GENERAL GRANT listened with manifest interest to the report which I brought of the situation at Atlanta, and of Sherman's feelings and intentions, and asked many questions as to the condition of the great army of the West. I found that during my absence the general-in-chief had paid a visit to Sheridan. He had started from City Point on the 15th of September, had passed through Washington without stopping, and had gone directly to Charlestown, where Sheridan then had his headquarters. He went from there to Burlington, New Jersey, where it was arranged to place his children at school, and returned to City Point on the 19th. He spoke with much pleasure and satisfaction of his visit to Sheridan, and said: «I was so anxious not to have the movement made in the valley unless I felt assured of its success, that I thought I would go and have a talk with Sheridan before giving a decided answer as to what should be done. I had written out a plan of campaign for his guidance, and did not stop in Washington for the reason that I thought there might be a disposition there to modify it and make it less aggressive. I first asked Sheridan if he had a plan of his own, and if so, what it was. He brought out his maps, and laid out a plan so complete, and spoke so confidently about his ability to whip the enemy in his front, that I did not take my plan out of my pocket, but let him go ahead. I also decided not to remain with him during the movement, which was to begin in a day or two, for fear it might be thought that I was trying to share in a success which I wished to belong solely to him.»

GOOD NEWS FROM WINCHESTER.

IN speaking of his visit to the Middle Military Division, General Grant said: "I ordered Sheridan to move out and whip Early." An officer present ventured the remark: "I presume the actual form of the order was to move out and attack him." "No," answered the general; "I mean just what I say: I gave the order to whip him."

Sheridan advanced promptly on September 19, and struck Early's army at Winchester, where he gained a signal victory, capturing five guns and nine battle-flags. He pursued the enemy the next day as far as Fisher's Hill, and on the 22d attacked him again in front and flank, carried his earthworks at every point, captured sixteen guns and eleven hundred prisoners, put him to flight, and completed his destruction. This left Sheridan in possession of the valley of Virginia. He had obeyed to the letter his orders to whip Early.

General Grant sent cordial congratulations to the victorious commander, and ordered a salute of one hundred guns in honor of each of his victories. No events had created more rejoicing in the mind of the general-in-chief than these brilliant triumphs of Sheridan. The general had taken the sole responsibility of bringing Sheridan East and placing him in command of a separate, important army, amid the doubts of some of the principal officials at Washington, and these victories on the part of the young commander were an entire vindication of Grant's judgment. The spirits of the loyal people of the North were beginning to droop, and the disloyal element had become still more aggressive, and such victories just at this time were of inestimable value.

During Grant's visit to Sheridan the enemy's cavalry had made a bold dash round the left of Meade's line, and captured over two thousand head of cattle. One evening after Grant's return, at the close of a conversation upon this subject, a citizen from Washington, who was stopping at City Point, inquired of him, "When do you expect to starve out Lee and capture Richmond?" "Never," replied the general, significantly, "if our armies continue to supply him with beef cattle."

GRANT UNDER FIRE AT FORT HARRISON.

THE general-in-chief was still planning to keep the enemy actively engaged in his own immediate front, so as to prevent him from

detaching troops against distant commanders. He telegraphed Sherman September 26: "I will give them another shake here before the end of the week." On the 27th he sent a despatch to Sheridan, saying: "... No troops have passed through Richmond to reinforce Early. I shall make a break here on the 29th." All these despatches were of course sent in cipher. Definite instructions were issued on the 27th for the "break" which was in contemplation. Birney's and Ord's corps of Butler's army were to cross on the night of September 28 to the north side of the James River at Deep Bottom, and attack the enemy's forces there. If they succeeded in breaking through his lines they were to make a dash for Richmond. While the general did not expect to capture the city by this movement, he tried to provide for every emergency, thinking that if the enemy's line should be found weak, there would be a bare chance, after having once broken through, of creating a panic in Richmond, and getting inside of its inner works.

Ord and Birney moved out promptly before daylight on September 29. General Grant left a portion of his staff at City Point to communicate with him and Meade, and rode out, taking the rest of us with him, to Butler's front. Ord moved directly against Fort Harrison, a strong earthwork occupying a commanding position, carried it by assault, captured fifteen guns and several hundred prisoners, and secured possession of an entire line of intrenchments. Everything promised further success, when Ord was wounded so severely in the leg that he had to leave the field, and proper advantage was not taken of the important success which had been gained. Birney moved with his colored troops against the line of intrenchments on the Newmarket road, promptly carried it, and drove the enemy back in great confusion. General Grant was with Birney's command in the early part of the day. His youngest son, Jesse, had obtained permission that morning to go up the river on the boat which carried his father, and had taken along his black Shetland pony called "Little Reb." The boy was then only a little over six years old, and was dressed in kilts, probably in honor of his Scotch ancestors. When the party reached the north side of the river, and mounted and rode out to the front, Jesse got on Little Reb and followed along. His father was so busy in supervising the movement that he did not notice the boy until he got under fire, when, on looking around, he saw his enterprising heir moving about as coolly as any of the others of the group,

while the shots were striking the earth and stirring up the dust in every direction. «What 's that youngster doing there?» cried the general, manifesting no little anxiety; and turning to the junior aide, added, «Dunn, I wish you would take him to the rear, and put him where he will be safe.» But Jesse had too much of his sire's blood in his veins to yield a prompt compliance, and at first demurred. Dunn, however, took hold of Little Reb's bridle, and started him on a gallop toward the river; and the boy, much to his mortification, had to beat an ignominious retreat. Dunn was more troubled than any one else over this masterly retrograde movement, for he was afraid that the troops who saw him breaking for the rear under fire might think that he had suddenly set too high a value on his life, and was looking out for a safe place.

After the capture of the works by Birney's troops, the general-in-chief rode over to Fort Harrison to push matters in that direction. He was greatly gratified at the handsome manner in which the fort had been carried, and the pluck which had been shown by the troops. The fort was an inclosed work, and formed a salient upon the enemy's line. There were batteries in its rear, however, which still commanded it. The general rode up to a point near the ditch, and there dismounted, and made his way into the work on foot. The ground gave ample evidence of the effects of the assault, and was so torn with shot and shell and covered with killed and wounded in some places that the general had to pick his way in stepping over the dead bodies that lay in his path. He turned his looks upward to avoid as much as possible the ghastly sight, and the expression of profound grief impressed upon his features told, as usual, of the effect produced upon him by the sad spectacle. Upon entering the fort, he climbed up and looked over the parapet on the north side, and remained there for some time, viewing the surrounding works and taking a look at Richmond, while the enemy's batteries continued to shell us. This was the nearest view of the city he had yet obtained, and the church spires could be indistinctly seen. He made up his mind that both corps should move forward promptly, and sat down on the ground, tucked his legs under him, and wrote the following despatch to Birney, dating it 10:35 A. M.: «General Ord has carried the very strong works and some fifteen pieces of artillery, and his corps is now ready to advance in conjunction with you. General Ord was wounded,

and has returned to his headquarters, leaving General Heckman in command of the corps. Push forward on the road I left you on.» The enemy's projectiles were still flying in our direction, and when the general had reached the middle of the despatch a shell burst directly over him. Those standing about instinctively ducked their heads, but he paid no attention to the occurrence, and did not pause in his writing, or even look up. The handwriting of the despatch when finished did not bear the slightest evidence of the uncomfortable circumstances under which it was indited.

General Butler had ridden up to the fort, his face flushed with excitement; and in an interview which followed with General Grant, the commander of the Army of the James grew enthusiastic in lauding the bravery of the colored troops, who had carried so handsomely the work which Birney had assaulted that morning.

General Grant had not heard from Meade since early in the morning, and feeling somewhat anxious, he now made his way out of the fort, mounted his horse, and rode over to Deep Bottom, at which point he could communicate by a field telegraph line with the commander of the Army of the Potomac. About half-past one o'clock the general received a telegram at Deep Bottom from the President, saying: «I hope it will lay no constraint on you, nor do harm any way, for me to say I am a little afraid lest Lee sends reinforcements to Early, and thus enables him to turn upon Sheridan.» It will be seen that the President did not pretend to thrust military advice upon his commander, but only modestly suggested his views. The general replied immediately: «Your despatch just received. I am taking steps to prevent Lee sending reinforcements to Early, by attacking him here»; and closed with an account of the successes of the morning.

CONSTERNATION IN RICHMOND.

BUT little farther progress was made during the day north of the James. General Grant remained on the north side of the river until after 4 P. M., and then returned to City Point so as to be within easy communication with Meade, and to determine what should be done the next day. It was long after midnight before any one at headquarters went to bed, and then only to catch a nap of a couple of hours. General Grant set out again for Deep Bottom at five o'clock the next morning; and after consulting with Butler, and finding every-

thing quiet on the part of the enemy, he decided that no movement should be made on that front at present, and returned to City Point, starting back at 8 A. M.

The activity this day was on Meade's front. His troops moved out two miles west of the Weldon Railroad, and captured two redoubts, a line of rifle-pits, a gun, and over one hundred prisoners. Three times that afternoon the enemy made vigorous efforts to recover the works which had been captured by Butler's army the day before, for they commanded the shortest road to Richmond. So important was the movement deemed for their recapture that Lee was present in person with the troops who made the attack. Every assault, however, was handsomely repulsed. Meade threw up a strong line of intrenchments from the Weldon Railroad to the advanced position which he had captured, and his left was now only about two miles from the South Side Railroad.

In these movements no little advantage had been gained. The ability to carry strong works had encouraged the troops, and the circle had been closed in still further upon Lee, both on our right and left, and the effect upon the enemy was shown by the consternation and excitement which prevailed in Richmond. From refugees, scouts, and other sources of information it was learned that there was a feeling prevailing among the inhabitants that the city would very soon have to be abandoned. Provost-marshal's guards seized all available citizens, young and old, and impressed them into the service, whether sick or well—government clerks, and even the police, being put in line in Butler's front. All business was suspended, as there was no one left to attend to it; publication of the newspapers was interrupted; shops were closed; and alarm-bells were rung from all the churches.

In the meantime the enemy was having no rest in the Shenandoah Valley. On the 9th of October, Sheridan's cavalry, under Torbert, had an engagement with the enemy's cavalry, which it completely routed, capturing eleven guns and a number of wagons, and taking over three hundred prisoners. Our loss did not exceed sixty men. The enemy was pursued about twenty-six miles.

STANTON VISITS GRANT.

In the forenoon of October 16 a steamer arrived from Washington, having aboard the Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton; the new Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Fessenden,

who had succeeded Chase; and several of their friends. They came at once to headquarters, were warmly received by General Grant, and during their short stay of two days were profuse in their expressions of congratulation to the general upon the progress he had made with his armies. They wanted to see as much as they could of the positions occupied by our forces, and the general proposed that they should visit the Army of the James that afternoon, and offered to accompany them. He telegraphed Butler to this effect, and the party started up the river by boat. I was invited to join the excursion, and was much interested in the conversations which occurred. Stanton did most of the talking. He began by saying: "In getting away from my desk, and being able to enjoy the outdoor air, I feel like a boy out of school. I have found much relief in my office from the use of a high desk, at which I at times stand up and sign papers. It has been said that the best definition of rest is change of occupation, and even a change of attitude is a great rest to those who have to work at desks."

He then gave a graphic description of the anxieties which had been experienced for some months at Washington on account of the boldness of the disloyal element in the North and the emissaries sent there from the South. Sheridan's name was mentioned in terms of compliment. General Grant said: "Yes; Sheridan is an improvement upon some of his predecessors. They demonstrated the truth of the military principle that a commander can generally retreat successfully from almost any position—if he only starts in time." Stanton laughed heartily at the general's way of putting it, and remarked: "But in all retreats I am told that there is another principle to be observed: a man must not look back. I think it was Cæsar who said to an officer in his army who had retreated repeatedly, but who afterward appeared before his commander and pointed with pride to a wound on his cheek: 'Ah! I see you are wounded in the face; you should not have looked back.'" At Aiken's Landing General Butler joined the party, and pointed out the objects of interest along his lines. Mr. Stanton then spoke with much earnestness of the patient labors and patriotic course of the President. There had been rumors of disagreements and unpleasant scenes at times between the distinguished Secretary of War and his chief; but there evidently was little, if any, foundation for such reports, and certainly upon this occasion the Secretary mani-

feasted a genuine personal affection for Mr. Lincoln, and an admiration for his character which amounted to positive reverence.

Mr. Stanton wore spectacles, and had a habit of removing them from time to time when he was talking earnestly, and wiping the glasses with his handkerchief. His style of speech was deliberate, but his manner at times grew animated, and he presented a personality which could not fail to interest and impress all who came in contact with the great Carnot of our war.

The next morning, after breakfast, the Secretary's party went by the military railroad to our lines about Petersburg, where they had pleasant interviews with Meade, Hancock, Warren, and Parke, and returned in the afternoon to City Point. After some further consultation with General Grant about the military situation, particularly in the valley of Virginia, the Secretary, with his friends, started back to Washington.

HOW GRANT RECEIVED THE NEWS FROM CEDAR CREEK.

SHERIDAN had been ordered to Washington to consult with the authorities there; and as no immediate attack on the part of the enemy was expected, he started for that city on October 16. Early, however, had concentrated all the troops that could be brought to his assistance, and was determined to make a desperate effort to retrieve the defeats which he had suffered in the valley. Sheridan arrived in Washington on the 17th, and started back to his command at noon of that day. The next day he reached Winchester, which was twenty miles from his command, and remained there that night.

At three o'clock on the afternoon of October 20 General Grant was sitting at his table in his tent, writing letters. Several members of the staff who were at headquarters at the time were seated in front of the tent discussing some anticipated movements. The telegraph operator came across the camp-ground hurriedly, stepped into the general's quarters, and handed him a despatch. He read it over, and then came to the front of the tent, put on a very grave look, and said to the members of the staff: "I'll read you a despatch I have just received from Sheridan." We were all eager to hear the news, for we felt that the telegram was of importance. The general began to read the despatch in a very solemn tone. It was dated 10 P. M. the night before: "I have the honor to report that my army at Cedar Creek was

attacked this morning before daylight, and my left was turned and driven in confusion; in fact, most of the line was driven in confusion, with the loss of twenty pieces of artillery. I hastened from Winchester, where I was on my return from Washington, and joined the army between Middletown and Newtown, having been driven back about four miles." Here the general looked up, shook his head solemnly, and said, "That's pretty bad, isn't it?" A melancholy chorus replied, "It's too bad, too bad!" "Now just wait till I read you the rest of it," added the general, with a perceptible twinkle in his eye. He then went on, reading more rapidly: "I here took the affair in hand, and quickly united the corps, formed a compact line of battle just in time to repulse an attack of the enemy's, which was handsomely done at about 1 P. M. At 3 P. M., after some changes of the cavalry from the left to the right flank, I attacked with great vigor, driving and routing the enemy, capturing, according to last reports, forty-three pieces of artillery and very many prisoners. I do not yet know the number of my casualties or the losses of the enemy. Wagon-trains, ambulances, and caissons in large numbers are in our possession. They also burned some of their trains. General Ramseur is a prisoner in our hands, severely, and perhaps mortally, wounded. I have to regret the loss of General Bidwell, killed, and Generals Wright, Grover, and Ricketts, wounded—Wright slightly wounded. Affairs at times looked badly, but by the gallantry of our brave officers and men disaster has been converted into a splendid victory. Darkness again intervened to shut off greater results. . . ." By this time the listeners had rallied from their dejection, and were beside themselves with delight. The general seemed to enjoy the bombshell he had thrown among the staff almost as much as the news of Sheridan's signal victory. In these after years, when this victory is recorded among the most brilliant battles of the war, and "Sheridan's Ride" has been made famous in song and story, one cannot help recalling the modesty with which he spoke of his headlong gallop to join his command, and snatch victory from defeat. He dismissed it with the sentence: "I hastened from Winchester, where I was on my return from Washington, and joined the army. . . ." Further news brought the details of the crushing blow he had struck the enemy. General Grant, in referring to the matter at headquarters, commented at great length upon the triumph which Sheridan had achieved,

and the genius he had displayed. He telegraphed to Washington: "Turning what bid fair to be a disaster into a glorious victory stamps Sheridan what I have always thought him—one of the ablest of generals"; and said in conversation: "Sheridan's courageous words and brilliant deeds encourage his commanders as much as they inspire his subordinates. While he has a magnetic influence possessed by few other men in an engagement, and is seen to best advantage in battle, he does as much beforehand to contribute to victory as any living commander. His plans are always well matured, and in every movement he strikes with a definite purpose in view. No man would be better fitted to command all the armies in the field." He ordered one hundred guns to be fired in honor of Sheridan's decisive victory.

GRANT'S NARROW ESCAPE AT HATCHER'S RUN.

EVEN before the completion of Sheridan's victory in the valley, Grant was planning another movement for the purpose of threatening Lee's position, keeping him occupied, and attacking his communications. On October 24 he directed both Meade and Butler to prepare for a movement which was to be made on the 27th. Meade was to move against the South Side Road, while Butler was to go to the north side of the James again, and make a demonstration there against the enemy.

Early on the morning of October 27 General Grant, with his staff, started for the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac, and rode out to the front, accompanied by Meade. The morning was dark and gloomy, a heavy rain was falling, the roads were muddy and obstructed, and tangled thickets, dense woods, and swampy streams confronted the troops at all points. The difficulties of the ground made the movements necessarily slow. After a conference with Warren, Grant and Meade rode over to Hancock's front, and found that the enemy was there disputing the passage of Hatcher's Run at Burgess's Mill. His troops were strongly posted, with a battery in position directly in front of the head of Hancock's corps, and another about eight hundred yards to our left. Unless this force on the opposite side of the stream could be driven back, our lines could not be thrown forward for the purpose of making the contemplated movement. Prompt action had to be taken, and General Grant rode out farther to the front, accompanied by General Meade and the members of their staffs, to give orders on the spot. As this group of mounted

officers formed a conspicuous target, the enemy was not slow to open upon it with his guns; and soon the whistling of projectiles and the explosion of shells made the position rather uncomfortable. One of our orderlies was killed, and two were wounded. It looked at one time as if the explosion of a shell had killed General Meade, but fortunately he escaped untouched. A little speck of blood appeared on Hancock's cheek after the bursting of a shell. It was probably caused by a bit of gravel being thrown in his face. Staff-officers were sent forward to the principal points to reconnoiter. General Grant, as was his constant practice, wished to see the exact position of the enemy with his own eyes. He stopped the officers who were riding with him, called on one aide-de-camp, Colonel Babcock, to accompany him, and rode forward rapidly to within a few yards of the bridge. Before he had gone far a shell exploded just under his horse's neck. The animal threw up his head and reared, and it was thought that he and his rider had both been struck, but neither had been touched. The enemy's batteries and sharpshooters were both firing, and the situation was such that all the lookers-on experienced intense anxiety, expecting every moment to see the general fall. The telegraph lines had been cut, and the twisted wires were lying about in confusion upon the ground. To make matters more critical, the general's horse got his foot caught in a loop of the wire, and as the animal endeavored to free himself the coil became twisted still tighter. Every one's face now began to wear a still more anxious look. Babcock, whose coolness under fire was always conspicuous, dismounted, and carefully uncoiled the wire and released the horse. The general sat still in his saddle, evidently thinking more about the horse than of himself, and in the most quiet and unruffled manner cautioned Babcock to be sure not to hurt the animal's leg. The general soon succeeded in obtaining a clear view of the enemy's line and the exact nature of the ground, and then, much to our relief, retired to a less exposed position. The advance of the troops was impeded by the dense underbrush, the crookedness of the Run, the damming of its waters, the slashed trees, and other obstacles of every conceivable description which had been placed in the line of march. It was seen by afternoon that an assault under the circumstances would not promise favorable results, and it was abandoned. The success of the operation depended upon reaching the objective point by

a rapid movement; and as unexpected obstacles were presented by the character of the country and by the weather, instructions were now given to suspend operations, and Grant and Meade rode to Armstrong's Mill. General Grant then took a narrow cross-road leading down to the Run to the right of Hancock's corps; but it was soon found that there were no troops between our party and the enemy, and that if we continued along this road it would probably not be many minutes before we should find ourselves prisoners in his lines. There was nothing to do but to turn around and strike a road farther in the rear. This, as usual, was a great annoyance to the general, who expressed his objections, as he had done many a time before, to turning back. We paused for a few minutes, and tried to find some cross-cut; but there was not even a pathway leading in the proper direction, and the party had to retrace its steps for some distance.

General Grant was now becoming anxious to get in telegraphic communication with Butler, and he rode on to a point on the military railroad called Warren Station, reaching there about half-past five P. M.

After giving some further instructions to General Meade, he started back to City Point. On the way to general headquarters he discussed the events which had just taken place, and said: "To-day's movement has resulted, up to the time I left, only in a reconnaissance in force. I had hoped to accomplish more by means of it, but it has at least given us a much more thorough knowledge of the country, which, with its natural and artificial obstacles, is stronger than any one could have supposed. This movement has convinced me of the next course which will have to be pursued. It will be necessary for the Army of the Potomac to cut loose from its base, leaving only a small force at City Point and in front of Petersburg to hold those positions. The whole army can then swing completely round to the left and make Lee's present position untenable." There was some doubt in his mind as to what action the enemy would take in front of Hancock and Warren. News came that evening, showing that Lee had assumed the offensive, and that severe fighting had occurred. Between four and five o'clock a heavy force of the enemy passed between Hancock and Warren, and made a vigorous assault on the right and rear of Hancock's corps; but Hancock struck the enemy in flank, threw him into confusion, and captured nine hundred prisoners and a number

of colors. The enemy was unable to reform his troops, and did not attempt any further offensive operations. This day's engagement is known as the battle of Hatcher's Run.

Butler had sent a force to the north side of the James; but the enemy retired to his intrenched works whenever our troops advanced against him, and only one attack was made.

These operations closed for the winter the series of battles in front of Petersburg and Richmond, cold weather and the condition of the roads rendering further important movements impracticable. While there was much skirmishing and some spirited fighting, no more general engagements occurred until spring.

DISCUSSING THE "MARCH TO THE SEA."

SINCE my return from Atlanta a number of communications had been exchanged between Grant and Sherman regarding the contemplated "march to the sea." Jefferson Davis had visited Hood's headquarters, and at different points on his trip had made speeches, assuring the people that Atlanta was to be retaken, that Sherman's communications were to be cut, and that his retreat would be as disastrous as Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. When General Grant received the reports of these speeches, which were widely published in the Southern newspapers, he remarked: "Mr. Davis has not made it quite plain who is to furnish the snow for this Moscow retreat through Georgia and Tennessee. However, he has rendered us one good service at least in notifying us of Hood's intended plan of campaign." In a short time it was seen that Hood was marching his army against the railroad which constituted Sherman's only line of communication with his base of supplies. Sherman now called for reinforcements, and Grant directed all recruits in the West to be sent to him.

On September 29 Hood crossed the Chattahoochee River. This was the day on which Grant made the movements hereinbefore described against Richmond and Petersburg, with a view to preventing Lee from detaching any troops. There were some who thought Grant manifested unnecessary anxiety on this subject: but it must be remembered that just one year before, Lee had sent Longstreet's whole corps to northern Georgia; that it was not discovered until it was well on its way to join Bragg's forces against Rosecrans's army at Chickamauga; and that it accomplished the reverse which occurred to our arms on that field. Besides, Grant's mind seemed

always more concerned about preventing disasters to the armies of his distant commanders than to the troops under his own personal direction. He was invariably generous to others, and his self-reliance was so great that he always felt that he could take ample care of himself.

General Rawlins had now returned, and it was very gratifying to see that while his health was not restored, it was greatly improved. He still, however, was troubled with a cough. The day he arrived General Grant saw that he was still far from well, and said with much distress, when Rawlins was out of earshot, "I do not like that cough." When Rawlins learned the plan proposed in regard to Sherman's future movements, he was seriously opposed to it, and presented every possible argument against it. Rawlins always talked with great force. He had a natural taste for public speaking, and when he became particularly earnest in the discussion of a question, his speech often took the form of an oration; and as he grew more excited, and his enthusiasm increased, he would hold forth in stentorian tones, and emphasize his remarks with vehement gesticulation and no end of expletives. As I had been sent to confer with Sherman, and had studied the subject in all its bearings, and felt absolute faith in the success of the movement, I became the chief spokesman in its favor; and many evenings were occupied in discussing the pros and cons of the contemplated movement. The staff had in fact resolved itself into an animated debating society. The general-in-chief would sit quietly by, listening to the arguments, and sometimes showed himself greatly amused by the vehemence of the debaters. One night the discussion waxed particularly warm, and was kept up for some time after the general had gone to bed. About one o'clock he poked his head out of his tent, and interrupted Rawlins in the midst of an eloquent passage by crying out: "Oh, do go to bed, all of you! You're keeping the whole camp awake."

Rawlins had convinced himself that if Hood kept his army in front of Sherman to bar his progress, Sherman, having cut loose from his base, would not be able to supply himself, and his army would be destroyed; and that, on the other hand, if Hood turned north, Sherman's army would be unavailable, and it would be difficult to assemble sufficient force to prevent Hood from reaching the Ohio River. Against this view it was argued that if Hood decided to confront Sherman to prevent his passage across the country, Sherman would

always have a force large enough to whip him in a pitched battle, or so threaten him as to compel him to keep his forces concentrated, while Sherman could throw detachments out from his flanks and rear and obtain plenty of provisions in a country which had never been ravaged by contending armies; or, if Hood started north, that Sherman could detach a large force to send against him, which, when reinforced by the troops that could be hurried from Missouri and other points, would be amply able to take care of Hood, while Sherman, with the bulk of his army, could cut the Confederacy in two, sever all its lines of communication, and destroy its principal arsenals and factories. In fact, Sherman was so far away from his base, with only a single-track railroad, liable constantly to be broken by raiders, that it became a necessity for him either to fall back or to go ahead. Rawlins was possessed of an earnest nature, and devoted to General Grant's interests, and his urgency against this movement was not a factious opposition, for he had really convinced himself that nothing but an absolute calamity would be the result. In this case General Grant, as usual, paid but little attention to the opinions of others upon a purely military question about the advisability of which he really had no doubt in his own mind.

WHY GRANT NEVER HELD COUNCILS OF WAR.

It was suggested, one evening, that he instruct Sherman to hold a council of war on the subject of the next movement of his army. To this General Grant replied: "No; I will not direct any one to do what I would not do myself under similar circumstances. I never held what might be called formal councils of war, and I do not believe in them. They create a divided responsibility, and at times prevent that unity of action so necessary in the field. Some officers will in all likelihood oppose any plan that may be adopted; and when it is put into execution, such officers may, by their arguments in opposition, have so far convinced themselves that the movement will fail that they cannot enter upon it with enthusiasm, and might possibly be influenced in their actions by the feeling that a victory would be a reflection upon their judgment. I believe it is better for a commander charged with the responsibility of all the operations of his army to consult his generals freely but informally, get their views and opinions, and then make up his mind what action to take, and act accordingly.

There is too much truth in the old adage, «Councils of war do not fight.»

HOW THE MARCH TO THE SEA WAS CONCEIVED AND EXECUTED.

ON October 6 General Grant went to Washington to consult with the authorities in regard to the raising of additional troops, and to learn upon what number of reinforcements he could rely before deciding definitely upon the course to be pursued in the West. Hood had now turned north, and was operating against Sherman's railroad in his rear. Sherman had left the Twentieth Corps in Atlanta to hold that place, and had marched with the rest of his army as far north as Marietta. On October 10 Sherman telegraphed Grant: «Hood is now crossing the Coosa, twelve miles below Rome, bound west. If he passes over to the Mobile and Ohio road, had I not better execute the plan of my letter sent by Colonel Porter, and leave General Thomas with the troops now in Tennessee to defend the State?» The situation was such, however, that General Grant disliked to see a veteran army like Sherman's marching away from Hood without first crippling him; and he replied to Sherman the next day (the 11th), saying, among other things: «. . . If you were to cut loose, I do not believe you would meet Hood's army, but would be bushwhacked by all the old men, little boys, and such railroad guards as are still left at home. Hood would probably strike for Nashville, thinking by going north he could inflict greater damage upon us than we could upon the rebels by going south. If there is any way of getting at Hood's army, I would prefer that, but I must trust to your own judgment. . . .»

It will be seen from the above despatch that Grant's military foresight had enabled him to predict at this time precisely what afterward took place as to Sherman's army not meeting Hood's. At the same hour at which Grant wrote this despatch at City Point, Sherman had sent a telegram to him, saying that he would prefer to start on his march to the sea, and that he believed Hood would be forced to follow him. A little before midnight on the 11th, Grant sent Sherman the following reply: «Your despatch of to-day received. If you are satisfied the trip to the sea-coast can be made, holding the line of the Tennessee firmly, you may make it, destroying all the railroad south of Dalton or Chattanooga, as you think best.»

General Sherman informed me long after

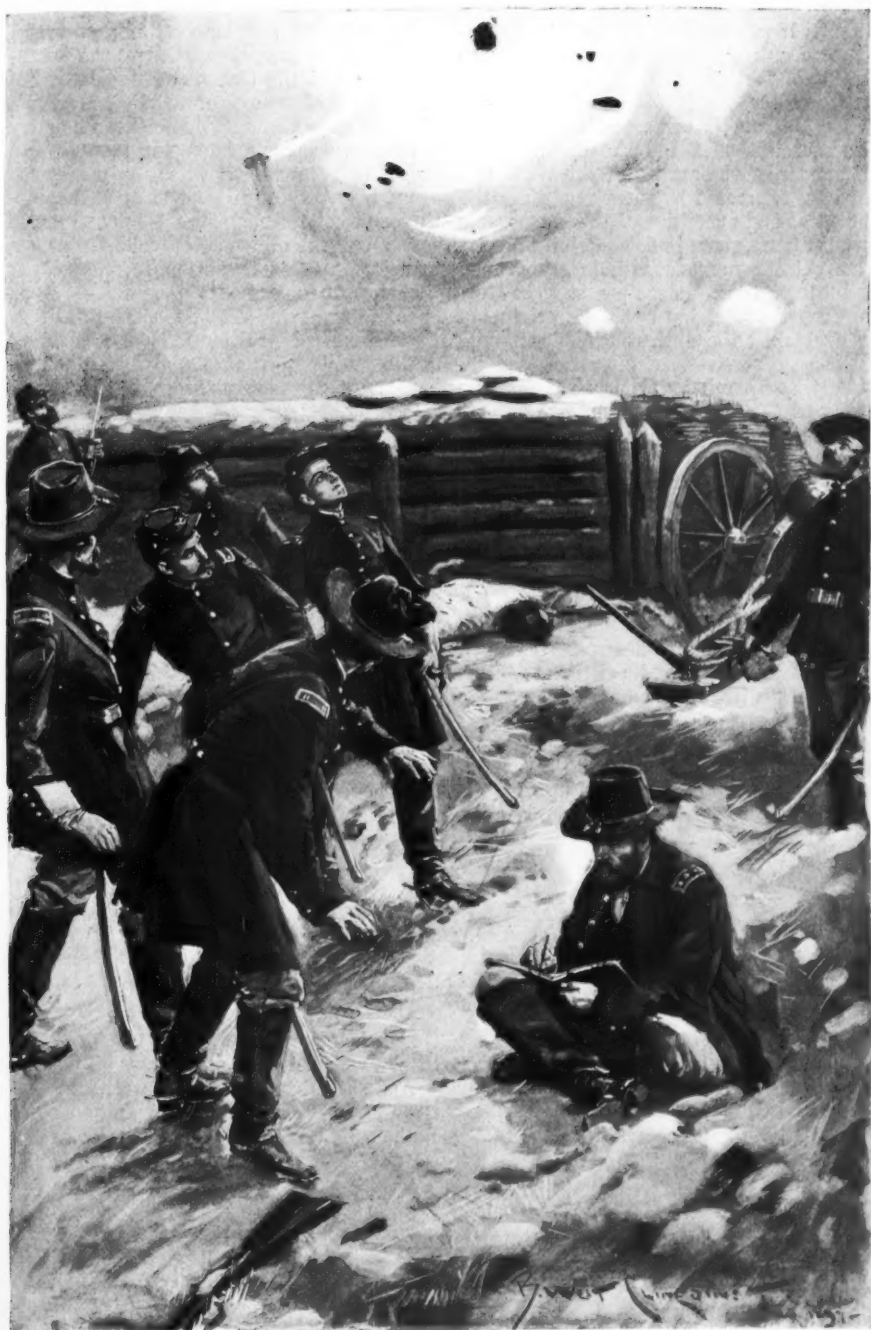
the war that he did not receive this reply, which was accounted for, no doubt, by the fact that his telegraph wires were cut at that time. He was ignorant of the existence of this despatch when he wrote in his «Memoirs,» in 1875, that November 2 was «the first time that General Grant ordered the march to the sea.»

General Grant was now actively engaged in making additional preparations for Sherman's reception on the sea-coast. He directed that vessels should be loaded with abundant supplies, and sail as soon as it became known that Sherman had started across Georgia, and rendezvous at Ossabaw Sound, a short distance below the mouth of the Savannah River.

On October 29, finding that the movement of the troops ordered from Missouri to Tennessee was exceedingly slow, the general directed Rawlins to go in person to St. Louis, and confer with Rosecrans, the department commander, and see that all haste was made. The Secretary of War now sent a telegram to General Grant, wishing him to reconsider his order authorizing the march to the sea. In fact, the President and the Secretary had never been favorably impressed with Sherman's contemplated movement, and as early as October 2 Halleck had written to General Grant advocating a different plan. Grant felt that as there was so much hesitation in Washington, he ought once more to impress upon Sherman the importance of dealing a crushing blow to Hood's army, if practicable, before starting on his march eastward, and telegraphed him accordingly. To this Sherman replied that if he pursued Hood he would have to give up Atlanta, and that he preferred to strike out for the sea.

At 11:30 A. M. November 2, before Grant had received the above reply from Sherman, he sent another message to that officer, closing with the words: «I really do not see that you can withdraw from where you are to follow Hood without giving up all we have gained in territory. I say, then, go as you propose.»

Several additional despatches were interchanged, and at 10:30 P. M., November 7, Grant telegraphed Sherman: «I see no present reason for changing your plan; should any arise, you will see it; or if I do, will inform you. I think everything here favorable now. Great good fortune attend you. I believe you will be eminently successful, and at worst can only make a march less fruitful of results than is hoped for.» The telegraph wires were soon after cut, and no more despatches could



GRANT UNDER FIRE AT FORT HARRISON.

be sent. It was not until the 15th that Sherman was entirely ready to move. On the morning of that day Atlanta was abandoned, and the famous march to the sea was begun.

Extracts from the correspondence between the general-in-chief and the distinguished commander of the armies of the West, and the views expressed by them regarding the conception and execution of this memorable movement, are given in some detail in order to correct many erroneous impressions upon the subject. Over-zealous partizans of General Grant have claimed that he originated and controlled the entire movement; while enthusiastic admirers of Sherman have insisted that Grant was surprised at the novelty of the suggestion, and was at first opposed to the march, and that Sherman had to exert all his force of character to induce Grant to consent to the campaign. The truth is that the two generals were in perfect accord in this, as in all other movements undertaken while Grant was in supreme command of the armies. These two distinguished officers acted in entire harmony, and the movement reflects lasting credit upon both. Long before Sherman's army started upon his Atlanta campaign it was clear to Grant and others with whom he discussed the matter, that after that army reached a point in the interior of the South too far from its base to maintain a line of supplies, communication would have to be opened up with the

sea-coast, and a new base established there. Sherman, however, is entitled to the exclusive credit of the plan of cutting loose entirely from his source of supplies, moving a long distance through the enemy's country without a base, and having in view several objective points upon which to direct his army, his selection to depend upon the contingencies of the campaign. It was the same sort of campaigning as that which Grant had undertaken when operating in the rear of Vicksburg. General Grant said more than once: "I want it to be recorded in history that Sherman is entitled to the entire credit of the detailed plan of cutting loose from his base at Atlanta and marching to Savannah. As to the brilliancy of the execution of the plan on Sherman's part there can never be any dispute. The plan was entirely in accord with my views as to the general coöperation of our widely separated armies." He approved the suggestions at the start, in spite of the doubts expressed by army officers about him and by some of the authorities at Washington; he encouraged and aided Sherman in all the work of preparation; and when the time for final action came he promptly gave his consent to the undertaking. About the only point upon which their military judgments differed was as to the action of Hood, Grant being firmly convinced that he would turn north, while Sherman thought their armies might encounter each other.

(To be continued.)

Horace Porter.

«WHEN THE CLOVER BLOOMS AGAIN.»

«WHEN the clover blooms again,
And the rain-birds in the rain
Make the sad-heart noon seem sweeter
And the joy of June completer,
I shall see his face again!»

Of her lover oversea
So she whispered happily;
And she prayed while men were sleeping:
«Mary, have him in thy keeping
As he sails the stormy sea!»

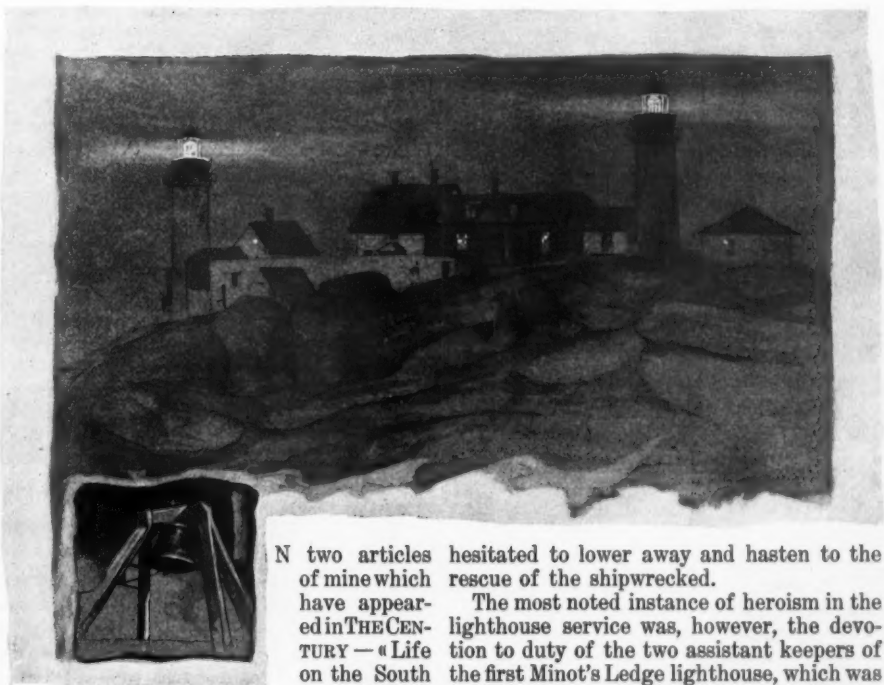
White and silent lay his face
In a still, green-watered place
Where the long gray weed scarce lifted,
And the sand was lightly sifted
O'er his unremembering face.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

HEROISM IN THE LIGHTHOUSE SERVICE.

A DESCRIPTION OF LIFE ON MATINICUS ROCK.

WITH PICTURES BY W. TABER.



IN two articles of mine which have appeared in THE CENTURY—"Life on the South Shoals Light-ship" and "Life on a Lighthouse (Minot's Ledge)"—I have given instances of heroism displayed in the United States lighthouse service. The Nantucket light-ship, as the South Shoals is now called, has been moored even farther out than when I was aboard her. Her crew displays that quality of heroism which appeals most forcibly to the heart and the imagination, the unconscious, every-day heroism of those who serve on the deep; for mere service on this light-station, the most exposed in the world, imposes a strain upon the mental, moral, and physical stamina of the men which even a long and dangerous voyage does not involve. But their heroism is not passive. Though not obliged,—in fact, though cautioned against running any risk to save life, for fear their own ship might be left short-handed in case of disaster to themselves,—they have never

hesitated to lower away and hasten to the rescue of the shipwrecked.

The most noted instance of heroism in the lighthouse service was, however, the devotion to duty of the two assistant keepers of the first Minot's Ledge lighthouse, which was destroyed in the great storm of April, 1851. These men—one a German, the other a "Portugee"—"kept a good light" until it was extinguished by the rising sea, in which they themselves soon after lost their lives.

When the Sharp's Island light in Chesapeake Bay was carried away by ice, the keepers, though they could have abandoned it and made sure of their own safety, tended the light to the last, and clung to the structure, so that when they were rescued, after many hours of peril, they were able to report that they had saved a large portion of the valuable apparatus.

Some of the most picturesque light-stations in the United States lighthouse establishment are on the rocks and islands off the coast of Maine. The ever-surging ocean; the fissured granite, seaweed-stained and tide-marked; the overhanging pines, gnarled and wind-whipped into fantastic shapes, impart a

wild beauty to these sites. The towers which stand thereon are among our oldest coast lights, are built of granite the hard gray of which has been softly darkened by age, and are of the old-fashioned type which the lover of the sea always associates with the idea of

the school which she had been attending at Ragged Island. It was characteristic of the life these people lead—this girl's returning to the rock from school in midwinter, in an open boat across a long reach of ugly sea.

When the *Iris* lay to off the rock we cast



A SOUTHEAST GALE.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

a lighthouse. Rising with an antique grace from among their picturesque environs, they seem peculiarly fitted to shed their light like a benediction upon the waves.

About a lighthouse which even among these is conspicuous for its beauty—that on Matinicus Rock—cluster a number of incidents which give it peculiar interest. Life there is, as it has been for many years, a constant struggle of human nature against the elements which seek to wear it out. When the lighthouse tender was off Matinicus Island, six miles north of the rock, we spied, about half-way across the reach, a dory laboring in the waves. Our mate, a typical old sea-dog who had braved danger in pretty nearly every part of the Western ocean, remarked, "That fellow has cheek, to be out here in a dory in such a sea!"

As we approached the dory we discovered that one of the assistant keepers of Matinicus Rock was at the oars, while in the bottom sat a girl, warmly wrapped, and utilizing one of the seats as a back-rest. Having taken the dory in tow, we learned that the keeper was bringing his daughter home to the rock from

loose the dory, and the assistant keeper, having safely landed his daughter, returned with Keeper Grant. There were now stowed in the little craft, besides myself, two of the keeper's nephews. They had passed their boyhood on the rock, and had made use of this chance to revisit their old home. There were thus five people in the dory, besides some baggage.

The landing was sheltered by a rocky ledge which jutted out in such a manner that in order to get behind it the dory was obliged to turn broadside on to the sea. This morning the breakers were executing what was nothing less than a grand flank movement around the southwestern end of the rock, and rushing in upon a ledge a little to the left of the landing. We made the passage safely to the point where it was necessary to turn. For a while we lay stern to the breakers, riding them safely. Then, at what seemed a favorable moment, we turned the little craft. We had, however, pulled only a few strokes when we saw a series of huge breakers flanking the rock and rushing toward us. In vain we tried to slue the dory around to meet them head on. It was too heavily loaded

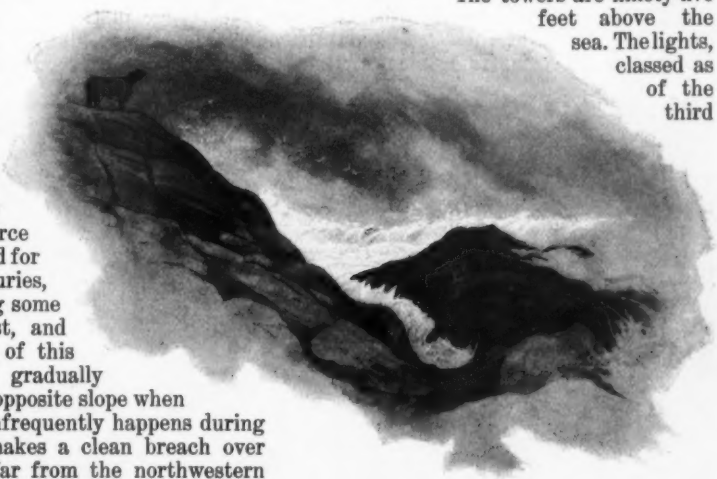
to respond quickly enough. We saw the crest of a breaker towering above us, there was the rush and roar of a deluge, and a moment later the dory was careening over on top of the ledge abreast of which we had been, and we were spilled into the icy water between it and the rock. Had the dory been hurled against the ledge instead of lifted on top of it, the consequences might have been most serious. In fact, it was one of those narrow escapes which are very pleasant to look back upon, but which one would rather not have repeated. As an actual experience of one of the dangers to which the dwellers upon Matinicus Rock are exposed, it was, however, a brilliant success. Keeper Grant's nephews said it made them feel at home again, it was so much like old times. The father of the boys had been an assistant keeper of these lights, while their grandfather on their father's side, and their great-grandfather on their mother's, had been keepers.

The Matinicus Rock light-station stands upon a huge granite rock off the southeastern entrance to Penobscot Bay, Maine, about twenty-two miles out at sea. The rock is some thirty-two acres in size, oblong-shaped, and presents its high southeastern front to the ocean, sloping away toward the northwest. Boulders, strewn in fantastic confusion over its surface, are believed to have been loosened from its front by the destructive force of the sea applied for countless centuries, then lifted during some frenzied outburst, and deposited on top of this cliff-wall, to be gradually moved down the opposite slope when the sea, as not infrequently happens during wintry storms, makes a clean breach over the rock. Not far from the northwestern end is a boulder, the weight of which has been calculated by a stone-cutter to be about a hundred tons, which has been moved twelve feet within the memory of the present keeper, and has been moved nearly a hundred feet if appearances can be trusted. Its pointed top rises high above the surrounding boulders, and after a snow-storm resembles a miniature snow-capped mountain-peak. Where the sea sweeps around the northeastern point

it has formed along the low edge a sea-wall of small, smooth-worn rocks.

The original Matinicus Rock light-station, erected in 1827, was a cobblestone dwelling with a wooden tower at each end. In 1847 these towers were removed, and a granite dwelling with semicircular towers was built. Since then it has developed into an establishment of considerable dimensions, requiring the services of a keeper and three assistants. The granite dwelling still stands, but the present station has two gray granite towers one hundred and eighty feet apart, and connected by a low covered passage; for in high winter storms it would be a hard scramble for the keepers to make their way from tower to tower in the open, not only on account of the wind, which often blows a hurricane, but also because of the heavy seas which break over the rock. Then there are the keepers' dwellings, a brick house with engines for operating two fog-whistles (one held in reserve, in case of accident to that in use), and, as a further precaution, a fog-bell swung from a wooden pyramidal skeleton stand, a brick storehouse for oil, and the boat-house with a timber-way slanting into the water, up which the boats are hoisted by a winch.

The towers are ninety-five feet above the sea. The lights, classed as of the third



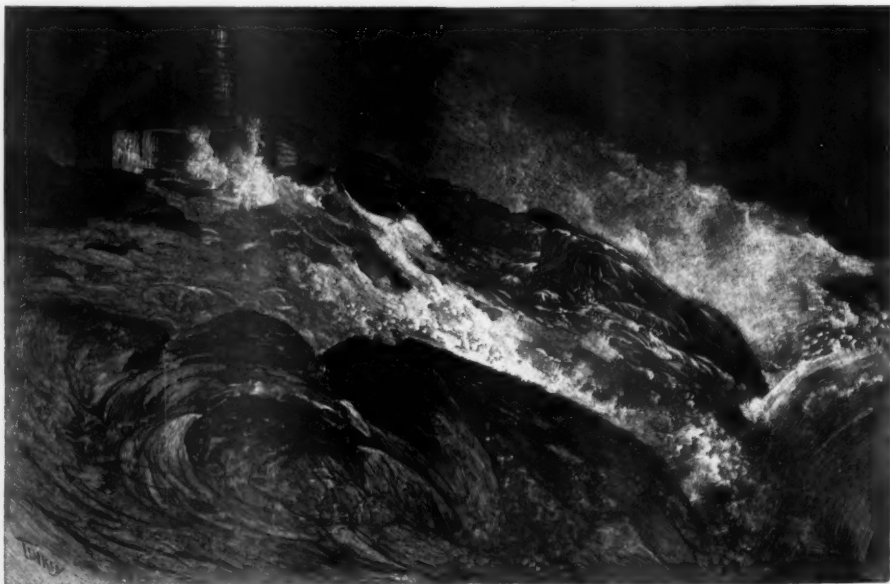
A BIT OF THE SHORE.

order, are seen fifteen miles away. The rock where the towers stand is fifty feet above the sea, and presents what seems a precipitous front to the ocean. Yet the waves have beaten a sluiceway out of the granite, up which the seas rush, bursting among the boulders, and hurling tons of spray in all directions, or making a clean breach over

the rock, the water pouring like a cataract down the northwestern slope, now losing itself among the rocks that are strewn in all directions, now striking one of them, and spouting high into the air, now streaming through some granite trough toward the reach of breakers. The sea has indulged in some curious pranks during these larks. The occupants of a room in the second story of one of the dwellings were awakened one night by a crash of window-glass and a flood of icy water pouring in upon them, and were obliged to flee for safety. The windows had been broken by spray from a wave that had burst among the boulders. A favorite amusement of the ocean was to bowl down the whistle-house, as if intent upon diminishing in some way the efficiency of the station. The old whistle-house stood a little farther forward from the eastern tower than the present structure. That little was just too much. Two buildings on that spot were lifted off their foundations and strewn among the rocks, the boiler being rolled more than a hundred feet. The old foundations, considerably strengthened by a breakwater, now form a guard for the new whistle-house.

Several of the violent storms that have whirled over Matinicus Rock have tried the fortitude of the little band of faithful watchers upon it. One of these watchers, Abby Burgess, has become famous in our light-

house annals, not only for long service, but also for bravery displayed on various occasions. Her father was keeper of the rock from 1853 to 1861. In January, 1856, when she was seventeen years old, he left her in charge of the lights while he crossed to Matinicus Island. His wife was an invalid, his son was away on a cruise, and his other four children were little girls. The following day it began to «breeze up»; the wind increased to a gale, and soon developed into a storm almost as furious as that which carried away the tower on Minot's Ledge in 1851. Before long the seas were sweeping over the rock. Down among the boulders was a chicken-coop which Abby feared might be carried away. On a lonely ocean outpost like Matinicus Rock a chicken is regarded with affectionate interest, and Abby, solicitous for the safety of the inmates of the little coop, waited her chance, and when the seas fell off a little rushed knee-deep through the swirling water, and rescued all but one of the chickens. She had hardly closed the door of the dwelling behind her when a sea, breaking over the rock, brought down the old cobblestone house with a crash. While the storm was at its height the waves threatened the granite dwelling, so that the family had to take refuge in the towers for safety; and here they remained, with no sound to greet them from without but the roaring of the



THE BREAKWATER.

ENGRAVED BY J. TIRNEY.



ABBY SAVES THE CHICKENS.

ENGRAVED BY ALBERT R. DODGE.

wind around the lanterns, and no sight but the sea sheeting over the rock. Yet through it all the lamps were trimmed and lighted. Even after the storm abated, the reach between the rock and Matinicus Island was so rough that Captain Burgess could not return until four weeks later.

During a subsequent winter there was so long a spell of rough-weather that provisions ran low, and Captain Burgess was obliged to utilize the first chance of putting off for Matinicus Island, although there was no telling how soon the sea might roughen up again. In point of fact, a heavy storm broke over the coast before he could return,

and before long there was danger of famine on the rock. In this strait Captain Burgess's son, who happened to be at home, decided to brave the storm in a skiff rigged with a spritsail. A small group of anxious watchers followed the little sail with straining eyes until the storm-scurd hid it from sight. Twenty-one days passed before he and his father returned—days of hope alternating with fear, and the hardship of meager fare through all, the daily allowance dwindling to an egg and a cup of corn-meal each, with danger of that short ration giving out if the storm did not abate. During all this time Abby was obliged not only to care for the

lights, but also to tend an invalid mother and cheer up the little family in its desolate state.

In 1861 Captain Burgess retired from Ma-

Grant proved a very apt pupil—so apt that he was soon able not only to take care of the lights, but also to persuade his instructress to let him take care of her. She became

his wife and his helpmate in a double sense, for not long after their marriage she was appointed an assistant keeper. When she was married she had lived on the rock eight years, and she remained there until 1875, when her husband was appointed keeper, and she assistant keeper, of the light on White Head, an island separated from Spruce Head only by a narrow channel. Matinicus Rock, twenty-two miles out at sea, with the grand sweep of the ocean, the rough shores of Ragged Island and Matinicus Island on the west, the dim outlines of Vinal Haven to the north, and in the background the dark, towering forms of the Camden Mountains—this rock, with its wilderness of boulders, its wind, snow, and fog, its shrieking whistle and clanging bell, its loneliness and perils, had been her home for twenty-two years. There



A JIG IN THE KEEPER'S PARLOR.

ENGRAVED BY PETER RITZEN.

tinicus, Captain Grant and his family succeeding him. And now the grim old wave-rent rock became the scene of as pretty a romance as could be devised. A son of Captain Grant had been appointed assistant to his father, and Captain Burgess had left Abby on the rock to instruct the newcomers in the care of the lights. Young

she had performed the triple duties of wife, mother, and lighthouse-keeper. The transfer to White Head brought some change from the old accustomed surroundings; but the duties, requiring such faithful performance, were the same. The Grants remained fifteen years in charge of White Head. In May, 1890, they removed to Middleborough in Plymouth

County, Massachusetts, expecting to pass the remainder of their lives out of hearing of the turmoil of the sea. Yet life away from it seemed strange and unattractive, and two years later found them again on the coast of Maine, this time at Portland, where the husband had reëntered the lighthouse establishment, working in the Engineers' Department of the First Lighthouse District. With them lives Captain Grant, who in the fall of 1890, at the age of eighty-five, retired from the position of keeper of Matinicus Rock, which he had held for twenty-nine years.

Shortly before leaving White Head Mrs. Grant wrote to a friend:

Sometimes I think the time is not far distant when I shall climb these lighthouse stairs no more. It has almost seemed to me that the light was a part of myself. When we had care of the old lard-oil lamps on Matinicus Rock, they were more difficult to tend than these lamps are, and sometimes they would not burn so well when first lighted, especially in cold weather when the oil got cool. Then, some nights, I could not sleep a wink all night, though I knew the keeper himself was watching. And many nights I have watched the lights my part of the night, and then could not sleep the rest of the night, thinking nervously what might happen should the light fail.

In all these years I always put the lamps in order in the morning and I lit them at sunset. Those old lamps—as they were when my father lived on Matinicus Rock—are so thoroughly impressed on my memory that even now I often dream of them. There were fourteen lamps and fourteen reflectors. When I dream of them it always seems to me that I have been away a long while, and I am trying to get back in time to light the lamps. Then I am half-way between Matinicus and White Head, and hurrying toward the rock to light the lamps there before sunset. Sometimes I walk on the water, sometimes I am in a boat, and sometimes I seem going in the air—I must always see the lights burning in both places before I wake. I always go through the same scenes in cleaning the lamps and lighting them, and I feel a great deal more worried in my dreams than when I am awake.

I wonder if the care of the lighthouse will follow my soul after it has left this worn-out body! If I ever have a gravestone, I would like it to be in the form of a lighthouse or beacon.

Before Captain Grant retired from the rock three of his sons had served under him as assistants, and one of them succeeded him as keeper. But the old rock still has such attractions for the old keeper that he visits it at intervals. The summer he was eighty-seven years old he went mackerel-fishing from the rock, and returned with the largest individual catch to his credit.

VOL. LIV.—29.

His grandchildren, the nephews of the present keeper, who went out with me on the *Iris*, loved every inch of the rock. «Few children who are brought up on the mainland,» said one of them, «have such good times as we had.»

Along the edge of their rocky home, and among the boulders, these boys had roamed so often that what to a casual observer would seem nothing more than reaches of fissured granite and a confused heap of jagged rock had assumed for them that variety of form and feature which we would look for in a highly diversified landscape. Every little indentation became a cove, every little pool among the rocks a pond, and for these miniature topographical features they had names like Spear Point, Western Guzzle, Devil's Gulch, Fort George, Canoe Pond; while a mass of boulders became the Rocky Mountains of this thirty-two acres of granite.

On Canoe Pond they built a miniature fishing-village, with all its accessories. Besides the dwelling they erected four little wharves, «flakes» (the long tables on which fish are cleaned and split), and fish-houses—all, of course, on a Lilliputian scale. On the pond they had various typical little craft—the dories so characteristic of the New England coast, smacks, lobster-sloops with club-sails, and even a steamer that had clockwork for an engine, and transported fish from the village to a port at the opposite end of Canoe Pond. On a point at the entrance to the village harbor they erected a miniature lighthouse; the shallows in the harbor were buoyed, and on one ledge they set a cage-spindle as a day-mark. The lobster-boats had the regulation lobster-pots, and there were reels for drying the nets, for which latter mosquito-netting was utilized. The boys split and salted minnows at the flakes, packed them in little barrels, and shipped them by steamer to the trading-port across Canoe Pond. Trade was facilitated by money from the Matinicus Rock mint, which issued copper for gold and tin for silver, while cigar-box stamps served as greenbacks. The fame of this fishing-village spread all over Penobscot Bay, fishermen often putting in at Matinicus Rock for a look at it.

Gulls and ducks by the thousands circle about the rock. The gulls make their nests among the broken rocks at the northern end, and the boys found no end of amusement hunting for eggs. They constructed two gunning-stands on the sea-wall, building two sides of loose stones, and roofing them with driftwood, and thus had many a shot at the



A FUNERAL.

ducks as they swam in to feed on the mussels that had been washed up on the ledges. Often the ducks were so numerous that the sportsmen desisted, because gunning would simply have been slaughter.

The little family was not without its sorrow. A sister who had been born on the rock died there, and was buried in a fissure of the granite, the open end of which was walled up with brick. This little soul had never been off the rock. The thirty-two acres of granite about which the sea was ever beating formed her world, and there she now lies at rest.

-Some of the crevices near the southern

end of the rock are filled with a soil so rich that it has been sent for from Matinicus Island, and even from the mainland, for flower-potting. The elder Grant had an old sailor's love of flowers, and he scraped together enough soil from the crevices to make a little patch of ground, and there he planted a flower-garden the beauty of which was noted far and near. The steamers which ply between Boston and St. John, New Brunswick, pass the rock several times a week, but in the night, on their regular trips. Extra trips, however, may bring a steamer of this line to the rock during the day. Of course there is a bond of sympathy between the seafarer and the light-house-keeper; and in summer, when it was possible on these extra trips to do so, the captain of the steamer would lay her to

abreast of the rock long enough for Captain Grant to put off in a dory with a large bouquet from his garden, and the captain of the steamer would reciprocate with a bundle of newspapers.

When I was on Matinicus Rock it had eight inhabitants: the keeper, who is a bachelor; his housekeeper; and the three assistant keepers, one of whom had a family of three girls living on the rock. It was the eldest of these that we met in the dory half-way across from Ragged Island, on her return from school. The second girl had charge of the chickens, but she had not yet been obliged

to imperil her life in rescuing them, as Abby Burgess once did. The coop stands picturesquely among the rocks on the southwestern end, a stony path winding in and out among the boulders descending to it. The wind howls about the coop, and the chickens, as they wander over the rocks, can see the spray dashing over the ledges. These chickens are a thoughtful-looking lot. Though well fed, they seem moved to melancholy by the constant surging of the sea about their little world. Even the rooster, who need fear no rival from a neighboring barn-yard, does not strut about with the pride of a bespurred cavalier, and his crowing is saddened by a pathetic overtone.

The ducks—there is a flock of tame ones on the rock—are more in their element. But in winter they, like the chickens, are often storm-bound in their coop several days at a time; and as conversation under such circumstances is apt to flag, they, no doubt, fall to meditating, which probably accounts for their serious air and their disinclination to quack except at infrequent intervals. Perhaps while out of the coop in fair weather they are making mental notes for debate during the next blizzard. The surroundings of their coop are such as to cause even a very dull duck to reflect. It stands with its back to an old boat-house, and is fenced in with lobster-pots and half of an old wherry.

It is said that in desolate stations like that on the rock keepers will sometimes pass days without exchanging a word, not because of any ill will between them, but because they are talked out. I am sure, however, that this never happens on Matinicus Rock. The keeper is one of those kindly souls who always have a pleasant word, and his assistants have caught his spirit. He is a well-read man. Like many of the more intelligent keepers in the service, he manages to make time that would otherwise hang heavy on his hands pass pleasantly by utilizing the little library which the Lighthouse Board supplies, the library being changed from time to time. He has been for some years a subscriber to *THE CENTURY*, having been first attracted to it by the Lincoln biography and the Siberian articles; and about the time it is due he endeavors, no matter what the weather, to pull across to Matinicus Island for the mail. He performs his duties in a cheerful spirit, and he loves Matinicus Rock. Before coming there he sailed with his father. During the war the Confederate cruiser *Tallahassee* approached the rock. The Grants thought she would shell the towers, but they remained at their posts. They saw her destroy a number of small fishing-vessels, and this so incensed the younger Grant that he forthwith transferred his services to the United States navy. After the war he sailed on the lakes, but he



FLOWERS FOR THE STEAMBOAT.

ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.



WATCHING THE «TALLAHASSEE» DESTROYING FISHING-BOATS.

missed the smell of salt, and returned to the rock. Like every intelligent seafarer, he appreciates the grandeur of the ocean. «Sometimes after a storm,» he told me, «when I watch the waves bursting over the ledges, I just have to shout to express my feelings.» Another time he said: «I should think the sea would get worn out beating against this old rock.» We were then standing at the northeastern end of the rock, and looking along its high face, with its deep rents and jagged points, and its rough black ledges thrown out like a vanguard to meet the first onslaught of the sea. As the great waves rushed in they burst over these ledges, and sent their spray, now in one huge white mass that, falling back into the fissures, was shattered into myriads of glistening particles, to be blown in nebulous showers before the wind, now whipped into fantastic shapes, now taking the ledges at a leap and landing high upon the rock. Over all blew a fine spray that half veiled the gray towers at the extreme end of the vista. Not far behind us

was the huge boulder which the sea had moved from its original point of rest. We could not see it as we looked at the ocean; but we felt its nearness, so that coupled with the grand scene before us was the sense of the vast power vested in the ocean when it vents its wrath.

The keeper owns the only quadruped on the rock—a cow. This valuable beast is named Daisy. Like the chickens and ducks, Daisy is sensibly affected by her environment. The very method of her landing upon the rocks was enough to cause her to lose faith in human nature during the rest of her existence. She was brought over from Matinicus Island in a small boat, and when within a short distance of the rock the boat was tipped over so far to one side that Daisy lost her balance and fell into the water, where she was left to swim ashore. Although she is an object of affectionate regard to the little community on Matinicus Rock, she does not seem to have forgotten her involuntary plunge. Often I have seen her standing upon that mass of

barren granite, the only living thing in view, the wind furrowing up her hide. She would gaze out upon the wild waste of waters with a driven, lonely look, the pathos of which was almost human. The patches of soil on the rock yield about grass enough to last her during the summer. In winter the sear aspect of these patches adds to the desolate appearance of this treeless, shrubless ocean home. Often the cow looks across the reach in the direction of Matinicus Island, and moos pathetically, as if longing to wander over the distant pastures. She formerly found some companionship in a rabbit, with which she was accustomed to play at dusk; but the rabbit died. The cow's existence was again brightened by the birth of a calf. It became necessary, however, to kill the little cow baby, and the mother's grief over the taking off of her offspring was so intense that she refused food for three days.

There are usually several dogs on the rock that are trained to retrieve ducks. At present, however, the cow is the only pet. The keeper once captured a young seal which had been washed up among the ledges, and succeeded in taming it to such a degree that it would drag itself along after him, and whinny when it could not follow him. Attached to the boat-house is a bird-cote, where for several seasons a family of martins has made its home.

One Sunday we had what the keeper called "a regular old grayback of a snow-storm." During the morning the keeper told me that

Captain Grant had usually conducted a short service while keeper of the lights, and had done so again during his visits to the rock. I offered to read aloud from the Bible and lead in singing a few hymns for as many as would care to join. He was delighted with the suggestion, and in the evening every member of the little community was in the keeper's dwelling, and we had some Bible-reading, chiefly from the Psalms, with the Sermon on the Mount as a substitute for a discourse, interspersed with hymns like "Pull for the Shore," which, because of the nautical surroundings, I judged would most appeal to the congregation on Matinicus Rock. I do not know that anything has touched me more than the simple earnestness of these worshipers as they lifted their voices above the roaring of the wind and the detonation of the breakers. Life on Matinicus Rock may have its hours of loneliness, but it does not deaden the finer emotions. The ever-surging, ever-sounding sea allows no dweller upon its shores to become a dullard.

The spirit which pervades the personnel of our lighthouse service is well illustrated by an experience of Keeper Grant. The wherry which now forms part of the duck-coop was not always put to such base use. It has known the touch of the sea. Keeper Grant, while an assistant to his father, started in it from the rock one stormy winter day to row over to Matinicus Island. Out in the reach the storm increased, and finally a sea filled the wherry. Its occupant's only safety lay in



AN UNCOMFORTABLE POSITION.

ENGRAVED BY A. REGRI.



FROM A TINTYPE.

FREDERICK T. HATCH, THE ONLY RECIPIENT
OF THE GOLD BAR FOR HEROISM.

overturning it and climbing upon the bottom. He had saved an oar, and might easily have made a signal of distress; but he reflected that if his father came off after him, as he would undoubtedly do, and any accident happened to him, only one man, and he elderly, would be left in charge of the lights. Therefore, he simply clung to the bottom of the boat, though he was in peril of being blown out to sea or perishing through exposure in the wintry storm. By a lucky chance the wherry was blown upon Wooden Ball Island, which lies between the rock and Vinal Haven, and he found shelter in the solitary house there.

Keepers in the lighthouse service have, however, done more than display heroism within the duties required of them. A number of them hold life-saving medals from the United States government for feats of heroism performed under the impulse of a higher duty. Keeper Grant's brother, Isaac H. Grant, who married Abby Burgess, holds a sil-

ver medal for rescuing two men from drowning while he was keeper at White Head; and Keeper Marcus A. Hanna, of the Cape Elizabeth light-station, Maine, received the gold medal for the daring rescue of two sailors from a wreck during a severe winter storm.

When the recipient of the gold medal again distinguishes himself by an act of heroism, he is awarded a gold bar, the highest honor the government can bestow. It has been awarded only once, and to a light-house-keeper, Frederick T. Hatch, keeper of the Cleveland Breakwater light-station, Cleveland, Ohio. The medal Mr. Hatch received for services performed while a member of the life-saving crew at Cleveland, which rescued twenty-nine persons from two vessels on two successive days during a terrific gale. The gold bar was awarded in February, 1891. A wreck occurred just outside the breakwater at night during a heavy gale and sea. The eight people aboard the wreck, among them the captain's wife, succeeded in reaching the breakwater pier; but the heavy seas swept several of them back, one of them losing his life.

Pulling to the pier in a small boat, Keeper Hatch succeeded in taking off the captain's wife; but she was hardly in the boat before it was swamped and capsized. At the risk of his life, Hatch now seized her. She was utterly exhausted and almost a dead weight; but though nearly overcome himself, he maintained his hold upon her until he could reach a line thrown from the light-station, with which he and his helpless burden were drawn to the lighthouse steps.

Ida Lewis Wilson, whose name is almost as familiar as Grace Darling's, is keeper of the Lime Rock lighthouse in Newport harbor. She received the gold medal for the rescue of two soldiers who had broken through the ice near Lime Rock. In making the award, the government also considered the fact that she had previously rescued at least thirteen persons from drowning.

Gustav Kobbé.



A GRAVE.

ENGRAVED BY J. F. JUNGLING.



JEANNE BEFORE CHARLES VII.

THE DAYS OF JEANNE D'ARC.

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD,

Author of «The Romance of Dollard,» «The White Islander,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY BOUTET DE MONVEL.

V.

STARS came out over Chinon, and the air was warm, unlike the crisp March night air of Domremy. Jeanne had eaten her supper, but she remained by the upper window of the tower thinking of her coming audience with the dauphin. She could not sleep,

as did the two elderly ladies of the court in the chamber under her; but, sitting on the broad sill, she watched the lights of the middle château, and harkened to sounds across the moat.

There were delicious strains of music, sometimes a roar of laughter, or a hint of women's voices rising and falling in chorus.

Jeanne heard the clock strike in its high, distant place; but time was nothing to these courtiers in the middle château, who, according to the words of the young demoiselle, cared so little what became of France. To a Lorraine peasant the sovereign was more sacred than the nearest relation. She was angry with his friends; and when a flare of torch-light came around the front of the palace, the maid leaned out amazed.

battlemented tower of Boissy, followed by a long, gay fellow in black, carrying in his arms an instrument on which he made tripping melody as he went. Jeanne could see from her height the flat top of the tower of Boissy, with its parapet of stone. The curtain of masonry along the moat ran like a path from one tower to the other. Torchmen stepped outside the parapet, and stood on an open stone platform supporting the battlements,



Muffled ladies lifting their long mantles from the damp of the ground, and men in rich colors and plumed hats picking their way with pointed shoes, flocked toward her tower across the moat bridge. Jeanne's heart pounded in her side. It could not be that the dauphin was sending this gay train to bring her into his presence. But she saw Charles himself in the midst of it. Where was there a child in the Meuse valley who did not know the traits of the house of Valois? Burgundy, the younger branch of this house, brought forth strong, dark men; Orléans, the kingly branch, men of sanguine complexion and soft hair. Yet all had the same aquiline features, marked chins, and outward turning of the edges of the lips. Jeanne needed no one to show her the dauphin, stepping between torch-bearers, in a long robe which covered him, the smoke filming above his fair head, his laughing, unconcerned eyes roving the little world about him.

With a patter like a flock of sheep the light footsteps of the company wheeled to the left, and they went on with their torches to the

Jeanne
before
the learned
men at
Poitiers.

and in the ring of smoky light which they formed the lute struck up, and Charles's little court, hilarious with its freak in the mild March night, flung mufflers aside, and made the pavement resound with their dancing.

Orléans was nearly surrounded by the English, and whole villages in France stood as empty as kennels. In the Solange country there had been no plowing or sowing for years, and women as gaunt as wolves tried to nourish little living skeletons at their breasts. Robbers were in every province. The infant king of England was crowned in Paris, while the dauphin of France had neither army nor crown; his last hope was slipping from him with Orléans: and he and his people went merrily out in the night to dance on the top of a tower!

It was not until the next evening that the ladies who attended Jeanne came to tell her that the king was ready to give her audience. All day she had been tormented by courtiers, who ran up the stairs to look at her, or followed her into the chapel of St. Martin, where she went to pray. One was a lean boy in a page's dress, who craned his neck around a pillar of the chapel; the corners of his mouth turned upward with the habit of laughter. She felt moved to put on a calm front while she was watched, and to let none of them catch her weeping; so, with a quick pass of her hands through her short hair, she said to those prudent ladies whom Agnes Sorel called the old cats:

«En nom Dé, if the dauphin be ready to see me, take me before him at once.»

They first took her, with the gentle hands of women accustomed to robe royalty, to a long garment lying ready upon a bench, and one of them began to unfasten her cuirass.

«What are you doing?» asked Jeanne.

«Preparing you for audience with the king. One must put on a court dress when one goes to court.»

«I never in my life trailed cloth after me on the ground. I cannot wear it,» said Jeanne, eying the folds doubtfully; «let me be as I am.»

«But thou art a maid,» urged one of the dames. «It is not fitting that a maid should go before the king in man's tunic and hose.»

«Then I will put on my short peasant dress, that I brought behind my saddle from Vaucouleurs.»

«But the king,» suggested one of the ladies, for neither of the two found her easy to command, «is a nice observer of women's clothes. I remember hearing him praise to the queen a hennin that had the front bent down to make scallops along the brow.»

«What have I to do with hennins?» exclaimed Jeanne. «What are hennins?»

«Hennins are high, pointed head-coverings.»

«The kind of hennin for me is a casque of steel. You cannot make a court lady of me.» Curious and impatient, she examined the long dark robe edged with white, unwilling to be rude to the two shadow-like attendants. Her young delight in colors and her sense of what was fitting for Jeanne d'Arc rejected it. «Give me my cloak.»

«But will you not put on the court dress?»

«The high steward is waiting to conduct you,» said the other lady, «and time presses.»

«En nom Dé, I will go to the dauphin as I am.»

An ascent of broad steps gave entrance to the great hall of the middle château. Sixty feet distant, at the end of the vaulted room, was a chimney of white stone with square pillars upholding its penthouse. A pair of andirons with posset-cups stood nearly as high as the chimney-breast. A noble fire blazed here, reflected by the polished oak boards of the floor; candles were lighted, and fifty torches were fastened along the walls, burning clearly, and showing the whiteness of Chinon stone, which gave all masonry such a ghostly look by night; for the only pieces of tapestry were hung at the sides of the chimney, showing miracles performed by St. Martin. Each window, recessed in the thick wall, had its two opposite splayed seats of stone, worn by much lounging.

The court had gathered with full curiosity to see the sorceress. Though Chinon was a secure place, well removed from the seat of war, it was dull in the month of March before Easter festivities came on. Three hundred knights and nobles were in the hall, each wearing the color of the lady he affected; and beautiful, spirited women, priests and court officers, walked to and fro, carrying the light on their raiment. Their talk came to Jeanne, as she ascended, like the humming of bees.

Yolande, the dowager Queen of Sicily, stood kindly near the entrance to greet and put at ease a poor maid whom she had begged to have at Chinon. The young man-at-arms brought in by the high steward, with bare forehead and short hair flying about her delicate ears, confused the queen, who had herself sent a fitting court dress to the maid. While she looked for a timid peasant to follow this straight-limbed youth, Jeanne walked up the hall toward the dauphin.

He stood in the midst of courtiers, least distinguished of all by his dress; but she who had carried his image in mind from childhood could easily choose him. Charles was not more than ten years older than Jeanne. He had the beauty of young manhood, and was of an imposing figure out of armor, which betrayed the weak outline of his legs. The sweetest king who ever drew breath was languorous and gentle in his manner, kindly toward the pleasant side of the world, and most attractive to women.

The courtiers let Jeanne pass through the midst of them, regarding her with the eyes of people accustomed to laugh for pastime, until she reached the middle of the hall, when one of them stepped backward with continuous bowing, and directed her to a person gorgeous with decorations.

"The king."

"But why do you tell me that?" inquired Jeanne, surprised that they should want to make game of her serious business. Without pausing, she continued on her way to Charles, and knelt, bending her body almost to the ground.

"God give you good life, fair dauphin."

"I am not the king," said Charles, his smiling lips continuing the game.

"You are not yet the king, but you shall be. My name is Jeanne the maid. The King of heaven sends you word by me that you shall be anointed and crowned in the city of Rheims, and it is his pleasure that our enemies the English depart to their own country."

"How am I to know this?" Feeling the beauty of her voice, he looked into familiar eyes around for the answering smile which often helped him to take serious matters lightly. His queen and his mother-in-law had urged him to seize any help, and the city of Orléans was wildly demanding this strange creature, who affected him, not as woman should affect man, but as some blameless and sexless knight dropped out of God knew where for his reproach. It would be said in every kingdom of Christendom that Charles of France was come to a pretty pass when he was obliged to take up with a peasant maid from the hills of Lorraine to lead his troops and fight his battles.

"My sign shall be the raising of the siege of Orléans."

The dauphin's eyes met the eyes of the deputies, and all three men agreed silently that she might well be used against the English if the people believed she could raise the siege.

The Queen of Sicily whispered with awe to ladies in waiting: "Not only did she know the king without ever having seen him, but she kneels as if brought up in a court."

"And I have a sign also for you alone, gentle dauphin," said Jeanne, "that I may not tell to any other ear."

"Come aside and tell it to mine alone, then," said Charles.

They stepped into a window recess, and stood between the two splayed seats, Charles with his back to the court. The cross of stone which parted the window into four oblongs of starlight was behind Jeanne. And much farther behind her, in the distant valley of the Meuse, was that past life from which she had come to these strange uses.

The courtiers talked among themselves, women's pointed hennins towering above men's heads; but every face, even that of

the court poet leaning against a chimney pillar and noiselessly fingering his lute, was turned toward the dauphin and the maid.

Charles entered the alcove as a man submits himself to remedies unproved which he has half a mind to reject. In the middle ages sorcery was the unpardonable sin. The folly of having to do with a peasant would be nothing compared with the charge of helping himself by witchcraft. Yet this humble presence beside him, in the dress of a soldier, scarcely conscious of herself, was not like any creature who had in his lifetime been sent to the stake accused of meddling with devils.

Their talk in the window was so brief that the change in the dauphin startled his court. He turned about with a radiant face, and led the maid toward them by the hand. Never in the seven years of his uneasy reign—and those who knew him longest said never in his life before—had he been so jubilant.

"What hath she told him?" whispered a lady to the chancellor.

"Some remedy for the rot of sheep's feet," laughed the favorite at her ear. "Charles is a gentle king to please. But I will inquire, and bring you word of the wonderful token."

"Who is that man with his mouth awry?" asked Jeanne of the deputies from Orléans in the crowd that the dauphin brought about her.

"That is the chancellor of France, La Trémouille."

"I would there were more of the royal blood gathered here, for that would be the better for France."

Undismayed, she reviewed the knights and nobles, and in her mind estimated the value of each one. In an age of hand-to-hand combat the large, well-boned man promised best for fighting. Jeanne was a child in expression. She could not talk so that people would stand and listen to her from morning till night, as it was said a friar at Paris was then doing, but she had the sense of events. Insincerity was the life-breath of this court, which the Queen of Sicily frequented only for her daughter's sake. Its intrigues and jealousies and secret histories could not lie plainly open to the maid from Domremy; but she felt those tangles of human interests and petty spites, which make the entire fabric of many lives, disturbing her large scheme.

Because Charles showed that he believed in her, his ladies came near and talked to her, looking less at her man-at-arms shoes. The chancellor asked her how she fared across country, and if she had heard on her

journey the secret she told the king. Alan Chartier, the court poet, carrying his lute, and with his sugar-loaf hat hanging at his back by ribbons, lounged at her elbow, half insolent with the license of the court, half fascinated by a face rapt with purpose as he had never seen face before. Ashamed, Jeanne looked at them all, and wished they would quit making witty plays with words, and turn to the matter of Orléans; for, besides Charles and the deputies, there was no man in hall who willingly spoke of that besieged city.

Jeanne knew her brother Jacquemine could make the family miserable by his fretfulness. In a prince's household the tyranny of small over great natures was still the strange human law. Her first half-hour at court showed her how an insignificant man, rising by the power of his arrogance, could turn at will the fate of a kingdom. The courtier who had presented La Trémouille as her king jested less at her than at France.

The audience ended, and Jeanne went back to the tower of Coudray. Morning and noon and night grew and brightened and darkened over the white stones of Chinon, and morning came again. She knelt in the chapel of St. Martin for hours at a time, while spring mists approached from infinite depths of sky to dampen the earth. The dampness became bold lines of rain, and threshed trees, streaming down walls and hissing against the buttressed heights. Almost before a down-pour could thin, the sun broke through and printed a rainbow across the valley. The season continued to advance, though affairs in the kingdom stood still.

Bertrand took shelter at the foot of the outer stairway, leaning against the open window where he could watch these gathering and passing rains, with dull interest in their frequency. The tall youth in page's dress whom he had seen hanging about the chapel, and disapproved of as a spy upon Jeanne, entered boldly and made for the stairway. Bertrand took him by the collar, but allowed him to wrench himself loose and stand back.

"What business have you here, young messire?"

"I am sent to the pucelle."

"What's your message?"

"I will even deliver that myself."

"I am her squire," said Bertrand.

"And I am sent to be her page," said the other.

"Who sent you?"

"The king."

"What is your name?"

"Louis de Coutes."¹

Bertrand de Poulengy and Louis de Coutes eyed each other without favor.

"I am bid to wait on her," further declared Louis. "Also, if she hath aught to set down in writing, I can do that, for I have learned the clerk's trade."

"You have learned the clerk's trade, have you? I thank God, my trade is that of arms. I carry neither quill nor train of lady's petticoat."

"No need to tell, messire squire, that you were not bred to courts. Panniers on your back, and wooden shoes on your feet—these are what you have carried."

"Children are better taught in my country," retorted Bertrand, flushing red.

"I am about four years younger than you are," calculated Louis, noting the squire's height and the down on his lip; "but if you will go beyond the pit with me, where no one is likely to see us, we will settle this matter now."

"There is more to you than I thought," Bertrand admitted. "I will not strike a man younger than myself. Go in graciously, and do your errand with the pucelle. If the dauphin sends her a page, it is none of her squire's business. But I would we were at Orléans, having some honest fighting, instead of lounging here against walls."

"You are not like to go to Orléans soon. The pucelle is to be sent farther south, direct to Poitiers."

Bertrand's solicitude, as keen as anguish, appeared in his face.

"Why to Poitiers?"

"Has not Poitiers been the capital of the kingdom since the loss of Paris?"

"What has the pucelle to do with that?"

"The king hath been advised to send her there to be examined by bishops and learned doctors of the law. He would have their opinion on so rash a business as attempting to raise a siege by means of a maid. She is to come herself to the council-chamber, and take the word from his Majesty."

The dowager Queen of Sicily, who had been the first person to accept Jeanne publicly in hall, was not the last in council to see that the dauphin would lower himself before Christendon if he hastened to make use of this peasant without throwing the responsibility on the church. Queen Yolande was an energetic woman whose nervous hands did

¹ Her page, Louis de Coutes, not Louis de Conte. (See "Grand List," or "Livre d'Or de Jeanne d'Arc," Bibliothèque Nationale.)

not often lie quietly in her lap, but fluttered in front of her like butterfly wings, bearing up and carrying abroad what she volubly said. She wished her daughter, poor Marie of Anjou, firmly seated in the kingdom of France. And, benevolent though her nature was, she wished disgrace might overtake La Trémouille, who stood leaning against the chimney in Charles's council-chamber, meditating on his own private intrigues, and on nothing else. The deputies from Orléans were urgent to have the maid at once.

"There are not at this time four pieces in the treasury, Messire de Beaucaire," said Charles to one of them.

"However, there is always Jacques Cœur of Bourges to advance money," put in Queen Yolande, her fingers fluttering down to withdraw the robe from her ankle, which she warmed at the hearth-corner. Three fleurs-de-lis on the huge tablet of iron which lined the chimney-back glowed red-hot above the burning wood.

"Jacques Cœur hath advanced much money already. The honest goldsmith may well laugh at securities offered by this out-at-elbows court. We are not shot at by the English here, Messire de Tilloy, but we are jeered at by all Christendom. We would we had ten thousand men now on the march to Orléans; but we have not the means to equip a single man-at-arms. And we would the doctors in Poitiers had already approved of this maid as we do. But nothing is settled, and the affairs of this world cannot be hurried."

"The peasant's sign made good speed with your Majesty," La Trémouille said. "I would be glad to know that powerful sign myself."

Charles smiled at his favorite without replying, and one of the deputies declared: "By St. Martin! I would we had that other sign she promised to show before Orléans. Being sent in such haste, we are loath to go twenty leagues farther to Poitiers, and wait the slow deliberations of churchmen."

"If we were shod like you, Messire de Beaucaire," said Charles, "we would ride to Poitiers with pleasure. But when a king's shoes grow shabby and thin, he has some shame about showing himself at his capital in them."

"Has your Majesty pressingly commanded new footwear on account of going to Poitiers?" inquired the dowager. "I saw a man waiting in the antechamber as I came in, having shoes in his hand."

"Let him present himself here at once, in Heaven's name," said Charles, lounging over an arm of his chair, and sticking his foot out

lazily. "Is this fit gear for a king to wear in council? France is indeed down at the heel. But we have yet resources when a man who hath not been three times paid since the treaty of Troyes brings his wares, and patiently waits to have them tried on."

Being permitted to enter, the Chinon shoemaker came to his knees before his sovereign with such slovenly disregard of ceremony as would have got him a beating in the court of Burgundy. It was the impertinence of an humble creditor toward a debtor of high station. Royalty had sat so long over the villagers of Chinon that they regarded its luster a mere characteristic of that region, like the whiteness of their stone.

The Orléans deputies were impatient at Charles's dalliance over the fit of a shoe. He examined it well, and set his foot down with satisfaction.

"Now put on the other, my man."

"Not without my money, your Majesty," said the shoemaker.

La Trémouille laughed out loud at the crestfallen look of the sovereign of France.

"Come, good fellow," argued Charles, "it is like to make your fortune to be shoemaker to the king. Put on my shoe."

"It hath come nearer to making me a beggar. And I hold, your Majesty, that this shoe is mine until it be paid for."

"But the king cannot be seen in one new shoe and one old one."

"No, your Majesty; that would be unseemly. But since you have no new one of your own, it may well be avoided."

"You shall be paid, my friend. Go about your business."

"Without doubt I shall be paid, your Majesty; for I intend to go about my business hereafter only to the buyer who hath money to his pouch."

Charles gave man and shoe a kick which sent them both half across the room. He thrust his foot into his old foot-gear, and his easy laugh followed the departing craftsman.

"That settles the question of our going to Poitiers. We must even continue to wear our old shoes. But we crave to have them greased. In a realm so impoverished as this it is asking much; but we do crave to have our old shoes greased."

"The king is a fop," laughed his chancellor. "He would even have his shoes greased when there is scarce fat enough in the château to grease the chops of his household."

"Not four pieces left in the treasury, and credit gone. A king that hath no

credit with his shoemaker, what way can he turn?"

Charles lolled his head against the back of his chair, finding compensation in parading his poverty before the Orléans deputies.

"Bring in that maid who declares we shall be crowned at Rheims, and it is the will of God the English be driven out of France. It hath been our will seven long years, though that availed nothing. How we are to be crowned at Rheims, across leagues of hostile country, or even transported there with suitable retinue, God he alone knoweth."

"Did your Majesty hear," inquired Queen Yolande, "that the pucelle foretold the death of a soldier who met her at the gates, and that very hour he fell into the river and was drowned?"

"We had not heard it; but let her at once foretell the death of Bedford and a few of our other English friends."

"The story is quite true. She was heard by the beggars in St. George's Abbey. 'Dost thou jarnedieu,' saith the maid, 'when thou art so near death?' And that same hour he fell in the river and was drowned."

"What a waste of the material needed at Orléans!" observed La Trémouille. "I call your maid a harbinger of ill. It is only since she entered Chinon that the shoemaker refused credit and soldiers began to take to the river."

"If she be a harbinger of ill, she will take from the chancellor of France his occupation," gently responded the queen; "for things have gone from bad to worse ever since Messire la Trémouille came to dwell at court."

"She is the only person in this realm that hath ever brought a word of good news to Chinon. Let us have her in, to speak comfortably to us and console us for the shoemaker."

Jeanne was already waiting in the antechamber. The guard let her pass, and her page threw open the door. As at her first audience, she went directly to the dauphin, and fell on her knees. He changed his lounging attitude, sitting erect, and bringing his shabby shoes together, unmindful of their shabbiness. At his left hand La Trémouille leaned against the chimney; at his right knelt the maid who had told him the secret thought of his own heart. Her young face was worn and exalted by much suspense and prayer. Her innocent mouth and clear hazel eyes moved Charles's sluggish religious nature as his confessor could not.

"Gentle dauphin, do not hesitate to take the help sent from God by me. My counsel

has bid me tell you that no other can do what I am sent to do, not even the daughter of the King of Scotland. Go on hardily. Charlemagne and St. Louis are continually on their knees for France. God hath taken pity on us. Be not dismayed."

Charles raised her to stand beside him, and the envoys from Orléans drew nearer, feeling that attraction which even her enemies owned. The room was filled with one presence. She was as guiltless of desiring to please men as a statue on an altar, but she already transformed them by some indefinable power.

"Jeanne," said the dauphin, "we have just told these friends thou hast brought us the only good news we have had in years. We have faith in thee; but in order that others may have the same faith it is necessary to prove thee."

"Prove me before Orléans."

"But you ask for men-at-arms and equipments to raise the siege of Orléans. There are people who would say, 'If she be sent by God, what need hath she of men-at-arms?'"

"The men-at-arms will fight," answered Jeanne, "and God will give the victory." She laughed. "En nom Dé, we must help ourselves if we would be helped."

"Thou hast spoken truth there, pucelle," remarked Queen Yolande. "Money and provisions and succors are needed for Orléans. His Majesty should not expect to have miracles wrought for him, though I myself believe that, by the favor of the saints, miracles are about to be done."

"Jeanne," said Charles, "the most learned men of the kingdom will be called to Poitiers. We think it wise to send thee there to be questioned by them."

"What use is there, gentle dauphin, in setting learned men on to ask me questions? I know neither *a* nor *b*. I am sent, and my counsel have bid me go on."

"Who are your counsel, Jeanne?"

"My voices."

"Do you hear them continually?"

"One voice stays with me; another comes and goes, and visits me often; and with the third both deliberate."

She stood reserved, and after her words the room was full of silence. Turning her eyes from the royal face, she could see through a window the sweep of Chinon valley, and she saw it blurred by rain and tears. The delay and languor and inquisitiveness and timid wisdom which must call a conclave of bookish men to examine a plain message from Heaven astonished her.

"En nom Dé," said Jeanne, shaving tears from her cheek with her finger, and flinging them aside, "I shall have tough work there, but my Lord will help me."

VI.

FIVE weeks after Jeanne had been sent from Chinon to Poitiers her brother Pierre and a churchman were moving southwestward through a wooded tract, with the intention of resting that night at Loches. Their horses were jaded by a long day's march, and picked a way slowly through the light woods. Here the growth was not dense, but tall-stemmed and open. Long before the travelers rode down to the meadow through which the Indre flowed, they had glimpses of it, a low-lying stream, full to its pretty green edges.

Pierre felt his blood stirred like sap by the April air blowing in his face. All things are young in April. He scarcely owned to being worn by the journey, though it had been a haphazard one without guide. Sometimes they wandered leagues out of their course. There was not much food to be found through France, and more than once they had slept in the open air. The Augustine monk, whose hermit life had inured him to hardships, bore these privations as well as Pierre did. It was not by Pierre's own desire that he was in such pious company. Jacques and Isabel had put him in charge of a pilgrim to Tours. Where Tours was they did not know, except that they had heard it lay in the Touraine country, and the holy St. Martin had once been its bishop. If it proved a far cry from Tours to Chinon or Poitiers, they felt they could better trust their youngest son to Heaven alone at the end of the journey than to courtiers through all the dangers. For messengers from Poitiers came weeks before to Domremy, making inquiries about Jeanne. The curé testified. Mengette was questioned, and women came running from Greux to speak a good word for her. Even the daughter of Widow Davide stood out and praised her early playmate. Jeanne was being examined at Poitiers by strict and keen men; but if they thought to find her in ill repute in Domremy, where she was born, it was an impossible thing to do. A clerk took everything down in writing. Isabel and Jacques beheld this procedure without disapproval; but when Pierre would have set out with the returning company, they were positive against it. The season was yet too early. The envoys from Poitiers might be very grave men; but there was a graver, a hermit of the

Vosges, whom the curé knew to be about returning to Tours. Pilgrimages were very common even at the most unsettled times. Isabel herself owed her surname of Romée to a godfather who had made a pilgrimage to Rome. In the Lorraine country gray friars, or Franciscans, were more in favor, being bound to the royal cause; but a black friar, especially one who had a name for sanctity, was better company for a lad starting to war than the best of courtiers.

Pierre had carefully gathered all he could concerning the route to be followed; and it had entered his mind, if the friar gave consent, they might part at Loches. For at Loches one had only to follow the course of the river Indre north until it turned westward to be led a long way toward Tours. But Poitiers was to be found in the south.

Moving as directly as they could through pathless woods, the friar jogging behind Pierre, having the hood of his black capote drawn over his head, and his eyes dropped to the ancient bed of the forest, they came where they could see freely, without passing sight through a network of trees, the open land and river, and cliffs beyond. A sweetness of leaf-mold came up with a penetrating quality like incense.

Pierre knew nothing about Loches or the approach to it, but he turned and spoke over his shoulder: "If we have been directed right, Brother Pasquerel, that must be the donjon of Loches, far off yonder against the sky."

"It is Loches," agreed Brother Pasquerel; "but it is half a day's journey distant yet."

"We have some hours before nightfall. Let us go down into the open fields, and find it by the nearest way the horses can take."

"There may be some danger in leaving the cover of the woods before we are near Loches," suggested the friar; but he followed his companion in the descent.

"We are in the dauphin's country," said Pierre; "we are not on land overrun by the English."

Loches's square mass of donjon, and the round points of its château towers, mounted higher in the afternoon sky. A moist green-sward lay under the horses' hoofs in the valley, and the Indre lapped its edges as if they were lips. Pierre was riding idly, wondering how far they must ascend this right bank to find a bridge into Loches, when the friar, who was measuring distance behind, grasped his bridle. Pierre turned, and saw more than rising forest and winding stream-course. He saw a troop of men with glittering lances, still so distant that they seemed

cast in one lump, with the particles moving, and the lances mere points of silver. But Pierre had seen men-at-arms ride in his own country. He could not tell if they wore armor. There was no sheen playing over the surface. During all his adventures with Brother Pasquerel they had not once encountered any of those freebooting companies which tormented France. It was not an unusual thing for little companies of French or English to ride far, on the chance of making swift, perilous attacks and bringing away prisoners. But Pierre could not believe that any English knights would venture beyond Orléans through the dauphin's country to Loches. He was for stopping his horse, but Brother Pasquerel dragged the bridle forward. Brother Pasquerel was a black friar, the robe most in favor with Burgundy; but those coming might be neither Burgundians nor Armagnacs, though wearing the badge of both.

"Ride for your life, my son! They are following us."

"But who would hurt a friar, Brother Pasquerel?"

"I have not the desire to know; and neither have you come into France to meet single-handed such a company as rides yonder. We should not have left the cover of trees until nearer Loches; a monk and an unarmed lad—what can we do but flee?"

Pierre had no dread of the danger, and he spurred ahead, laughing.

"When I tell Jehannette I ran from the first lances I saw, she may flout my coming to the wars as Jacquemine does."

Pierre's horse was the one his father had ridden to Vaucouleurs, large and sturdy for cart-drawing, but of little speed. The friar's was an aged beast lent him by the curé of Domremy. Pilgrims traveled afoot. Brother Pasquerel had taken to horseback on Pierre's account. As they pounded along turf, both refugees knew the pursuit was gaining, and that it would be impossible to reach the gates of Loches. Warmed to the race, Pierre gaged the brimming Indre. It was a narrow stream; of its depth he knew nothing.

"Draw up your robe, Brother Pasquerel," he cried, and dashed into the water. His horse sank to its neck. Pierre knelt on his saddle, with his wooden shoes clasping the raised back, and helped the floundering creature swim by keeping its nose afloat. It shot across, and set fore hoofs on the opposite grassy brim. With a struggle and a shake they were out, and he pulled up Brother Pasquerel's horse by the bit. The Indre was

no barrier, but they were now on the same side as Loches. Pierre did not ask himself what a marauding band expected to strip from a friar, whose vow of poverty and manual labor was proclaimed by a habit which could be seen as far as the man, or from a peasant, whose ancestry guaranteed him little. He looked again, and this time could see the arms of the pursuers. They were after any game, and what yielded little would be the worse used.

The calcareous ridge on which Loches was built extended miles northward, being the ancient barrier of the Indre. In places the rock became as sheer as a wall, with turf upon its roof, which rose terrace above terrace to table-lands; or it receded in tall coves where caverns had been left by fallen masses. As Pierre and Brother Pasquerel rushed by in flight, they saw slab doors in the rock. Chimneys of stone protruded, and steps were carved up the face of the cliff, ascending to other doors and windows. The front end of a village packed securely in a mountain looked down on the passing world. The road here was printed with sheep-tracks. These cliff-dwellers had flocks and hidden folds. Pierre knew nothing about the rock-burrowing peoples of this Southern province. He had not a long sight, like Jeanne, to distinguish doors and windows from the break in the forest where he had first seen the cliff; but the strangeness of such habitations did not touch him, for splash and yell in the direction of the Indre testified that the pursuit was nearly up. On his right hand a hole as large as a church widened its gloom. Pierre took to the cavern as he had taken to the river. Pieces of fallen rock lay before it. Under its roof he leaped from his horse, and Brother Pasquerel slipped from the saddle also. The opening had doors. Pierre saw them folded back against the rock—strong slabs, riveted together with bolts of iron. He clapped them shut, and lifting a bar of oak which made him stagger, set it in sockets across both leaves. Daylight came over the top of this gate, but it was high enough to form a good defense. Lance-butts soon pounded it, and horses trampled outside. A jargon of words proved what mongrel herd demanded toll there. With oaths which made Brother Pasquerel stop his ears and Pierre harken with astonishment, they threatened fire and siege, and chopped the doors with axes. The oak was like rock. Pierre felt secure enough to glance behind him. A blacker gallery penetrated under the hill, and the odor, so well known to him, was that

of a sheepfold. Above were jagged rifts, and in one place the earth had parted, showing a thread of sky. Brother Pasquerel sat down on a stone, pushing the cowl off his head. Heat glowed from his mild, dark face. Light above the barrier and through the upper chink sunk by grades of shadow to gloom along the rock floor and in hollows scooped by the winter's action. The horses stood panting with their heads down, steaming from their plunge in the Indre. Pierre stroked the cart-horse's face.

"Poor old fellow! If my father ever hears of this ride, he will forgive thee for falling lame when Jehannette went away. But if they break down the doors and leave me here, do thou fall lame under them every time they bestride thee."

The hard-breathing creature snorted, shaking froth from its lips, and out of the hill gallery came an answering whinny; the cavern was a stable as well as a fold. Though ordinarily quick and resourceful on his own hills, Pierre wondered what he should do hand to hand with these troopers if the barriers gave way. A closed door is a fearful thing when we do not know the dread that lurks behind it, but much more fearful when it is strained and shaken by recognized foes. Neither he nor Brother Pasquerel understood half that was said outside; for it was the speech of mercenaries gathered from all parts of Europe. As in Paris a butcher had led mobs and ruled the city, so among these roving bands the strongest and bloodiest man became leader, whatever his nationality.

Breathlessly watching the gates with eyes still blinded by daylight, neither of the two inside saw steps that were hewed in the cavern at the left of the entrance. Hearing a woman's voice, Pierre turned, and saw a door at the top of steps; and there was a maid about Jeanne's age leaning out to look at the intruders. If the sky had opened, or the cleft overhead parted wide, it would not have astonished him more. He noticed with instant receptiveness her high-pointed head-gear, the like of which was unknown in his country, the tight-fitting robe, and her bright hair shining where no sun glistened on it. Only the fair-haired were considered beautiful in the middle ages. This woman was as white as any saint, and Pierre took off his cap to her.

"Who are you, and why have you come in here?" she demanded; and he thought of Jehannette's voice, though the tone was different.

"We be only Brother Pasquerel and Pierre d'Arc, and robbers outside drove us in."

"Do you know they are threatening our lives and trying to break the house door down?"

"No, demoiselle; we knew nothing of that."

"Can't you hear their threats?"

"The speech of such people is strange to me, demoiselle. I come from the march of Lorraine. Let me into the house, and I will keep the door."

"Why don't you come up, then?" she impatiently cried. "You brought this danger at your heels, and there is n't a man to stand before us."

Pierre mounted in haste, his wooden shoes bumping, and the friar followed. They were close to knocking their heads on the top of the room they entered, where the natural curves of rock stooped low like a scrollwork of clouds, but rose high in gray sweeps over the center of the large place. The door behind them was instantly barred by a peasant woman with a child on one arm. It clung to her neck in terror of the sounds at the front of the house, and she herself was wild-eyed. Straggling locks of hair escaped from her cap.

"Oh, messires," she lamented, "if the good friar can pardon me for saying it, why did you take hiding in our sheepfold, when a little farther on is the cave of Rochecarbon, and his door hath stronger timbers than ours! This comes of my husband not shutting the gates when he leads the sheep out. The demoiselle will be misused or carried off for ransom. Besides, my children are in the field overhead with their father."

"Hush, Marguerite," said the demoiselle; "people cannot choose caves in times like these. Joseph will hide the children."

"He may come to the chimney to speak to me, and the freebooters will drag him down."

She knelt on the hearth and looked up the wide flue, her usual tube of communication with her husband at his labors. The child on her arm strangled with smoke, and she set it down, stretching her own lean neck over the coals to see if there was a face at the top of the stack. She called the man's name, and, failing to get any reply, sat down on the rock floor and leaned her head against the wall.

Benches were piled against the front door. It looked as thick as the gate of a town, and was fastened by double bars. Above it two square holes were cut in the stone for air, and Pierre mounted the benches to see what

his assailants were doing. The active defense fell on him, for Brother Pasquereau knelt in a corner, not permitted to do violence on man. Pierre had come into France weaponless, excepting a sheath-knife at his belt. There was not even an ax on the walls. In Northern provinces when peasants were attacked they took to flight, but here they merely shut themselves in. Notwithstanding the noise, he felt the woman's terror was groundless. The boldest riders in the kingdom could not break through stone, and for passing over oak they must use something more powerful than lance-points and hatchets. Free-riders could not cumber themselves with implements for a siege.

Brother Pasquereau quieted the woman and child, for both shrieked when an arrow, shot at random, passed through the opening near their single defender's head, struck the opposite rock, and fell to the floor. Hidden by inner darkness, he could see swarming about, or sitting on horseback and holding bridles below the long slope of rock waste, red-headed Scots, thick-limbed English, Burgundian spearmen, their rich trappings tarnished by a freebooting life, and unknown black-faced foreigners wearing smocks or blouses stripped from peasants,—such a company as war and famine and the license of the times drew readily together.

A horizontal storm of arrows swept into the sheepfold or against its oaken barriers. Near the house door was an opening which Pierre took to be a well, full curbed, and with a windlass and chain. While archers wasted a few bolts on the place where their quarry had disappeared, men-at-arms swarmed to the well.

"They no longer throw themselves against the door. Are they in retreat?" the demoiselle inquired.

"No," answered Pierre; "they are taking to the pit of water. One turns the windlass. These are mad fellows to drown themselves."

The demoiselle cried out, and turned toward the inner room.

"It is not a pit of water; it is the mouth of Joseph's granary. They can come through the granary into the fuel-chamber behind this room."

Pierre took no thought what he should do, but found himself in the fuel-chamber at the head of a dismal staircase, and his fist shooting like a battering-ram into the hairy face of an ascending man. As the body bumped down the stones he gathered up a log of wood and clubbed it for a weapon. A knife showed its livid blade in the dark, and he

sent down another man. At that moment a pointed battle-ax struck him, and he heaved the log-butt forward at his next assailant. The hatchet dropped, and he took it. How many robbers were descending by chain and windlass to flank the house could not be known. Pierre leaned over the steps with the wide-edged ax ready, but no more came up.

It was not because houses farther along the village had sent succor, for every door was barred by terrified women, and laborers hid themselves in the fields overhead. The demoiselle mounted the benches, and put her foot on a bar to look out. For some reason known to their own wild minds, the freebooters were drawing off and galloping on toward Loches. They might catch some unwary citizen outside the walls and pluck him before turning to other fields. It was not worth their while to dig or smoke out or take by assault through a cavern a friar and a few peasants. By squads, riding wildly, they trooped along the grass-lined road, and stragglers ran to mount. She saw the venturesome ones whom Pierre had knocked down drawn out of the pit by the men at the windlass, consoling themselves with little sacks of grain which they dragged after them. Bloody and limping, they also took last to horse. The sound of hoofs diminished and died away along the hill toward Loches.

She dropped down, declaring their flight. Pierre changed the ax to his left hand, and grasped that stinging place in his shoulder, which turned him sick. He braced himself by the side of the door, and the demoiselle saw red prints on the rock.

The cave shimmered and went to darkness before his eyes. His first conscious sensation was maiden shame, because his shoulder was stripped naked before the demoiselle, and two thin scarlet lips from arm-pit to nipple poured a thin stream of blood. Somebody supported him on a bench, and it was the friar who leaned over him oiling and bandaging. Soldiers wounded in battle had money distributed to them, and in one house or another they might seek surgery and tendance, paying each for his own hospital, for there were no military hospitals. Pierre knew none of the customs of war. He thought he smelt the flowers of the lime-tree in his mother's garden, and Jehannette was telling him she saw a vision through the pale yellow bunches. His ears hummed. He was glad to lie down with his head on a cushion and some covering over him.

A long time afterward something touched

his lips, and he roused to find it was bread soaked in water and wine. That was the food Jehannette liked best. The demoiselle sat on a stool in front of him, and picked pieces from a cup to feed him. Such kindness brought the blood into his face as if the fever had rushed from his wound, and he took the bites with great humility, keeping his eyes cast down. Joseph, the peasant, and all the children had come in from the fields on the roof, and they gathered behind the demoiselle, admiring everything she did. The oven-hole at the side of the chimney was open. Marguerite held on one hip the loaf she had taken from the oven, and on the other the baby, while she watched also.

The elegant, slight shape of the demoiselle and her small hands were brought so close to Pierre's notice that he lay thinking how much clumsier was the make of a man. Women of his own country had not taught him this. Without speaking a word, but like a mother, she fed him, and he accepted it as his sweet nature accepted every good. He had been born without anxieties. When he lay at night facing the open sky and thinking about his sister, it was the expectancy of youth which stirred in him, not the anticipation of calamity.

Pierre dared scarcely look at the demoiselle, but he contrasted her in his mind with the Widow Davide's Haumette, who was very broad-featured and black-eyed, a maid fierce at dancing, flaming in her red petticoats, and more reluctant to go to mass than Pierre himself. Haumette used to kiss him when they were growing, for she was in love with young manhood. But before Pierre left home she had gone to Goussaincourt to stay with her aunt; for there were stories in Domremy about a Burgundian soldier whom the Widow Davide had led out with practised thumb and finger, and not because of any noise he made. In Greux the villagers held to Burgundy. Pierre had often headed the boys of Domremy against the boys of Greux. They fought on a strip of land between the two villages, and Jehannette cried over him when he went home bloody.

"Now I think you had better go to sleep," said the demoiselle, after his last sop was eaten. Pierre willingly shut his eyes, not to let her or the present moment slip from him, but to hide his weakness, of which he felt ashamed.

Yet when a cow lowed down the chimney and waked him it was late in the night. The fire had sunk to pink ashes. Those blocks of open night over the door were lost in the

cave's obliteration. He could hear the unseen family snoring. The bench felt hard, and all the springs of the hills trickled tantalizingly in his memory while he thirsted. How sweet was the forest-shaded water at Bermont! Did these cave-dwelling people, who turned a pit into a granary, have a drop to cool their tongues with, except what flowed in the Indre? He sat up, wincing at the angry beating of his wound, and groped with one foot for his wooden shoes, which the friar had drawn off, intending to unbar the door and go down to the river. But Brother Pasquerel rose from the darkness and put a jug of water to his mouth. The jerking stream descended his throat until it was forcibly taken away. Then he began to shiver. His nurse raked open the ashes, and brought wood from the fuel-room, and drew the bench to the hearth.

They both sat upon it, the old man holding the young one half reclining against his shoulder for support and heat.

"Where is the demoiselle?" inquired Pierre, in a whisper, loath to have her in that room with so many sleeping peasants, yet alarmed at losing sight of her.

"The man and his wife took her on her horse to Loches before nightfall."

"Why did you let them put her to such risks?"

"She herself commanded it, and the thing was very safely done."

"Who is she, Brother Pasquerel?"

"I know nothing of her, except that she is lately come from Scotland, and this woman asleep in bed was once her mother's servant."

"She is the whitest-favored maid I ever saw," said Pierre.

"White or black, no woman hath favor of God who doth carry that cursed horn called the hennin perched on her head."

"Was that a hennin, Brother Pasquerel?"

"A hennin it was; and when I behold one with my own eyes I cannot marvel that a friar has risen up to preach against the evil thing in Paris."

Pierre had lost too much blood to be enlisted in the crusade against hennins. In the flickering room behind the friar and him the peasant's entire family were stretched in one bed, which extended a dozen feet beside the wall. There were green mineral stains up the throat of the chimney, which tongues of flame showed forth. Wind rumbled overhead. This was a strange shelter, yet Pierre felt better housed than he had been since leaving Domremy. He knew, whatever lay before him, he would be home-

sick for the cave in time to come. He did not want to leave it, and said to himself it must have been the fight that so bound him; for he did love that strip of land between Greux and Domremy on account of the honest giving and taking of blows there. "I have got my first wound in this house," reflected Pierre.

"Have you seen the horses?" he inquired reluctantly.

"Yes, and they are well fed and stabled. These people have a little grain to sell. The valley of the Indre is not a desert like the Solonge."

"It will be best for you to leave me here and push up the valley of the Indre toward Tours," suggested Pierre. "As for me, I must keep my face set direct toward Jehannette. I cannot carry this wound out of my way."

"Neither will I leave you, nor will you leave me," overruled Brother Pasquerel. "Since it seems best to push on your way, we will go together. Can you ride to-morrow?"

"As well to-morrow as next day."

"But you are weak from the blood-letting, and the wound will be sore."

"A wound that hath cut through no bones will soon heal; and my mother says miracles are wrought on Jehannette's flesh and mine: no sore stays."

"We will, then, make what speed we can toward Chinon," said the friar; "and shorten the way by putting these hills behind our backs without going into Loches."

It was easy to find a path through the ridge where the land dipped low, but nothing could shorten the day's journey for Pierre. They started at daybreak, with a sack of bread and a bottle of wine behind the saddle of each. Pierre's face was leaden in color. At noon the friar dressed his wound in fresh oil and bands of serge. The rough cloth hurt him. He was glad the air blew cool, for the hot blood bit his shoulder all day, and oftener than they found springs he found a mighty thirst to quench.

Man is such a little creature creeping so near the ground in the largeness of hills and woods and valleys, and his vision diminishes so soon to the vanishing-point, no wonder he loses his way. But the friar steered their course as nearly westward as he could by such landmarks as he had gathered from the untraveled cave-dwellers. Clouds came up behind the ground. The sky seemed to be driving and hurrying overhead, marshaling its vapors out of space, and sifting them from shape to shape to hurl along a low

level; yet if one did not look up, it was nothing but the ordinary shadow of cloudy weather. Late in the afternoon a yellow storm appeared in the west, sulphurous and windy. It threatened much, but at first the rain which met the travelers was a fine mist in the face, so imperceptible that neither said, "It rains." Then long curtains hanging far down the sky and pendulous at the horizon swept upon them, beating fiercely. Water ran down their bodies and dripped from their stirrups. Pierre felt his wound washed through jacket and body-garment and bandages. When the two were wettest the sun broke out, drenching the open land with prismatic radiance, and triple rainbows arched behind them. Their direct route had taken them past few inhabited spots, and these were remote to right or left. Brother Pasquerel began to turn his cowed face anxiously toward Pierre, for whom he desired night shelter. Wet grass and swarming vapors, and the head on the saddle under some bush, would be bad lodging for a wounded man.

The sun went down, shining through a single tree, and seeming to cut it in two with fire. They rode on, making haste over unbroken land. Though spontaneous growths were rank all about their horses' feet, the soil was so white that it showed pallid in far-stretching distances, and kept daylight lingering upon it as marble might have done.

In front of the riders appeared a figure with hands and face like an old peasant, almost covered by the pannier heaped high with lucerne which he carried on his back. He stood still. The fodder revealed a tender greenness through the dusk.

"We will ask that old man for lodging," suggested the friar.

"But he carries a miraculous load," said Pierre; "there is no such green food for cattle at this time of the year."

He changed before them, as they rode closer, into a dwarfed tree, strangely marked on the stem, its bunched top of switches thick set with tender leaves. But behind this poor apparition and beyond a fringe of trees, they saw for the first time something like a needle-point against the sky, and guessed it to be the spire of a church. Wherever there were churches there were men; or if this proved to be a broken-down sanctuary,—and there were many such in the kingdom,—the travelers might find some gable or crypt still in condition to give shelter.

Pierre felt indifferent to the landscape. He sickened with a growing faintness, and

one spot of the dark world was the same as another. He wanted to lie down in the wet sward, and the friar had prevented it an indefinite time when they stopped close by a buttressed wall. Pierre braced himself with one hand on the moss of a down-sloping window-sill. It was a shame to leave a friar to tie the horses; but when he had slid to the ground Brother Pasquerel helped him past buttresses and around a corner. A large portal let them directly into a white church, of which night seemed unable to take complete possession.

Pierre lay down by himself on one of the rough, movable benches near the door. The massive stone font supported on a low pillar was near his head, and he stretched out his right hand for holy water, crossing himself with an exhausted effort. A little light shone out of one transept, but the body of the church was dim. He could see, however, the arms of some noble family painted on the wall opposite him, and also blots of green damp high up near the arches. Through tall, leaded windows the outside world seemed to affect this isolated church. Pierre could imagine the brightness of a sunny afternoon here. Wind rolled in the vault above with a swell like the incoming ocean tide; but to him, who had never heard that sound, it was the voice of the woods over Domremy. If Jehannette had sat on the bench beside him, or knelt on the lower bench to which it was attached at the foot, he could scarcely have felt her nearer. Perhaps she had rested in this church; some part of her remained there. And Pierre noticed by shadows made in the whiteness of the stones what hollows were worn along the center of the floor. Generations of lads' feet, in wooden shoes like his, had stumped by that path to confession or prayer. They and their sisters came here every Sunday. As his eyes grew used to the inclosure, and he rested from the pain of motion, the cold, high altar at the end of the church and the light in the transept were both forgotten. He saw a small altar diagonally opposite him, near the angle of the transept, standing dragged out from the wall as if its displacement were temporary. On a pedestal over the altar, so high that it caught the last glimmers of light through stone-framed glass above the portal, was a painted image as antique and simple as the Virgin at Bermont, a gilded, round-eyed St. Catherine holding a book, and having the broken wheel of her martyrdom leaning against her. The royal maid of Egypt wore a crown, and smiled insipidly. But under the

figure was a dark gap left by the removal of two stones from the wall. The place was about breast-high to Pierre.

The unstopped hole, left perhaps by workmen because daylight failed, proclaimed that man was a near neighbor of this church. And presently he heard strange voices talking with the friar outside the door.

"The houses from which you come, are they not the village of Fierbois?" inquired the friar.

"That is the village of Fierbois," was answered.

"We have, then, reached Ste. Katherine de Fierbois."

"This is the church of St. Catherine. Is my brother a pilgrim to the venerable shrine?"

"Only a passer-by, for I return from a winter's retreat in the mountains of the Vosges. A young man with me is lying wounded in the church; we met free-riders near Loches. Can we have shelter with you?"

"Assuredly," answered the other; then a louder voice spoke up:

"This monk is of the convent in Tours. I know him by his habit, though the brethren have little to do with men of my craft."

"Are you from Tours?" inquired the priest, holding the door open for Brother Pasquerel to enter. "We have strange news from Tours."

"The armorer has spoken the truth; I am a brother of the convent of our order there. What news have you from Tours?"

The priest forgot the wounded man as he shut the last yellowness of daylight out, and a sudden accession of night entered the church with the three. A rustic acolyte came from the transept where the light burned, and set flame to the tips of two candles on the altar of St. Catherine. These white points in a hollow of gloom surrounded by white walls made visible a small space where peasants would kneel for evening prayers, and showed the eagerness of two of the three figures now occupying that space. Their lower parts were in a stratum of dimness, churchmen's cassocks and armorer's legs being lost beneath the starlike height of the candles. The priest pointed to the hollow behind the altar. His low voice made echoes in remote corners.

"There, this day, a miraculous sword was found. We are leaving the altar removed from its place and the stones yet on the floor, that people may see where the sword was embedded. There it has lain, tradition saith, since Charles Martel drove the heathen back from Tours."

«Where is it now?» inquired Brother Pasquerel; and the waiting acolyte, obeying a sign from the priest, went into the transept, and returned with a slim, large-handled blade. It lay upon cloth of gold, which covered his hands, and the three heads bent over it.

«There be no such swords as this in the world to-day,» said the armorer. «That blade is no longer forged. I wish I knew the man who made it; I would give him plenty of employment. Mark you, here are five crosses below the handle, just as the maid said there would be.»

«He speaks of the maid who sent him here to take this sword from the wall,» explained the priest. «It has been guarded on the altar of our Lady while a suitable scabbard was made. When we took it from the hollow it was crusted with rust; but that fell away as a scale, and left it shining as you see.»

«What maid sent for it?» inquired Brother Pasquerel; and Pierre listened, feeling his breath come and go like the swell and ebb up in the arches.

«She is called Jeanne the pucelle,» answered the armorer. «All Tours is astir about her, and an army is gathering to march with her to Orléans.»

«It is the maid who passed Ste. Katherine de Fierbois on her way to the king, and heard three masses in this church,» answered the

priest. «That is the news we have from Tours—a maid is to lead the armies of France. And she had miraculous knowledge where to find the sword of Fierbois; for we might have leveled the walls in the search, but for her exact message. No living person knew where that sword was buried.»

«I had my orders from the king to make her a complete suit of mail and furnish her in all needful arms,» declared the armorer; «but no sword would do except this. (You will find it in the wall,» saith she, (under the feet of the statue above the altar at the angle of the transept.) And I thought to have my journey for my pains, for she hath a soft, innocent face. But, mark you, her unlettered tongue could answer better than the great doctors at Poitiers could propound. They say it was a fine sight to see her sitting alone before so many, and bearing their strait examination with such sense and patience. The doctors have sent abroad a letter to all parts of France, commending her employment by the king; and during my whole life my trade hath never been so brisk as she hath made it within a week.»

«Have you not heard of this maid among the hills of the Vosges?» inquired the priest.

«Yes; I have heard of her. We were on her track to Chinon or Poitiers, not knowing she was already in Tours. It is her brother who sits there wounded beside the holy-water font.»

(To be continued.)

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.



LOVE'S EPIPHANY.

THUS much the implacable face of life defies,
 Thus much defies death's absolute decree:
 One hour that claims of fate immunity
 By right divine of birth; not suppliant-wise,
 But calm, triumphal, in compellent guise,
 This one redress, this salvage, falls to me,
 This one hour spared of all eternity,
 Saved of the sacrificial flames that rise.
 We two, within the cinctured silence there,
 Looking on God's fair world with quickened sight
 In that awed hush when souls meet face to face,
 Through the heart's deep discernment were aware
 Of rushing wings and sudden blinding light,
 As of Love's visible presence in the place.

Elizabeth C. Cardozo.

HOW FOOD IS USED IN THE BODY.

EXPERIMENTS WITH MEN IN A RESPIRATION APPARATUS.



Judd Hall, Wesleyan University.

HOW does the body make use of its food? What ingredients make muscle and fat and blood and bone and brain? Which yield heat and force? What proportions of different food-materials are needed by people of different classes for the building and repair of tissue, and for the yielding of energy for warmth and work? Such are some of the questions which modern science is asking, and for which physiological chemists are seeking answers by actual experiments with animals and with man. The larger part of the inquiry is carried on in Europe, but of late it has been undertaken actively in the United States. For some time past research has been going on in the chemical laboratory of Wesleyan University, in co-operation with the Storrs (Connecticut) Experiment Station, and under the auspices of the United States Department of Agriculture. A preliminary report of several experiments upon the transformation of material in the body has just been published. The purpose of the present article is to give a brief summary of the results. This I am very glad of the opportunity to do, the more so for the sake of correcting numerous unauthorized and incorrect statements which have appeared in public prints.

One fundamental question proposed in these experiments is this: How much of each of the different nutritive ingredients of food does a man actually consume in his body under different conditions of rest and

work? Or, to put it in another way, Will a given diet, containing certain amounts of nutrients, supply more or less of each than he needs? This means that the experiments are intended to show just how much of each of the nutritive ingredients the body requires, and how much of its own substance it will gain or lose when supplied with a given diet.

At first thought it might seem very easy for a man to find whether he gains or loses body material on a given diet, and with any particular kind of work, by simply weighing himself on accurate scales. But the gain or loss of weight does not show what kinds of material the body has gained or lost. For instance, a man may grow heavy with a certain diet, but the scales do not show whether this increase in weight is muscle or fat or water. He may reduce his weight by reducing his food, or by increasing his muscular exercise, or by the use of drugs; but the scales do not show how much of this loss is fat, which perhaps he would be glad to be rid of, or how much is muscular or other tissue, which he cannot afford to lose. The only way to get at the facts is by accurate measurement of the income and outgo of the body.

When we speak of food and drink we think of such things as meat, bread, potatoes, milk, and the like. But for the present purpose we must consider the ingredients of the food. These are, first, the chemical elements, nitrogen, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, sulphur, phosphorus, etc.; and, second, the compounds of these elements, such as water, protein, fats, carbohydrates, and mineral matters.¹

¹ The principal classes of nutritive ingredients, or nutrients, of food are: (1) Protein compounds—*e. g.*, albumin, or white of egg; myosin, the principal ingredient of muscle and of lean meat; casein (curd) of milk; and gluten of wheat. These compounds are also called albuminoids, because they are all more or less similar to albumin. The collagen of tendon and the ossein of bone, which make gelatin, are also protein compounds. The term «proteids» is also applied to these protein compounds. (2) Fats—*e. g.*, the fat of meat, butter fat of milk, oil of olives and of wheat, etc. (3) Carbohydrates—*e. g.*, starches and sugars. The fats and carbohydrates consist of the chemical elements carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen. The protein compounds contain these and

nitrogen also. The protein compounds of the food are the tissue-formers: they form muscle and blood and bone; they build up the bodily machine, and keep it in repair. The fats and carbohydrates serve as fuel. The protein compounds serve as fuel also, though to a limited degree.

The energy is measured by heat-units, or calories, one calory being the heat that would raise a kilogram of water one degree centigrade, or, what is the same thing, a pound of water four degrees Fahrenheit. This heat, transformed into mechanical power, would be equivalent to about 1½ foot-tons—that is to say, it would suffice to raise a weight of 1½ tons one foot. It is possible to measure energy, whether in the form of heat or mechan-

The income of the body consists of food, drink, and the oxygen of inhaled air. The outgo includes the carbonic acid and water given off by the lungs and skin, and the water and other ingredients of the products eliminated by the kidneys and intestine. In the experiments here described we find the weights of these substances and the proportions of their chemical compounds and elements; and from these we find the weights of elements and compounds of the income and of the outgo. Comparing one with the other, we have the figures for striking the balance of income and outgo of matter. In the experiments for this purpose, not only the food and the solid and liquid excreta, but also the inhaled and exhaled air, have to be measured, weighed, and analyzed. In other words, the products of respiration have to be taken into account. Accordingly, the apparatus for collecting and measuring the air is called a respiration apparatus, and the experiments are called respiration experiments. The respiration apparatus here described is the same in principle as that devised by the German experimenter Pettenkofer, and described in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for June, 1887, though the details and the methods of experimenting are different.

But there is another balance to be considered—that of energy. In the food we receive potential energy, or, to use a more familiar expression, latent force. When the nutrients of the meat and the bread are transformed in the body, their potential energy is likewise transformed into the muscular energy which the body uses for its work, and into the heat that keeps it warm; and, according to the belief of many investigators, a considerable part is used for intellectual work, for the labor of the brain.

When the energy of the food is transformed in the body, part is given off in the

form of heat, and part is used for the muscular work which the body performs. Attempts are being made by several European investigators to develop forms of apparatus for measuring the heat thus given off from the body of a man or an animal, and likewise for measuring the heat-equivalent of the muscular work performed. The term «calorimeter» is also applied to such an apparatus for heat measurement. These measurements are being attempted in connection with the experiments here described, and hence the name «respiration calorimeter» has been given to the apparatus.

HOW THE EXPERIMENTS ARE MADE—THE APPARATUS.

THE experiments are made with a man inside a cabinet, or a respiration chamber, as it is called. It is in fact a box of copper incased in walls of zinc and wood. In this chamber he lives—eats, drinks, works, rests, and sleeps. There is a constant supply of fresh air for ventilation. The temperature is kept at the point most agreeable to the occupant. Within the chamber are a small folding cot-bed, a chair, and a table. In the daytime the bed is folded and laid aside, so as to leave room for the man to sit at the table or to walk to and fro. His promenade, however, is limited, the chamber being 7 feet long, 4 feet wide, and 6½ feet high. Food and drink are passed into the chamber through an aperture which serves also for the removal of the solid and liquid excretory products, and the passing in and out of toilet materials, books, and other things required for comfort and convenience.

Outside are machinery for maintaining the current of air through the chamber, and apparatus for measuring and analyzing this air. There are also appliances for measuring

ical power or electrical energy. The potential energy of the food is measured in the chemical laboratory by burning it with oxygen in an apparatus called the calorimeter. A pound of protein, sugar, or starch would yield about 1860 calories, while a pound of fat, like the fat of meat, would yield 4220 calories.

In the explanations of the experiments, the terms «consumed» and «consumption» are applied to the materials, both of food and body tissue, which are either burned for fuel or are otherwise broken down and used to meet the demands of bodily and mental activity.

Of the more purely scientific aspects of such research this is hardly the place to speak. These experiments, in the main, confirm the results of previous inquiry in showing that muscular labor is performed at the expense of the fats, sugars, and starches. It is also clear that the body may draw upon protein for this purpose; but we have yet to learn just what are the conditions

under which protein is used for muscular work. One of the most interesting questions for study is that of the sources of intellectual activity. Whether this will ever be solved no one can tell to-day; but apparently, if the solution is possible, the way to accomplish it is by accurate study of the income and outgo of the body.

Still another problem, and one of no less intense interest, is that which has to do with the transformation and the conservation of energy in the living organisms. Is the animal organism subject to the same physical laws as those which govern the inorganic world? How does the body use the energy which is at its disposal? A number of investigators are addressing themselves most earnestly to these problems to-day. The results of our own experiments are not yet ready for publication, but I may say that they are such as to give good hope for ultimate success.

the heat given off from the body. These, however, are not described, as they are not used for the experiments here reported.

DAILY ROUTINE OF EXPERIMENTS.

THE actual carrying out of an experiment is a much more complex matter than the brief descriptions above would imply. The amount of labor involved is very considerable. During the day a force of five or six observers and assistants are employed. During the night, when the occupant is asleep, the force is reduced to three. In the experiments thus far reported the person remained inside the respiration chamber for $2\frac{1}{2}$ days, 5 days, and 12 days. It was necessary, however, as a part of these experiments, to learn just how much of the food eaten was actually digested. For this purpose a digestion experiment was made. This was begun in each case before the respiration experiment, and continued until the end of the latter. In the digestion experiment account was taken of the weights and composition of the food and the un-

digested residue, the difference between the two showing the amounts of the different ingredients actually digested from the food. On the second or third day of the digestion experiment the subject entered the respiration chamber. The occupants of the chamber passed the time in such ways as were most agreeable under the circumstances. They observed regular hours of eating and sleeping. They had almost no opportunity for exercise, though, of course, they could walk to and fro from one end of the chamber to the other. In one experiment, however, a special arrangement was made for vigorous muscular labor. The men had abundant opportunity for reading, they conversed with the experimenters outside as they chose, and the monotony was agreeably broken in upon from time to time by visitors.

The routine of each day was somewhat as follows: The night force of operators was relieved at 7 o'clock A. M. The chemist of the night force changed the absorption-tubes for the analysis of the air. The day chemist began his daily round of work. The readings of the air-meter, and of temperature, barometric pressure, etc., were made. The observations of thermometer and hygrometer inside the chamber were noted by the occupant, and telephoned to the observer outside. Inquiries were made as to the condition of the man within the chamber, and any things needed for his comfort received early attention in the morning. Breakfast was ordinarily served at about 7:30 A. M., dinner at 12:30, and supper at 6. The analyses were conducted, and the other details of the experiments, which were very numerous, were regularly attended to.

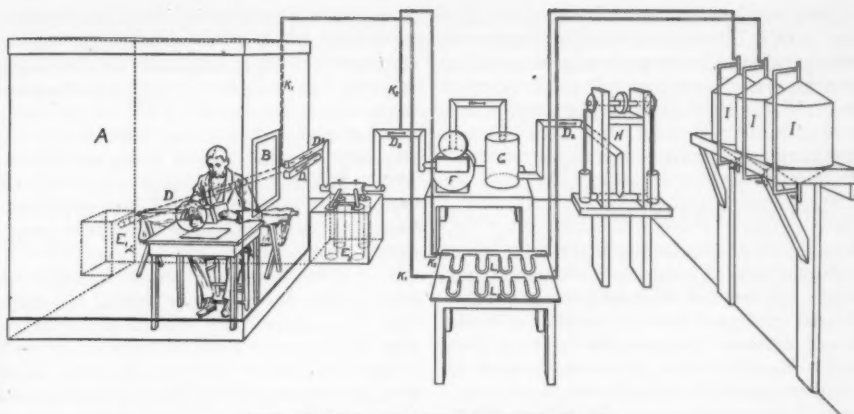
In former researches of this class, all of which have been made in Europe, the experimental periods have been much shorter, generally twenty-four hours or less. There has always been the feeling, however, that



DRAWN BY W. N. ORAKE.

THE RESPIRATION CHAMBER.

This shows the chamber as it appeared when the experiments were made. The exterior is of wood; inside is a box of sheet copper in which the subject stays. The steps lead to the small glass door. At the right are the pipes for the ventilating current of air, and the meter by which the air is measured. Other apparatus not shown here stood still further to the right.



OUTLINE SKETCH OF RESPIRATION APPARATUS.

A is the respiration chamber, which on the outside suggests a large refrigerator. The glass opening (B) in the front end consists of three doors corresponding to the metal and wooden walls of the chamber. These doors are about two feet square, to admit light and to allow the entrance of a man. The light within is sufficient for reading and working. The food aperture (D) is a brass tube, six inches in diameter, through which food, toilet articles, etc., are passed in and out; caps at the outer and inner ends being screwed on, removed, and replaced, so as to prevent entrance or escape of air. A telephone wire runs through the walls of the chamber. The current of air in these experiments is kept in motion by an air-pump (H). It enters by the pipes D_1 , D_2 , and passes out by D_3 . Before the air enters the chamber it is cooled by the refrigerating apparatus (E_1), in which nearly all of its moisture is collected. Coming out, it passes through another refrigerating apparatus (E_2), and thence through a meter (F), by which the volume is measured. As the air-current is irregular, owing to the motion of the pump, a tension-equalizer (G) is placed between the pump and the meter.

Samples of air for analysis are drawn by the aspirators (I, I₁). These samples pass through the tubes K₁ and K₂, and through the absorption-tubes (L₁ and L₂). These latter remove the water and carbonic acid from the air, and their increase in weight during a given period shows the amounts of the latter in the samples. For later experiments a special air-pump has been provided which both measures the total volume of air and delivers aliquot samples for analysis.

The food is prepared and cooked, and the analyses of samples of the food, drink, and excretory products are made, in adjoining rooms of the chemical laboratory.

such short experiments were less reliable than was to be desired. The details of these experiments show that this suspicion is well grounded, and that to get such results as are really needed, long experimental periods are necessary.

People often express surprise that any one can be found who is willing to stay in the chamber for so long a time. They say, "How can you persuade men to go in there? It must be extremely disagreeable." But really it is not at all uncomfortable. Dr. Tower, who was the subject of an experiment of five days, insists that he rather enjoyed his stay in the chamber. He felt, when he entered, as if he were starting on a sea voyage. "It had this distinguishing feature, however, that the journey was to be made entirely alone. I was the only passenger, and I could talk with the crew only by telephone." It was, of course,

more or less monotonous; but between reading, writing, and looking out of the window, talking with the experimenters outside, and seeing occasional visitors, the time passed quite comfortably. The last entry in his journal is as follows: "As I watched them preparing to open the doors at the end of my five days' stay, I could hardly believe that I would soon be where I could take more than four steps without turning, and where I could see more of the world than the laboratory window disclosed. The confinement has not hurt me in the least, and I feel as well as ever."

THE EXPERIMENTS THEMSELVES.

THE results of four experiments on the transformations of material in the body have been published.¹ The first two, of 24 days each, were made with Mr. E. Osterberg,

¹ See a bulletin entitled "Preliminary Report of Investigations on Metabolism by Man," published by the Office of Experiment Stations of the United States Department of Agriculture. A less detailed report is published in the report of the Storrs Experiment Station for 1896, copies of which may be obtained from the Hon. T. S. Gold, Secretary of the Connecticut Board of Agriculture, West Cornwall, Conn.

It would be ungracious to omit mention of the share

borne by my associates in the work here described. Professor E. B. Rosa has had the general charge of the physical side of the inquiry from the outset, and has been ably assisted by Mr. A. W. Smith and others. Professor C. D. Woods, and especially Dr. F. G. Benedict, have borne a large part of the burden of the chemical work, while Dr. O. F. Tower and Mr. A. P. Bryant have been efficient aids; and Mr. H. M. Burr and others have also rendered valuable assistance.

a laboratory janitor. The subject of the third was Dr. O. F. Tower, a chemist, and one of the assistants in the investigations of which these form a part. The subject of the fourth was Mr. A. W. Smith, a physicist, and also one of the assistants in the investigations. All were young, vigorous, active men.

EFFECTS OF MUSCULAR AND MENTAL LABOR.

The subject of the fourth experiment, which continued twelve days, was twenty-two years of age. He weighed 156 pounds without clothing, and was in excellent condition, both mental and physical. His early life had been spent upon a farm in Vermont, but the later years had been passed in school and college, and in the work of an assistant in the college laboratory. These occupations involved but little muscular activity. He was accustomed, however, to take a fair amount of exercise with his bicycle and otherwise. He was a small rather than a large eater. A study of the diet of his family, made by him on the occasions of visits at home in both summer and winter, showed that the food consumption to which he had been accustomed was rather small, especially in the amount of protein.

His diet was of his own selection, as in the other cases. He assumed that with the small amount of physical exercise which he would have during most of the time, somewhat less food would be needed than he was accustomed to consume. The results showed that in attempting to reduce the supply to what he presumed would be the need, he made the diet too small, so that it did not quite suffice to meet the needs of his body. The daily food and the amounts of nutrients were as follows:

Experiment No. 4. A. W. S., Physicist. 12 days.¹

DAILY MENU.

Breakfast.	Grams.	Dinner.	Grams.	Supper.	Grams.
White bread . . .	75	Beefsteak . . .	96	Milk	500
Oatmeal	40	White bread . .	75	Brown bread . .	250
Beans, baked . .	120	Potatoes . . .	100		
Milk	150	Butter	30		
Butter	15	Apples	125		
Sugar	20				

NUTRIENTS AND ENERGY IN DAILY FOOD.

	Protein.	Fat.	Carbohydrate.	Fuel value.
	Grams.	Grams.	Grams.	Calories.
In total food	101	65	329	2740
In food digested	93	62	321	2500

The whole twelve days of the experiment were divided into five periods. Of these,

¹ It will be remembered that 28.4 grams = 1 ounce, and 453.6 grams = 1 pound, avoirdupois.

however, the first period of 1½ and the final period of 1½ days were regarded as preliminary and supplementary to the periods of actual experiment. They made together three days, during which Mr. Smith did no muscular work, but passed the time in reading, or otherwise, as was most agreeable to him. The remaining nine days were regarded as belonging to the experiment proper, and were divided into three periods of three days each.

The first of these three experimental periods was one of severe mental labor, during which Mr. Smith worked eight hours a day or thereabouts at the table, partly in computing the results of previous experiments and partly in studying a German treatise on physics. The mental application was as severe as he could well make it, or, as he expressed it in college parlance, "It was good, hard grinding."

The second period was one of as nearly absolute rest as possible. He sat at the table or reclined upon the cot during the day, sleeping, of course, at night as usual. He says very aptly, "I tried to vegetate, and think I succeeded pretty well."

During the third experimental period, likewise of three days, Mr. Smith engaged for eight hours a day in raising and lowering a heavy weight which was suspended by a cord passing over a pulley at the top of the chamber. The cord was grasped by a handle at one end, and the raising and lowering were done by movement, not of the arms only, but of the whole body. The exercise was decidedly severe, and the day's work exhausting.

The results summarized below are those of the three experimental periods proper. Those for the short preliminary and closing periods, in which no work was done, are very similar to those of the experimental period of absolute rest.

	Protein.	Energy.
	Grams.	Calories.
In the daily income—i.e., in the digested nutrients of the food in each period . .	93	2500
In the daily outgo—i. e., material consumed:		
Period of severe mental work	79	2595
Period of rest	78	2715
Period of severe muscular work	98	4325

The daily gains and losses of the body were:

Period.	Protein.	Fat.	Energy.
	Grams.	Grams.	Calories.
Severe mental work . . .	gain 14	loss 17	loss 95
Rest	gain 15	loss 41	loss 215
Severe muscular work . .	loss 5	loss 192	loss 1825

Two things are brought out very clearly by this experiment. One is the very large amount of material that is used with muscular work. During the periods of rest and of mental work, 78-79 grams, or $2\frac{3}{4}$ ounces, of protein sufficed to meet the daily needs of Mr. Smith's body; but with the severe muscular work the protein consumption rose to 98 grams. The fuel-value of the materials consumed during the days of rest and mental work ranged from 2600 to 2700 calories, but with the severe muscular work it was increased to 4325 calories. In this case the food did not supply enough, and the body drew upon its stock of reserve material. The draft was partly upon the protein, but mainly on the fat of the body. This is in accordance with very extensive European investigations upon the subject. The chief fuel ingredients are the carbohydrates and fats. When the food does not supply fuel enough the body draws upon its supply of these substances, especially its fat. In Mr. Smith's case, during the periods of rest and severe mental work the body stored about half an ounce of protein and lost about an ounce of fat daily; but with the hard muscular labor it was estimated to lose $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce of protein and $6\frac{3}{4}$ ounces of fat. If the daily food had been increased during the days of muscular work by doubling the amount of sugar and adding half a pound of bacon, the fuel would have about sufficed to meet the emergency. Whether it would have saved the protein from consumption, experiment alone can tell.

The other point of special interest is the consumption of material by the body during the period of severe mental work as compared with the period of rest. In this particular experiment the amounts actually used up were virtually the same in the two periods. In order to learn the effect of mental work upon the demands of the body, it will be necessary to make a large number of very accurate experiments, to extend them over considerable time, and to study very carefully the income and outgo of phosphorus, sulphur, and other elements, as well as of nitrogen and carbon. All this will doubtless come in good time.

PRACTICAL APPLICATIONS.

THE chief interest of experiments of this kind, from the purely practical standpoint, is in the light they throw upon the ways in which the food is used in the body, and the kinds and amounts which are appropriate for people of different classes and under different circumstances. Of course these few prelimi-

nary trials are by no means sufficient to warrant any broad conclusions. Their main value is in the promise they give of what may be done by patient, long-continued, careful experimenting. Much has already been done in this direction in Europe, and there is reason to believe that research will increase both there and in the United States.

One of the many lessons which such inquiry will teach is reasonably clear. Physicians tell us that a large amount of the disease with which they have to deal, especially among well-to-do people without much manual labor, comes from overeating. During the last few years a considerable number of studies have been made of the kinds and amounts of food bought and used by people of different classes and occupations in a number of places in the United States. These have included several groups of professional men and college students, whose eating-habits are doubtless fairly representative. The digestible protein of the daily food of the different groups is computed to range from 93 to 117, averaging 99 grams, and the energy from 2830 to 3965 calories, averaging 3390 calories. In the four experiments above referred to, the three young, vigorous men were actually found to use on the average 108 grams of digestible protein, with 2660 calories of energy when not engaged in manual labor. A series of respiration experiments, made a number of years ago in Munich, by Professor Voit, Dr. Ranke, and others, gave similar results. A little more food would doubtless be needed for ordinary indoor mental labor. A number of studies of dietaries of well-to-do and well-fed men in professional life—lawyers, physicians, and university professors—in Germany and Denmark have shown an average consumption of a very little more protein, and hardly any more energy, than were used by the men in the respiration apparatus.

The inference is that the people in professional and business life in the United States, whose labor is mostly mental and indoors, are inclined to eat more than they need, and that the special excess is in the fuel ingredients, that is to say, the fats and carbohydrates. Taking the results of these and various other experiments together, the details of which cannot be quoted here, we are, I think, justified in believing that the diet of a very large number of people is out of balance. It contains an excess of food-material, and this excess is largely due to the eating of fat meats, sugar, and the starchy foods. These results of accurate observa-

tion and experiment thus accord with and explain the current opinion of hygienists as to our ordinary habit of overeating.

THE SCIENTIFIC ASPECTS OF SUCH INQUIRY.

ONE favorable indication for the future is that these problems are being studied in Europe and, of late, in the United States. There is reason to hope that, with the rapid

progress of science in other lines, it may advance in this direction likewise until the laws of the nutrition of man and of animals shall be far better understood. We may also hope that the knowledge will be disseminated and so applied in practical life that great good will come, not only to health and strength and purse, but to the higher intellectual and moral interests of mankind as well.

W. O. Atwater.

HOME LIFE AMONG THE INDIANS.

RECORDS OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.



HERE are no locks and keys in an Indian tribe. In the tent there is no closet; in the home there can be no secret, for the family skeleton, if there is one, is also public property. This lack of privacy in personal and social affairs becomes a definite factor in the education of the people; its exigencies are potent in the fixing of external habits and in the formation of personal character. The constant exposure to observation, the impossibility of wrestling alone with his petty faults during the formative period of life, develops in the Indian two extremes of feeling—obtuseness as to the interests of others, and over-sensitiveness to blame or approbation of himself. There is no covering up of the follies of youth; every lapse from the tribal standard of rectitude is known to all; and when once fixed in the indelible Indian memory, it is not easy to outgrow one's shortcomings. Reformation of a lost character becomes a discouraging task where there is no forgetting, and where criticism is a common privilege and ridicule a weapon. Reserve is the Indian's only defense, and self-restraint his only safeguard; and these virtues are the earliest lessons which the child receives. Indian reserve, often mistaken for sullenness, is susceptible of philosophical explanation.

Living among the people, I could not fail to be soon impressed by their peculiarities. Occasionally an Indian would unaccountably become silent, would refuse to answer when spoken to, and would turn away from the other inmates of the lodge. His conduct did not seem to surprise or disturb anybody; the voluntary exile to Coventry was allowed to

take his own way unmolested, and to return to society when and how he chose. After I had been for several weeks living in the lodge, never away from the sight and sound of the people, one day I suddenly found myself with my back to all the world, not wishing to speak to, or even to look at, any one. This discovery of my own behavior set me to thinking why I had been guilty of precisely the same conduct which in the Indian I had attributed to savagery. I found that the constant enforced presence of others produced such mental fatigue that exhausted nature's demand for relief must be met in some way, and was met in the only way open to me. This expression of my own mood enlightened me as to many phases of Indian character, and helped me to appreciate all the more the many invariably sunny natures of my acquaintance, among men and women, whose charity raised them above their fellows; who were able to shut their eyes to that which could not be concealed in the lives of those less strong than themselves to resist temptation.

The necessity which we feel of individualizing our living-place, of having some one spot sacred from intrusion, has been partly recognized and provided for in the Indian dwelling. It is true that all live upon the ground, sitting, sleeping, eating there; yet the space within the lodge is divided—not by visible partitions, but by assigning certain places by long-established custom to the several members of the family.

Entering the lodge from the east, one finds the fire burning in the center. All tents, except in rare instances, are pitched facing

the east. To the left, near the door, is the particular domain of the mother. Here are kept the stores in immediate use and the dishes and utensils for cooking. The location is convenient. The woman can slip in and out of the tent, disturbing no one, can bring in the wood and water, prepare the food and cook it at the fire unmolested, except by the toddling children or the voracious puppy. Beyond the mother's place, in the middle of the south side of the lodge, is the space set apart for the father. In the angular space behind him, made by the slant of the tent and the ground, he keeps his personal belongings and his tools. The father's place in the tent is never intruded upon by a stranger; but when a lodge is prepared for a ceremony, it is this place which is occupied by the host of the evening. The rear of the lodge, opposite the entrance, is where all guests are made welcome. It would be as discourteous for a visitor to pass between his host and the fire, and sit down anywhere he chose, as it would be to enter the private apartments of our homes, ignoring the reception-room. When a guest enters an Indian home he turns to the right, passes around the fire to the back of the tent, and seats himself silently where the place is always ready for him, furnished with mats, robes, or blankets. On the other side of the fire, opposite the father's seat, is the place reserved for the older members of the family: it may be the grandfather or the grandmother. By the door on the right the grown sons are to be found. They are supposed to be on the alert to serve their parents, to attend to the horses, or, if occasion require, to protect the family from harm. The children are tucked in among the elder folk, the girls being placed beyond their parents toward the back of the lodge, where they sit and play or sew, unmolested and unnoticed by the visitors who come and go. This order within the tent is so universal that were one to pass into a strange lodge in the dark, he could be reasonably sure of knowing the person he aroused by noting his location.

In the large communal houses, such as the Omaha earth-lodges of the last generation, where more than one family lived, and in the long houses of the Iroquois and of the Pacific tribes, where many groups of kindred were gathered together under one roof, and each family had its separate fire, a like etiquette regarding place was observed within each separate allotted space.

In the Indian family all property is individual; even the small children have their own belongings. Nothing is owned in com-

mon, nor does any one ever attempt to interfere in the control of another's possessions. The man owns his weapons and his tools, his own clothing and his horses; to the wife belongs the tent with the robes, and she owns the domestic utensils and her own particular horses, and all property used in common by the family is hers, over which she holds unquestioned right of disposition.

One day at a festival an Indian acquaintance of mine gave away a valuable horse. I was surprised at her act, knowing something of the circumstances of the family; and I privately asked her, as we sat together, if her husband was willing to part with the animal. She looked at me blankly for a moment, and then said: "The horse was mine; what had he to say about it?" I ventured to explain that a white woman would first have asked her husband's consent. "I would n't be a white woman," she said, after a little reflection, as she sprang up to join the dance, her snapping necklaces and ear-pendants emphasizing her opinion as she kept time to the rhythm of the song.

One would hardly suppose that there could be particular rules as to the manner of sitting upon the ground; but here, as in every other part of Indian life, there is a rigid observance of custom. Men may properly sit upon their heels or cross-legged, but no woman may assume these attitudes. She must sit sidewise, gathering her feet well under her, and make a broad, smooth lap. When working she may kneel or squat, and when resting she, as well as the men, may sit with legs extended; but at all other times men and women must observe the etiquette of posture distinctive of sex. To rise without touching the ground with the hand, springing up lightly and easily to the feet, is a bit of good breeding very difficult for one not to the manner born. Careful parents are particular to train their children in these niceties of behavior. Among the Winnebagos the little girls are drilled in the proper way of standing when under observation on dress occasions. Their position of feet and hands is also the proper one for the women in certain religious dances. While among the Sioux, a mother with a good-sized family of boys and girls propounded to me the question whether white women did not find their daughters more trouble than their sons; she was sure she did. "Look at those girls," said she; "I have their clothes to make, their hair to braid, and to see that they learn how to behave. Now, my boys are no trouble." As I glanced at the group of children, the glossy

braids of the girls falling over their single smock, and the boys, naked but for the breech-clout, their miniature scalp-lock ornamented with a brass sleigh-bell surmounting a snarl of frowzy hair, I recognized the kinship of maternal perplexities the world over.

Indian good breeding forbids that a newly arrived guest should be spoken to until he has rested, collected his thoughts, and at his own pleasure opened the conversation. The talk at first is always upon light, common topics; if there is any matter of weight to be presented or discussed, though it may be the special object of the visit, it is reserved until the last, often one or two days passing before it is even mentioned.

The guests of an Indian home who are not relatives are generally elderly persons; young people seldom make visits outside their family circle, which, however, is never narrow, owing to the far-reaching recognition of Indian relationships. Sometimes a young man of prominence is the bearer of a message from one chief to another, and then he is ceremoniously received, and after transacting his business he departs as he came, unknown even by name to the younger members of the family.

In the Indian household, as in our own, children bear an important part. The baby is the constant companion of its mother; not that other members of the family do not share in the care of it, but the little one is kept closely under the maternal eye. Soon after birth it is laid in its own bed, which is often profusely ornamented, and is always portable. A board about a footwide and three feet long is covered with a feather pillow or with layers of soft skins. Upon these the baby is fastened by broad bands of skin, flannel, or calico. When asleep the child's arms are bound under cover, but they are released when it awakes. A great portion of the infant's time is spent lying upon a soft robe or blanket, where it can kick and crow to its heart's content. If, however, the mother should be so engaged as to be frequently called out of the tent, the baby is laced upon its board, and hung up under a tree, or placed where there is no danger of falling. Should the mother have to go any distance from home, she will slip the strap of the board over her head, and the baby goes along, winking at the great world from its mother's back. Long journeys on horses are made by babies snugly packed and hung from the horn of the mother's saddle.

There is something to be said in favor of the *tekas*, as the Nez Percés call the babies'

cradle-board, as a safe means of handling and carrying infants. The child is not lifted by its arms or weighted by long garments, nor is its feeble back strained in balancing on the arm of its nurse. By this simple, comfortable device Indian babies are secured from tumbles and the many other mishaps which come to the child in civilization.

Each tribe has its peculiar fashion in the construction and ornamentation of the cradle-board. The head of the infant is generally so arranged as to rest upon the back, so that nearly all Indian heads show a slight flattening of the occiput. In a large family where I was a familiar guest, I noticed that the youngest child had not this peculiarity, and calling the mother's attention to it, she laughingly said: "I never could keep that boy on the board. The older ones would always take him off to play with him. His head was always rolling, and I think that is what makes him so mischievous now."

Swinging cradles are made by setting two crocheted sticks in the ground, between which are stretched ropes made of withes, over which a skin or blanket is folded. The father is often seen, as he fashions or mends his implements, swinging the little one to keep it asleep.

Children when five or six months old, and until they are able to walk firmly, are often carried on the back. The mother's blanket is drawn up over the child, which during the adjustment clings closely about its mother's neck. She crosses the upper corners of the blanket over her breast, tucking them in her girdle, which also holds the blanket close at the back; then the mother gives a gentle but decided shrug, and the child loosens its arms and settles into its bag-like bed, peering comfortably over its mother's shoulder.

The crying of infants is always prevented, if possible; but I have never heard a little one put to sleep with a song. Both men and women make a weird sound for a lullaby. It is like the wind in the pine-trees. Who knows what far-away echoes of ancient migrations by forest and ocean may linger in this bit of nursery lore?

When the Omaha infant is four or five days old, the father calls together to a feast the principal men of his gens. On this occasion those who belong to the father's sub-gens act as hosts, and, according to Indian custom, cannot partake of the food. After the repast, an old man, selected by the father from his near of kin, bestows upon the child a *ne-ke-ae* name—one belonging to

the father's sub-gens, but not borne by any living person.

In some gentes there is the additional ceremony of placing the peculiar objects of taboo beside the infant, or of painting their symbols upon it, as in the Tapa, a deer gens, when the child is decorated with spots like those of the fawn. The penalties attached to any disobedience of the rules of its gens respecting the use of proscribed articles are then recited over the new-born Omaha child.

There is a belief in the tribe that certain persons understand the language of infants. When a baby cries persistently, as if in distress, some one of these knowing folk is sent for to listen to the child and find out its trouble. So, also, there is a notion that an infant can be impressed by the instruction imparted to it when its tribal name is bestowed.

In olden times no Omaha child put on moccasins or had its hair cut until these acts were first performed ceremonially by an old man of the *In-shtá-sunda* gens, to whom had descended this tribal duty.¹ In the spring, when the grass was well up and the corn planted, the parents took their three-year-old boy, who could now "walk steadily," to the tent of the *In-shtá-sunda*. The mother carried with her a little pair of embroidered moccasins, wherein she had stitched many hopes and plans for her son, while gifts for the old man were borne in the arms of the child's little playmates. On entering the tent the mother said, "Venerable man, I desire my child to wear moccasins." The boy was then led up to the old man, who gathered in his hand the hair on the top of the child's head, tied it in a bunch, then cut it off and laid it away. This done, he clothed the little feet in the new moccasins, and grasping the boy by the arms near the shoulders, lifted him from the ground, turned him slowly to the left, lowering him at each point of the compass until his feet touched the earth, and in this way completed the circle. This was repeated four times, and when the feet of the boy rested on the ground at the completion of the final circuit, he was gently urged forward with this invocation:

May Wakanda have compassion upon you.
May your feet rest long upon the earth.
Walk forth now into the path of life.

When the boy reached home his hair was trimmed by his father in the symbolic manner of his gens,² and every spring until he

was seven or eight years old his hair was cut in this symbolic style. After that it was suffered to grow, and was dressed in the general tribal fashion. Now and ever after through life a small lock was parted off in a circle upon the crown of the head, and kept carefully braided. Upon this scalp-lock the decorations of youth and the talisman of maturity were tied, and to braid these locks in fine strands was the duty and pride of the sister or wife.

There was a belief among the Omahas that there exists a subtle relation between a person and the things which he has worn or used. A father who was ambitious for his son to achieve a valorous career would take with him on some warlike expedition the moccasins of his boy. When the farthest part of his journey had been reached he would lay the little shoes upon the prairie, saying: "So shall my child walk far and bravely over the land"; and he would leave the moccasins there "to draw their owner after them."

If grief for the loss of a child drove a man forth to kill or be killed, he carried in his belt the little moccasins of the dead. If he slew an enemy, he placed the moccasins beside the slain, in the belief that thenceforth his child would have a brave companion in the spirit-world to guide his faltering feet.

The summer days are none too long for Indian children at their play. They mimic the occupations of their elders. Miniature tents are set up, and the mother's shawl is sometimes purloined from her pack to serve as tent-covering. If the boys are inclined to gallantry, they will cut tall sunflower-stalks for poles, and there will be fine sport with a tent large enough to creep into; no matter if feet and legs protrude, heads are under cover, and children are children all the world over in the delight of "make-believe." Boys and girls sometimes join in playing "going on the hunt"; the play tents are taken down, and poles and bundles tied upon the boy ponies, who are obedient or fractious, as the case may be, obstinate when fording streams, and stampeding when attacked by enemies. Some boys carry their pony reputations through life. Women have laughingly pointed out to me certain elderly men who were in childhood their "very bad" or their "very good ponies."

Playthings are improvised by the Indian youngster with no small power of invention. Fine war-bonnets are made from corn-husks,

¹ This ceremony was elaborate, comprising a dramatic ritual, invocations to the unseen powers, with the use of certain symbols.

² In Vol. LI, p. 460, of *THE CENTURY*, the manner of cutting the hair of children in the different gentes of the Omaha tribe is illustrated.

at the expense of much time and labor, and everything that children see is modeled in clay: dishes, pipes, ponies, whole villages, show their imitative faculty, while coffins with a bit of glass set in the lid covering a pinched-up baby indicate their keen observation of new customs. Dolls vary as much as the children and their surroundings. Stone babies are not uncommon among the Alaskans, dull enough in appearance, but evidently responsive in the fancy of the small Northwesterner. Dollies made of fawn-skin, with painted eyes and cheeks and real hair, having hands with wonderfully tapering fingers, and clad in gala garments and moccasins fitting well their diminutive feet, are the delight of the children of the plains. One woman who was skilful in the manufacture of dolls made a pair for me, but refused to duplicate them, because she had already used nearly all her own hair in the construction of dolls. Hobby-horses for boys are as universal as dolls for girls. The sunflower-stalk with one nodding blossom left on the end is a favorite pony. In their races the boys ride one stalk and trail two or three others after them as "fresh horses," thus increasing the dust and excitement of the play.

When the Omaha tribe is in camp, a boy of either side of the *Hob-thu-ga*, or tribal circle, dares not venture to cross the invisible line which divides the *In-shtá-sunda* from the *Hun-ga-chey-nú*. If he were sent across on an errand, he would secure the company of several other boys of his own side, for a fight is as apt to take place as at the meeting of "gangs" in our own towns and villages. In general their sports are not characterized by quarrelsomeness, for Indian children are remarkably peaceable, and seldom require punishment.

Among Indians, as elsewhere, there are games with songs, which are traditional among the children; and "follow my leader" carries many a boy into plights full of rough-and-tumble fun, while ball, throwing sticks, hoop-catching, hunting the moccasin, and guessing-games delight the young and the old. Indeed, at an early age the love of chance games leads to the gambling away of all sorts of articles, from the varied treasures of a small boy's pockets to the entire property of the man. During winter there is coasting, with cakes of ice for sleds; or, placing one foot before the other upon a smooth stick curved like a barrel-stave, holding on to a string tied to the forward end with one hand, and with a long balancing-pole in the other, a lad will shoot down a bluff at

fearful speed, avoiding disaster with wonderful skill.

The Nez Percé Indians during the winter formerly lived in communal lodges, which were from 100 to 150 feet in length and about 20 feet wide. The depressions in the earth where these dwellings stood are still visible at abandoned village sites on the borders of the Clearwater River. Twenty or more families occupied one of these long lodges; their fires were about ten feet apart, and between every two fires an elongated entrance projected from the side of the structure, with closely woven mats hung at the outer and inner openings.

The discipline of the children of a village was delegated to certain men called *Pe-wet-tá-te-pats* (the whippers). They were appointed by the chiefs, and inspired a wholesome awe in quarrelsome and disobedient boys and girls, and, indeed, in the whole juvenile population; for when any children in a lodge were reported as needing punishment, all the little folk were forced to share in it. The hour for this exercise was just at dark; and when the well-known step of the whipper was heard approaching, and the mat was lifted and fell behind him, every youngster began to howl in anticipation of approaching woe. The last one to lie down on his face and receive his thrashing was the really guilty one, that he might have the benefit of prolonged anticipation. The hubbub in the lodge at the hour of discipline is easier to fancy than to describe. Parents of an innocent child frequently contrived his absence at this time; he would be sent upon some errand, perhaps to catch a pony, and the little fellow would gladly plunge through snow and travel far to be beyond the reach of the rod. If, however, a really guilty child absented himself, the whipping was administered on his return. That many a boy, in his wrath, resolved to thrash the grandchildren of the *Pe-wet-tá-te-pats* when he grew up to be a man and was himself the whipper, is not to be wondered at. There may have been little philosophizing in the Nez Percé's mode of discipline, but he copied the methods of Nature, and his rules were as indiscriminating as her laws.

There is a general belief among Indians that children should be made hardy so as to be capable of great endurance later in life. In some tribes the training is severe, but the old men and women subjected to it when young are examples of vigor and activity when threescore and ten and even at fourscore years of age.

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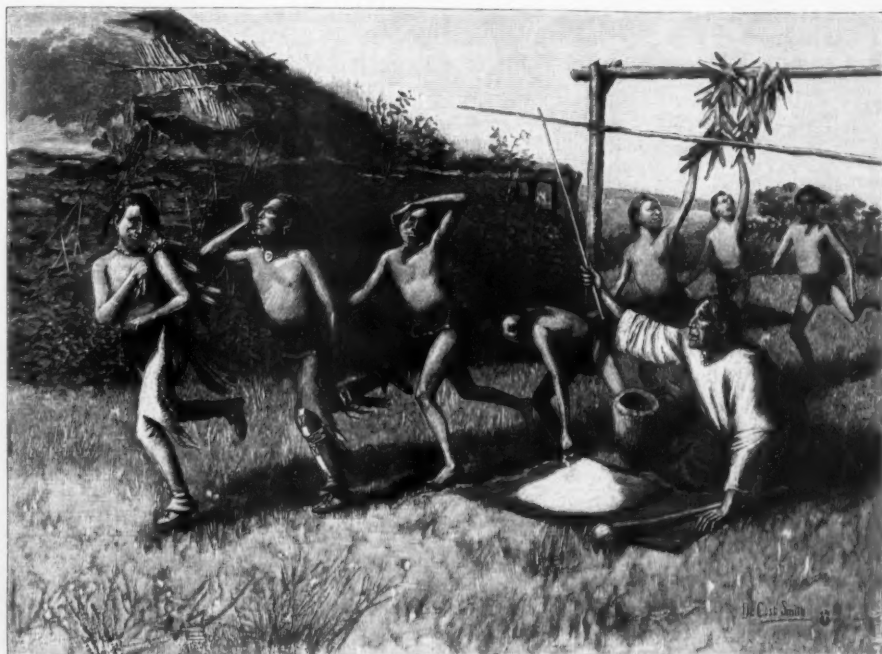
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It was the rule among the Nez Percés that all boys and girls about thirteen years old, in good health, should plunge into the river every morning, and remain a given time up to their necks in water. The rapid stream was frequently filled with broken ice, and to prevent the body from being cut, a mat was tied about the neck and adjusted over the part most exposed to the running ice. The

themselves; two or three are sometimes thus tied up together by the watchful mother of the family.

In the Indian home no one is addressed by his personal name. It is very bad manners even to mention the name of a man or woman in his or her presence. Persons are spoken of by terms of relationship only, and I shall never forget my first practical introduction



DRAWN BY DE COST SMITH.

INDIAN BOYS PLAYING "FOLLOW MY LEADER."

ENGRAVED BY A. HEGRI.

arms and legs were to be kept in violent motion, and the child must shout at the top of his lungs. Should he shirk or try to get out of the water too soon, the switch of the whipper would be sure to add to his torment; and should any one succeed in escaping the morning plunge, he took his whipping at night. On returning to the lodge, the children were wrapped in blankets and kept away from the fire during the period of reaction. A certain white pole in the lodge was the tally-post upon which every child marked in black each of his baths.

The Omahas are very careful to protect their children from cold when asleep. In the winter the mercury remains for a long time below zero, and the nights are often bitterly cold; then the little ones are put into robes, and laced up so that they cannot uncover

to the intricacies of the Indian system of consanguinity; the result of all my study upon the subject was as nothing before the incongruous complications that faced me. One day, determined to master my perplexities, I went to an Indian friend. "Do you think," I said, "you can make me understand why you call the young man who was here yesterday 'grandfather,' and the little girl who ran in this morning 'mother'?"

"I never thought about it," she answered; "but it must sound queer to you. The young man was father's uncle, so he is my 'grandfather.'"

"I don't see why. I wish you would begin at the beginning."

"Where is the beginning?"

Taking out my note-book, and writing as I spoke: "You call your father and mother

as we do, and their brother and sister (uncle) and (aunt).»

«No, I don't,» she interrupted. «Mother's brother I call (uncle,) and father's sister I call (aunt); but mother's sister I call (mother,) and father's brother I call (father.)»

«Wait! I must write it down and look at it. You have no (uncles) on your father's side, nor (aunts) on your mother's. What do you call your cousin?»

«I have n't any. Those you call cousins I call (brothers) or (sisters,) except the children of my uncle; these, if girls, are (mothers,) and if boys are (uncles.)»

«Why?»

«I don't know that I can explain it.» Then, after a pause, she added: «A man has a right to marry his wife's niece,—that is, his wife's

brother's daughter,—and we always speak of relations which might come about just as if they existed; so the daughter of my uncle might become my father's wife; therefore I call her (mother.)»

«I see. You call the girl (mother) because your father has the right to marry her, and the boy (uncle) because he is the brother of a possible (mother.)»

«You have it now.»

«I wonder if I can make out why you call your father's uncle (grandfather.) The uncle's daughter might be your father's (mother,) and you would address the father of the one your father called (mother) as (grandfather)?»

«That 's it,» she exclaimed; «I never thought it all out before. It is very simple.»

«I am glad it seems so to you, but I am



DRAWN BY DE COST SMITH.

ENGRAVED BY K. C. ATWOOD.

OMAHA GIRLS FALLING INTO LINE FOR A GAME OF BALL.

sure I should have to work out my might, could, or should be (mothers,) (uncles,) and (grand-fathers) like algebraic problems.»

«It does make trouble; not that way, but about getting married. Every girl has ever so many men who have a right to marry her; all whom she calls brothers-in-law have that right.»

«Talk slowly, and tell me whom you call (brothers-in-law.)»

«All the husbands of my sisters, and these husbands' brothers, and all the husbands of my aunts.»

«Why should you call all these men (brothers-in-law)?»

«According to Indian custom, a man has a right to marry all the (sisters) and (nieces) of his wife; you know, polygamy used to be common.»

«I understand. These (brothers-in-law) are potential husbands of your (sister); but why does this make trouble in getting married?»

«Because,» she answered, «a young man has to give valuable presents to satisfy the claims of all these men who have a right to the girl.»

«Is that why men give presents for girls?»

«It is partly the reason. Indians always cancel a claim by a gift; and besides, the young man must part with something he prizes to show that he cares for the girl he wants to marry. I have read hard things written about Indians buying and selling their women, and they seem unjust to me. Presents are a necessity, you see, according to our custom.»

The uncle is a privileged character in the home circle. He can play tricks upon nephews and nieces, which they may return in kind, and no offense will be taken by either. No such familiarity exists between the children and any other relative or friend. The uncle has in some instances a control over his sister's children rivaling that of the parents. In tribes where descent is traced only through the mother the uncle is the masculine head of the family; but where, as with the Omahas, the child follows the gens of his father, the uncle occupies the place of first friend and playmate to the children.



DRAWN BY DE COST SMITH.

ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

OMAHA MOTHER AND CHILDREN.

One evening the skin hanging over the lodge entrance was lifted, and the uncle stepped in, a handsome, merry fellow, wrapped in a red blanket. Something queer in the outline of it caught the eye of the eldest son of the family, a boy about twelve years old, who ran to see what was hidden under the folds of his uncle's robe, when suddenly a gun was leveled at the lad, who jumped away in pretended terror. The uncle, throwing himself down with a laugh, began taking the gun to pieces, the boy intently watching the operation.

«You shall have this gun,» said the uncle, «when you have earned it. You must dance for it.»

«All right,» said the boy, jerking his shoulders to make ready; then, lifting his feet, and bringing them down with a thud, with his small brown hands clutching tight the sides of his shirt, he vigorously kept time to his uncle's song and improvised drum.

«The hammer is won; now you must dance for the ramrod.»

«All right,» responded the lad, rising from

the robe upon which he had dropped to regain his breath; and again his feet and body rose and fell, the ribbons on his scalp-lock fluttering, and the perspiration dropping from his brows.

"The ramrod is yours. Here is the barrel; I can't let you have this unless your sister dances too."

"Come," said the boy, seizing the little girl's hand; and she, nothing loath, planted her wee moccasined feet close together, and hopped lightly about, with arms dropped by her side and body erect, her bead necklace glistening, and her glossy black braids shining in the firelight.

"This is all I have left," said the saucy uncle, holding high over his head the gunstock. "You can't have this unless—" here he paused and looked about with mischievous glee—"unless grandmother dances."

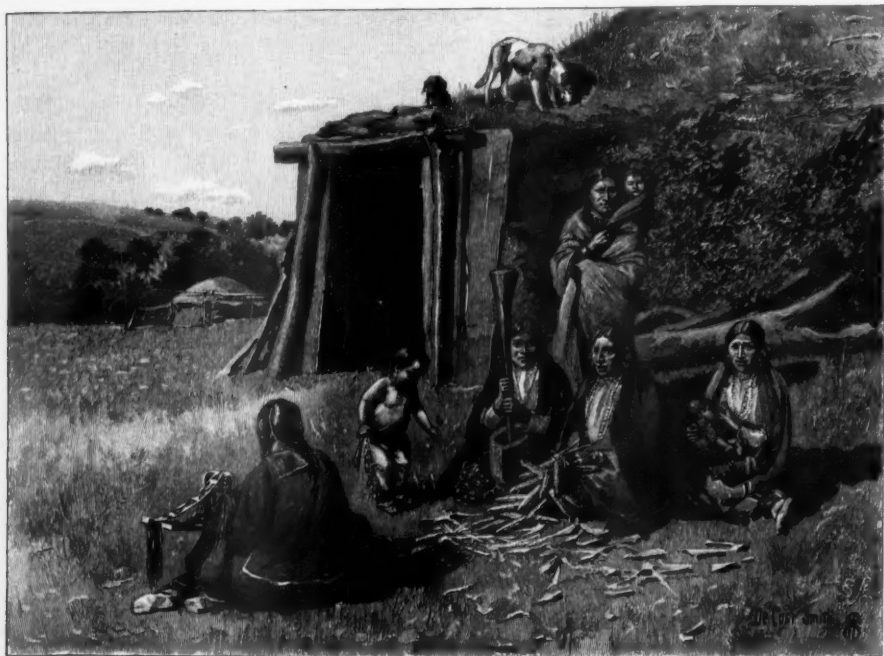
Unchecked by this audacity, the boy grasped the old woman, crying breathlessly, "Oh, come, or I shall lose my gun!"

Shouts of laughter rang through the lodge as the grandmother, dropping her blanket, rose nimbly to her feet, and gallantly reinforced the excited boy. The elders recalled their youth as they watched her spirited movements, and the grandfather whispered,

"The young women nowadays can't dance as the girls did when I was young."

Close to every home lodge a play-house tent was set up by the mother, and here there was uproarious fun in the bright days. Thither the children carried their spare food, and sometimes their entire meal, that the little girls might give a feast to their playmates. Many a time, in passing among the lodges, I have heard the laughter of the children; and perhaps a merry face would peer out at the top of the baby tent, an old handkerchief bound about the head to keep in place a wig of yellow grass representing the locks of an old woman.

In the long winter evenings story-telling delighted both young and old. No one told tales in the summer, for the snakes would hear and make trouble. These folk-tales of the Indians resemble those found among all peoples the world over: men and animals involved in a common fate, befriending or opposing one another. Some of the myths were interspersed with songs, which the children teased their mothers to sing; and these constituted the only nursery music in the tribe. The adventures in the myths, with their songs, were sometimes turned into games by the little folk, who greatly enjoyed



DRAWN BY DE COST SMITH.

EARTH-LODGE—WOMEN POUNDING AND BRAIDING CORN.

ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.



DRAWN BY DE COST SMITH.

INTERIOR OF AN EARTH-LODGE—DANCING FOR THE GUN.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES ESTATE.

representing the birds or animals of the stories.

There are home duties as well as pleasures for the children. Boys are required to look after the ponies, to lend a hand in planting, to help in the harvest; and they are often made to do active duty as scarecrows in the newly planted field, where, like little Bo-peep, they fall fast asleep. The girls help to gather wood, bring water, and look after the younger ones. As they grow older they are taught to cut, sew, and make garments. In former days, the old Omahas say, no girl was considered marriageable until she had learned to tan skins, make tents and clothing, prepare meat for drying, and could cultivate corn and beans; while a young man who had not learned to make his own weapons and to be a skilful hunter was not considered fitted to take upon himself the responsibilities of the provider of a family.

In the olden times the Omahas pounded their corn into a coarse meal, a few grains at a time, between two round stones, or reduced it to powder in a mortar made from a section of the trunk of a tree, which was hollowed out by burning. The bottom was sharpened to a point so it could easily be driven into the ground and the mortar made

firm and steady. The pestle was a long stick shaped not unlike our ordinary pestle; but the blow was struck by the small end entering the mortar, the weight of the larger end adding effectiveness to the stroke.

On the Pacific coast and among the mountain tribes the *kaus* and other roots are still pounded fine on a flat stone, over which is placed a flaring basket, open at the bottom, and held in place by forked sticks catching the edge and driven into the ground. Into this basket mortar the roots are poured, after having been dried in a sort of oven made in the earth and lined with stones. The rapidity of stroke of the woman, lifting the stone pestle weighing several pounds, and bringing it down with precision on the foundation-stone, while with her left hand she sorts the roots within the basket, must be seen to be realized. These pestles, made from basaltic rock, are sometimes well shaped, and finished with an ornamentation at the top, and are not infrequently preserved through several generations.

Among the Omahas I collected a score of receipts for preparing and cooking corn; but for all that, there was little variety in Indian food. In the absence of any native animals producing milk and eggs, the cuisine was

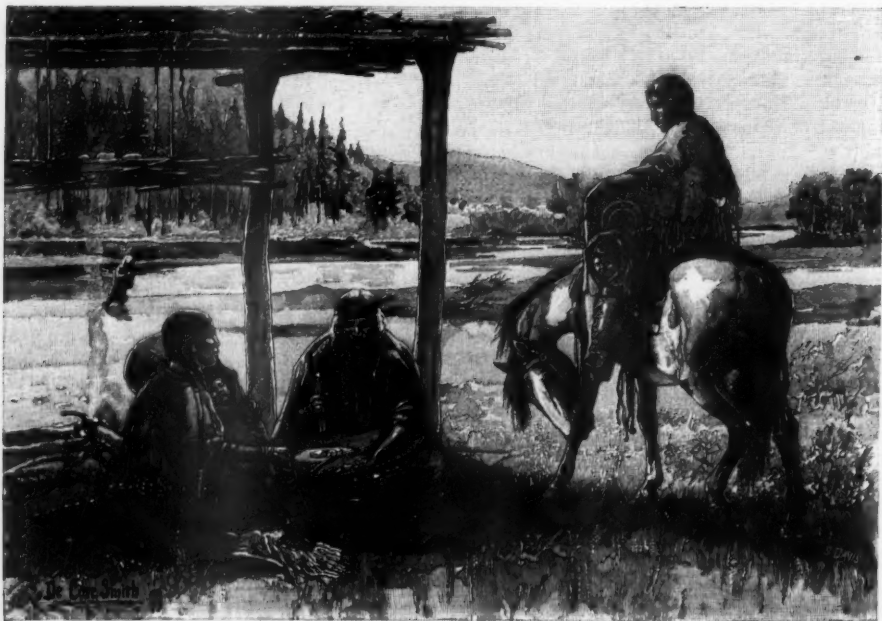
necessarily limited, and opportunities for an elaborate menu were wholly wanting. The mother served the food to the family, but before partaking of it the ceremony of acknowledging that all is from Wakanda was usually observed. A bit of meat was raised, turned to the four points of the compass, and dropped into the fire. (In some feasts given by societies this remembrance became elaborate in form.) If any guests were invited, it was usual for them to bring their own dishes. As all families had to be ready to move camp upon short notice, it was useless to accumulate goods and chattels that could neither be transported nor left behind in safety; consequently there was no great number of extra dishes in any family. Indian custom obliged one to eat or to carry away all that was served him. The idea underlying this form of hospitality was that no one should travel hungry, the extra food serving for refreshment on the journey.

This custom, so unlike our own, has led to queer misunderstandings and criticisms, as when an Indian has been offered a platter containing the family supply of food, and he has gravely appropriated the whole. On the other hand, Indians have told me of their discomfort, when visiting white folk, at being forced to eat so much, not knowing that

we permit a person to decline food without giving offense.

There is another custom, in violation of which a good missionary once became the subject of Indian criticism. Among the Sioux, if a kettle is borrowed, it must be returned with a portion of what was cooked in it remaining in the bottom. The missionary, desirous of setting an example of neatness, returned the borrowed vessel nicely cleaned, and was charged with being stingy and covetous, «like her race.»

The tribe, as has been shown, is made up of groups of kindred, and the life within these groups reveals a bond of affection strong and vital. Although words of endearment are seldom, if ever, spoken openly, there are other signs that betray the warm heart beneath the cold exterior. The Indian hazards his life for his friend. The cords of love between parent and child are the warp upon which are woven every feeling and every act. The love of country amounts to a passion, men and women longing with a fervor we cannot understand for the familiar scenes of their youth, clinging even to bits of detail in the never-to-be-forgotten landscape. Said an exiled Indian to me: «Oh, how I miss the color in the grass of my home!»



DRAWN BY DE COST SMITH.

NEZ PERCÉS POUNDING KAUS AND VISITING.

ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.



DRAWN BY DE COST SMITH.

MOVING CAMP.

ENGRAVED BY R. C. ATWOOD.

Banished from his native soil, or bereft of his dear ones, the Indian easily falls into listlessness, or plunges into deeds that may end a life he no longer cares to cherish.

The entrance of death into the family circle rends the veil of silence that infolds the Indian. In the presence of his dead the Omaha breaks forth into terms of endearment that custom forbade should ever be poured into the ear of the living—words which bear the burden of a love stronger than death, but which must be heard only by the released spirit.

Long ago, in his mountain fastnesses, the heartbroken, aged Nez Percé gathered his dead son in his arms, and found comfort only in the opened grave, which closed over the dead and the living together.

Looking upon my experience of Indian life, against a background of poverty and rude circumstance stands forth the picture of unfailing family affection and faithfulness, of unhesitating hospitality and courtesy toward strangers, a modesty of demeanor at all times, and a spirit of happiness and content that left little room for ambition or envy.

Alice C. Fletcher.

TO-MORROW AND TO-DAY.

TO-MORROW hath a rare, alluring sound;
To-day is very prose; and yet the twain
Are but one vision seen through altered eyes.
Our dreams inhabit one; our stress and pain
Surge through the other. Heaven is but to-day
Made lovely with to-morrow's face, for aye.

Richard Burton.



DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.

«HERE, ANDRÉ! A SPY!»

HUGH WYNNE, FREE QUAKER:

SOMETIME BREVET LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ON THE
STAFF OF HIS EXCELLENCY GENERAL WASHINGTON.

BY DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL,

Author of «Far in the Forest,» «Roland Blake,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY HOWARD PYLE.

XX.

I SHALL pass lightly over the next two months. I saw Jack rarely, and McLane kept us busy with foraging parties and incessant skirmishes. Twice we rode disguised as British troopers into the very heart of the city, and at night as far down as Second street bridge, captured a Captain Sandford and carried him off in a mad ride through the pickets. The life suited maid Lucy and myself admirably. I grew well and strong, and, I may say, paid one of my debts when we stole in and caught a rascal named Varnum, one of our most cruel turnkeys. This hulking coward went out at a run through the lines, strapped behind a trooper, near to whom I rode, pistol in hand. We got well peppered and lost a man. I heard Varnum cry out as we passed the outer picket, and supposed he was alarmed, as he had fair need to be.

We pulled up a mile away, McLane, as usual, laughing like a boy just out of a plundered apple-orchard. To my horror, Varnum was dead, with a ball through his brain. His arms, which were around the trooper's waist, were stiffened, so that it was hard to unclasp them. This rigidity of some men killed in battle I have often seen.

On Saturday, the 16th of May, Marquis Lafayette came to our huts and asked me to walk apart with him. We spoke French at his request, as he did not wish to be overheard, and talked English but ill. He said his Excellency desired to have fuller knowledge of the forts on the Neck and at the lower ferry, as well as some intelligence as to the upper lines north of the town. Mr. Hamilton thought me very fit for the affair, but the general-in-chief had said, in his kind way, that I had suffered too much to put my neck in a noose, and that I was too well known in the town, although it seemed to him a good choice.

When the marquis had said his say I remained silent, until at last he added that I was free to refuse, and none would think the worse of me; it was not an order.

I replied that I was only thinking how I should do it.

He laughed, and declared he had won a guinea of Mr. Hamilton. «I did bet on your face. I make you my compliments, and shall I say it is «Yes»?»

«Yes; and I shall go to-morrow, Sunday.» And with this he went away.

When I told McLane he said it was a pity, because the redcoats were to have a grand fandango on the 18th, and he meant to amuse himself that evening, which he did to some purpose, as you shall hear.

I spent the day in buying from a farmer a full Quaker dress, and stained my face that night a fine brownish tint with pokeberry juice. It was all the ink we had.

Very early on the 17th I rode at dawn with a trooper to my aunt's house, and in the woods back of it changed my clothes for the Quaker rig and broad-brimmed hat. To my delight, my aunt did not know me when I said I wanted to buy her remaining cow. She was angry enough until I began to laugh and told her to look at me. Of course she entreated me not to go, but seeing me resolved, bade me take the beast and be off. She would do without milk; as for me, I should be the cause of her death.

I set out about six with poor Sukey, and was so bothered by the horrible road and by her desire to get back to her stall that it was near eleven in the morning before we got to town. As usual, food was welcome, and a trooper was sent with me to the commissary at the Bettering-house, where I was paid three pounds six after much sharp bargaining in good Quaker talk. A pass to return was given me, and with this in my pocket I walked away.

I went through the woods and the Sunday quiet of the camps without trouble, saying I had lost my way, and innocently showing my pass to everybody. Back and to south of the works on Callowhill were the Hessians and the Fourth foot. The Seventh and Fourteenth British Grenadiers lay from Seventh to Fourteenth street; the Yagers at Twenty-second

street, or where that was on Mr. Penn's plan; and so to Cohoesink Creek dragoons and foot. North of them were Colonel Montresor's nine blockhouses, connected by a heavy stockade and abatis, and in front of this chevaux-de-frise and the tangled mass of dead trees which had so beaten me when I escaped. The stockade and the brush and the tumbled fruit-trees were dry from long exposure, and were, I thought, well fitted to defy attack.

I turned west again, and went out to the Schuylkill River, where at the upper ferry was now a bridge with another fort. Then I walked southward along the stream. The guards on the river-bank twice turned me back; but at last, taking to the woods, I got into the open farm country beyond South street, and before dark climbed a dead pine and was able to see the fort near to Mr. James Hamilton's seat of the Woodlands, set high above the lower ferry, which was now well bridged.

Pretty tired, I lay down awhile, and then strolled off into town to get a lodging. When past Walnut street I found the streets unusually full. I had of purpose chosen First day for my errand, expecting to find our usual Sunday quiet; but the licence of an army had changed the ways of this decorous town. Every one had a lantern, which gave an odd look of festivity, and, to comply with the military rule, I bought me a lantern. Men were crying tickets for the play of the "Mock Doctor" on Tuesday, and for Saturday, "The Deuce is in Him!" Others sold places for the race on Wednesday, and also hawked almanacs and Tory broadsides. The stores on Second street were open and well lighted, and the coffee-house was full of redcoats carousing, while loose women tapped on the windows and gathered at the doors. All seemed merry and prosperous. Here and there a staid Quaker in drab walked up the busy street on his homeward way, undistracted by the merriment and noise of the thronged thoroughfare. A dozen redcoats went by to change the guards set at the doors of general officers. A negro paused on the sidewalk, crying, "Pepper-pot, smoking hot!" Another offered me the pleasant calamus-root, which in those days people liked to chew. A man in a red coat walked in the roadway ringing a bell and crying, "Lost child!" Sedan-chairs or chaises set down officers. The quiet, sedate city of Penn had lost its air of demure respectability, and I felt like one in a strange place. This sense of alien surroundings may have helped to put me off my guard; for, because of being a moment careless, I ran a needless risk.

Over the way I saw two blacks holding lanterns so as to show a great bill pasted on a wall. I crossed to look at it. Above was a Latin motto, which I cannot now recall, but the body of it I remember well:

"All Intrepid, able-bodied Heroes who are willing to serve against the Arbitrary Usurpations of a Tyrannickal Congress can now, by enlisting, acquire the polite Accomplishments of a Soldier.

"Such spirited Fellows will, besides their Pay, be rewarded at the End of the War with
Fifty Acres

of Land,
To which every Heroe may retire and Enjoy
His Lass and His Bottle."

This so much amused me that I stood still to gaze; for below it was seen the name of an old schoolmate, William Allen, now a lieutenant-colonel, in want of Tory recruits.

I felt suddenly a rousing whack on the back, and turning in a rage, saw two drunken grenadiers.

"Join the harmy, friend; make a cussed fine Quaker bombardier."

I instantly cooled, for people began to stop, pleased at the fun of baiting a Quaker. The others cried, "Give us a drink, old Thee-and-Thou!" Some soldiers paused, hoping for a ring and a fight. I was pushed about and hustled. I saw that at any moment it might end ill. I had a mighty mind toward anything but non-resistance, but still, fearing to hit the fellows, I cried out meekly, "Thou art wrong, friends, to oppress a poor man." Just then I heard William Allen's voice back of me, crying, "Let that Quaker alone!" As he quickly exercised the authority of an officer, the gathering crowd dispersed, and the grenadiers staggered away. I was prompt enough to slip down High street, glad to be so well out of it.

At the inn of the "Bag of Nails," on Front street, I found a number of Friends, quiet over their Hollands. I sat down in a dark corner, and would have had a well-earned bowl; but I was no sooner seated than in came a man with a small bell, and, walking among the guests, rang it, saying, "It is half after ten, and there will be no more liquor served. No more! no more!"

I knew that it would be impossible to break this decree, and therefore contented myself with cold beef and cole-slaw. I went to bed, and thought over the oddity of my being helped by William Allen, and of how easily I might have been caught.

In washing next morning I was off my

guard, and got rid of the most of my pokeberry juice. I saw my folly too late, but there was no help for it. I resolved to keep my wide brim well down over my face, seeing in a mirror how too much like my own self I had become.

I settled my score and went out, passing down the river-front. Here I counted and took careful note of the war-ships anchored all the way along the Delaware. At noon I bought an «Observer,» and learned that Mr. Howe had lost a spaniel dog, and that there was to be a great festival that night in honor of Sir William Howe's departure for England. Would Darthea be there? I put aside the temptation to see that face again, and set about learning what forts were on the neck of land to south, where the two rivers, coming together at an angle, make what we call the Neck. It was a wide lowland then, but partly diked and crossed by many ditches—a marshy country much like a bit of Holland, with here and there windmills to complete the resemblance.

It was so open that, what with the caution required in approaching the block forts and the wind-about ways the ditches made needful, it was late before I got the information I needed. About nine on this 18th of May, and long after dusk, I came upon the lower fort, as to which the general was desirous of more complete knowledge. I walked around it, and was at last ordered off by the guards.

My errand was now nearly done. My way north took me close to Walnut Grove, the old country-seat of my father's friend Joseph Wharton, whom, on account of his haughty ways, the world's people wickedly called the Quaker duke. The noise of people come to see, and the faint strains of distant music, had for an hour reminded me, as I came nearer the gardens of Walnut Grove, that what McLane had called the great fandango in honour of Sir William Howe was in full activity. Here in the tall box alleys as a child I had many times played, and every foot of the ground was pleasingly familiar.

The noise increased as I approached through the growing darkness; for near where the lane reached the Delaware was a small earthwork, the last of those I needed to visit. I tried after viewing it to cross the double rows of grenadiers which guarded this road, but was rudely repulsed, and thus had need to go back of their line and around the rear of the mansion. When opposite to the outhouses used for servants I paused in the great crowd of townsfolk who were applauding or sullenly listening to the music heard through the open windows. I had no

great desire to linger, but as it was dark I feared no recognition, and stayed to listen to the fine band of the Hessians and the wild clash of their cymbals, which, before these Germans came, no one had heard in the colonies. My work was over. I had but to go far back of the house and make my way to camp by any one of the ferries. Unluckily the music so attracted me that I stayed on, and, step by step, quite at my ease, drew nearer to the mansion.

The silly extravagance of the festival, with its afternoon display of draped galleys and saluting ships gay with flags, and its absurd mock show of a tournament in ridiculous costumes, I have no temptation to describe, nor did I see this part of it. It was meant to honour Sir William Howe, a man more liked than respected, and as a soldier beneath contempt. I had no right to have lingered, and my idle curiosity came near to have cost me dear. The house was precisely like Mount Pleasant, later General Arnold's home on the Schuylkill. In the centre of a large lawn stood a double mansion of stone, and a little to each side were seen outhouses for servants and kitchen use. The open space toward the water was extensive enough to admit of the farcical tilting of the afternoon. A great variety of evergreen trees and shrubs gave the house a more shaded look than the season would otherwise have afforded. Among these were countless lanterns illuminating the grounds, and from the windows on all sides a blaze of light was visible. Back of the house two roads ran off, one to west and one to north, and along these were waggons coming and going, servants, orderlies, and people with supplies.

At this locality there was much confusion, and, picking up a pair of lanterns, I went unquestioned past the guard on the south side of Walnut Lane. Indeed, the sentries here and most of the orderlies were by this time well in liquor. Once within the grounds, which I knew well, I was perfectly at home. No one of the guests was without at the side or front. Now and then a servant passed through the alleys of clipped box to see to the lanterns. I was quite alone. In the shelter of a row of low hemlocks and box I stood on a garden-seat at the south side of the house, fifteen feet from a large bow-window, and, parting the branches, I commanded a full view of the dancing-room. I had no business here, and I knew it; I meant but to look and be gone. The May night was warm and even sultry, so that the sashes were all raised and the curtains drawn aside. I saw with ease a charming scene.

The walls were covered with mirrors lent for the occasion, and the room I commanded was beautifully draped with flags and hangings. Young blacks stood at the doors, or came and went with refreshments. These servants were clad in blue and white, with red turbans and metal collars and bracelets. The six Knights of the Blended Roses, or some like silliness, had cast their queer raiments and were in uniform. Their six chosen ladies were still in party-coloured costumes, which were not to my taste. Most of the women—there were but some three-score, almost all Tories or Moderates—were in the gorgeous brocades and the wide hooped skirts of the day. The extravagance of the costumes struck me. The head-dresses, a foot above the head with aigrets and feathers and an excess of powder, seemed to me quite astonishing.

I stood motionless, caught by the beauty of the moving picture before me. I have ever loved colour, and here was a feast of it hard to equal. There were red coats and gold epaulets, sashes and ribboned orders, the green and red of the chasseurs of Brunswick, blue navy uniforms, the gold lace and glitter of staff-officers, and in and out among them the clouds of floating muslin, gorgeous brocades, flashing silk petticoats, jewels, and streaming ribbons. The air was full of powder shaken from wig, queue, and head-dress; spurs clinked, stiff gown skirts rustled. The moving mass of colour, lovely faces, and manly forms bent and swayed in ordered movement as the music of the grenadier band seemed to move at will these puppets of its harmony.

They were walking a minuet, and its tempered grace, which I have never ceased to admire, seemed to suit well the splendour of the brodered gowns and the brilliant glow of the scarlet coats. I began to note the faces and to see them plainly, being, as I have said, not fifteen feet away from the window. Sir William Howe was dancing with Miss Redman. I was struck, as others have been, with his likeness to Washington, but his face wanted the undisturbed serenity of our great chiefs. I dare say he knew better than to accept as his honest right the fulsome homage of this parting festival. I thought indeed that he looked discontented. I caught glimpses of Colonel Tarleton bowing to Miss Bond. Then I saw Miss Franks sweeping a deep curtsey to Lord Cathcart as he bowed. There were the fair Shippen women, the Chews, the provost's blonde daughter with Sir John Wrottesley, Mrs. Ferguson, my aunt's "Tory cat," in gay chat with Sir Charles

Calder, Galloways, Allens—a pretty show of loyal dames, with—save the officers—few young men I knew.

I started as Darthea moved across the window-space on the arm of André, while following them were Montresor and my cousin. I felt the blood go to my face as I saw them, and drew back, letting the parted branches come together. With this storm of love and hate came again the sudden reflection that I had no right to be here, and that I was off the track of duty. I stood a moment; the night was dark; lights gleamed far out on the river from the battle-ships. The strains of their bands fell and rose, faintly heard in the distance.

I saw as it were before me with distinctness the camp on the windy hill, the half-starved, ragged men, the face of the great chief they loved. Once again I looked back on this contrasting scene of foolish luxury, and turned to go from where I felt I never should have been. Poor old Joseph Wharton! I smiled to think that, could he have known to what worldly use his quiet Quaker home had come, he would have rolled uneasy in his unnamed grave in the ground of the Arch Street Meeting.

Turning, I gave a few moments of thought to my plans. Suddenly the music ceased, and, with laughter and pretty cries of expectation, gay gown and fan and hoop and the many-coloured uniforms trooped out from the doors, as I learned later, to see the fireworks, over which were to be set off for final flattery in fiery letters, "*Tes Lauriers sont Immortels.*" I hope he liked them, those unfading laurels! The shrubbery was at once alive with joyous women and laughing men.

I had not counted on this, and despite my disguise I felt that any moment might put me in deadly peril. The speedy fate of a spy I knew too well.

They were all around me in a minute, moving to and fro, merry and chatting. I heard André say to Darthea: "It must please the general; a great success. I shall write it all to London. Ah, Miss Peniston, how to describe the ladies!"

"And their gowns!" cried Darthea, "their gowns!"

"I am reduced to desperation," said André. "I must ask the women to describe one another; hey, Wynne?" They were now standing apart from the rest, and I, hid by the bushes, was not five feet away.

"A dangerous resource," returned Wynne. "The list of wounded vanities would be large. How like a brown fairy is Miss Franks! Who shall describe her? No woman will dare."

«You might ask Mr. Oliver de Lancey,» said Miss Darthea. «She would be secure of a pretty picture.»

«And you,» said Wynne—«who is to be your painter?»

«I shall beg for the place,» cried André.

«I think I shall take some rebel officer,» said Darthea, saucily. «Think how fresh we should look to those love-starved gentlemen whom Sir William has brought to such abject submission.»

André laughed, but not very heartily. As to Wynne, he was silent. The captain went on to say how sad it was that just as the general was ready to sweep those colonials out of existence—

«Why not say rebels, André?» Wynne broke in.

«Better not! better not! I never do. It only makes more bitter what is bad enough. But where are the fireworks?»

Meanwhile I was in dire perplexity, afraid to stir, hoping that they would move away.

«There is a seat hereabouts,» said my cousin. «You must be tired, Miss Peniston.»

«A little.»

«I will look,» said Wynne. «This way.»

As I was in possession of the seat, I got down at once, but in two steps Arthur was beside me, and for an instant the full blaze from the window caught me square in the face. He was nearest, but Darthea was just behind him, and none other but André close at hand.

«By heavens!» I heard, and my cousin had me by the collar. «Here, André! A spy! a spy! Quick!»

I heard a cry from Darthea, and saw her reel against my cousin's shoulder.

«Help! help! I am—ill.»

Arthur turned, exclaiming, «Darthea! My God!» and thus distracted between her and me, let slack his hold. I tore away and ran around the house, upsetting an old officer, and so through the shrubbery and the servants, whom I hustled one way and another. I heard shouts of «Spy!» «Stop thief!» and the rattle of arms all around me. Several waggons blocked the roadway. I felt that I must be caught, and darted under a wagon body. I was close to the lines as I rose from beneath the wagon.

At this instant cannonry thundered out to north, and a rocket rose in air. The grenadiers looked up in surprise. Seeing the momentary disorder of these men, who were standing at intervals of some six feet apart, I darted through them and into the crowd of spectators. I still heard shouts and orders, but pushed in among the people outside of

the guard, hither and thither, using my legs and elbows to good purpose. Increasing rattle of musketry was heard in the distance, the ships beating to quarters, the cries and noises back of me louder and louder. I was now moving slowly in the crowd, and at last got clean away from it.

What had happened I knew not, but it was most fortunate for me. When a few yards from the people I began to run, stumbling over the fields, into and through ditches, and because of this alarm was at last, I concluded, reasonably safe.

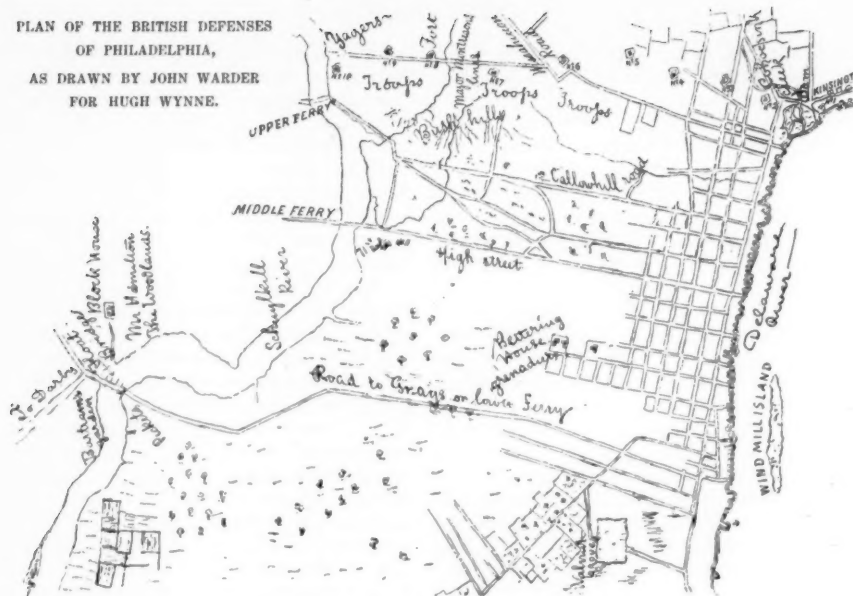
I had run nearly a mile before I sat down to get my breath and cool off. Away to north a great flare of red fire lighted up the sky. What it was I knew not, but sat awhile and gave myself leave to think. My cousin had instantly known me, but he had hesitated a moment. I knew the signs of indecision in his face too well to be misled. I had felt, as he seized me, that I was lost. I could not blame him: it was clearly his duty. But I do not think I should have willingly recognised him under like circumstances. My very hatred would have made me more than hesitate. Still, who can say what he would do in the haste of such a brief moral conflict? I could recall, as I sat still and reflected, the really savage joy in his face as he collared me. How deeply he must love her! He seemed, as it were, to go to pieces at her cry. Was she ill? Did her quick-coming sense of my danger make her faint? I had seen her unaccountably thus affected once before, as he who reads these pages may remember. Or was it a ready-witted ruse? Ah, my sweet Darthea, I wanted to think it that!

The blaze to northward was still growing brighter, and being now far out on the marshes south of the town, I made up my mind to use my pass at the nearer ferry, which we call Gray's, and this, too, as soon as possible, for fear that orders to stop a Quaker spy might cause me to regret delay.

When I came to Montresor's bridge my thought went back to my former escape, and, avoiding all appearance of haste, I stayed to ask the sergeant in charge of the guard what the blaze meant. He said it was an alert.

A few days after, McLane related to me with glee how with Clowe's dragoons and a hundred foot he had stolen up to the lines, every man having a pot of tar; how they had smeared the dry abatis and brush, and at a signal fired the whole mass of dried wood. He was followed into the fastnesses of the Wissahickon, and lost his ensign and a man or two near Barren Hill. The infantry scat-

PLAN OF THE BRITISH DEFENSES
OF PHILADELPHIA,
AS DRAWN BY JOHN WARDER
FOR HUGH WYNNE.



tered and hid in the woods, but McLane swam his horse across the Schuylkill, got the help of Morgan's rifles, and, returning, drove his pursuers up to their own intrenchments. He said it was the best fun he had ever had, and he hoped the Tory ladies liked his fireworks. At all events, it saved my neck.

As I walked through Gray's Lane I fell to reflecting upon André's behaviour, of which I have said nothing. I came to the conclusion that he could hardly have recognised me. This seemed likely enough, because we had not met often, and I too, apart from my disguise, had changed very greatly. And yet why had he not responded to an obvious call to duty? He certainly was not very quick to act on Arthur's cry for help. But Darthea was on his arm, and let it go only when she fell heavily against my cousin.

I had a fine story for Jack, and so, thinking with wonder of the whirl of adventure into which I had fallen ever since I left home, I hurried along. It is a singular fact, but true, that certain men never have unusual adventures. I am not one of these. Even in the most quiet times of peace I meet with odd incidents, and this has always been my lot. With this and other matters in my mind, resolving that never again would I permit any motive to lead me off the track of the hour's duty, I walked along. I had had a lesson.

I sought my old master's house, and reached it in an hour. Here I found food and ready help, and before evening next day,

May 19, was at the camp. I spent an hour in carefully writing out my report, and Jack, under my directions, being clever with the pencil, made a plan of the forts and the enemy's defences, which I took to headquarters, and a copy of which I have inserted in these memoirs. I had every reason to believe that my report was satisfactory. I then went back to discourse with Jack over my adventures. You may see hanging framed in my library, and below General von Knyphausen's sword, a letter which an orderly brought to me the next day:

«SIR: It would be an impropriety to mention in general orders a service such as you have rendered. To do so might subject you to greater peril or to ill treatment were you to fall into the hands of the enemy. I needed no fresh proof of your merit to bear it in remembrance. No one can feel more sensibly the value of your gallant conduct, or more rejoice for your escape.

«I have the honour to be

«Your obed^t Hum^t Serv^t,

«G^e WASHINGTON.

«To Lieut. Hugh Wynne, etc.»

This was all writ in his own hand, as were many of his letters, even such as were of great length. The handwriting betrays no mark of haste, and seems penned with such exactness as all his correspondence shows. It may be that he composed slowly, and thus of need wrote with no greater speed than his

thought permitted. I at least found it hard to explain how, in the midst of affairs, worried, interrupted, distracted, he does at no time show in his penmanship any sign of haste.

When I handed this letter to Jack I could not speak for a moment, and yet I was never much the victim of emotion. My dear Jack said it was not enough. For my own part, a captain's commission would not have pleased me as well. I ran no risk which I did not bring upon myself by that which was outside of my duty; and as to this part of my adventure, I told no one but Jack, being much ashamed of the weakness which came so near to costing me not only my life, but—what would have been worse—the success of my errand.

XXI.

THE warm spring weather, and General Greene's good management as quartermaster, brought us warmth and better diet. The Conestoga wains rolled in with grain and good rum. Drove of cattle appeared, and as the men were fed the drills prospered. Soldiers and officers began to amuse themselves. A theatre was arranged in one of the bigger barns, and we—not I, but others—played *«The Fair Penitent.»* Colonel Grange had a part, and made a fine die of it; but the next day, being taken with a pleurisy, came near to making a more real exit from life. I think it was he who invited Jack Warder to play *Calista*. Lady Kitty Stirling had said he would look the part well, with his fair locks and big innocent blue eyes, and she would lend him her best silk flowered gown and a fine lot of lace. Jack was in a rage, but the colonel, much amused, apologised, and so it blew over. His Excellency and Lady Washington were to see the play, and the Ladies Stirling and Madam Greene were all much delighted.

«The Recruiting Officer» we should have had later, but about the latter part of May we got news of the British as about to move out of my dear home city. After this was bruited about, no one cared to do anything but get ready to leave the winter huts and be after Sir Henry. In fact, long before this got out there was an air of hopeful expectation in the army, and the men began, like the officers, to amuse themselves. The camp-fires were gay, jokes seemed to revive in the warm air, and once more men laughed. It was pleasant, too, to see the soldiers at fives, or the wickets up and the cricket-balls of tightly rolled rag ribbons flying, or fellows at leap-frog, all much encouraged by reason of having better diet, and no need now to

shrink their stomachs with green persimmons or to live without rum. As to McLane and our restless Wayne, they were about as quiet as disturbed wasps. The latter liked nothing better this spring than to get up an alert by running cannon down to the hills on the west of the Schuylkill, pitching shot at the bridges, and then to be off and away before the slow grenadiers could cross in force. Thus it was that never a week went by without adventures. Captain McLane let neither man nor horse live long at ease; but whatever he did was planned with the extreme of care and carried out with equal audacity.

The army was most eager for the summer campaign. We had begun, as I have said, to suspect that Sir Henry Clinton, who had succeeded Howe, was about to move; but whither he meant to march, or his true object, our camp-fire councils could not guess as yet.

Very early in the evening of June 17 I met Captain Hamilton riding in haste. «Come,» he said; «I am to see Wayne and the marquis. Clinton is on the wing, as we have long expected. He will very likely have already crossed into the Jerseys. Will you have a place in the foot if his Excellency can get you a captaincy?»

I said «Yes» instantly.

«You seem to know your own mind, Mr. Wynne. There will be more hard knocks and more glory.»

I thought so too, but I was now again in the full vigour of health, and an appointment in the foot would, as I hoped, bring me nearer to Jack.

And now joy and excitement reigned throughout the camps. The news was true. On the 18th of June Sir Henry Clinton, having gotten ready by sending on in advance his guns and baggage, cleverly slipped across the Delaware, followed by every Tory who feared to remain—some three thousand, it was said.

Long before dawn we of McLane's light horse were in the saddle. As we passed Chestnut Hill I fell out to tell my aunt the good news. I was scarce gone by before she began to make ready to follow us. As we pushed at speed through Germantown, it became sure that the evacuation had been fully accomplished. We raced down Front street at a rate which seemed reckless to me. McLane gave no orders, but galloped on ahead in his usual mad way. The townsfolk were wild with joy. Women stood in tears as we went by, men cheered us, and the boys hurrahed. At Arch and Front streets, as we pulled up, I saw a poor little cornet come out of a house half bewildered and buttoning his

red jacket. I pushed Lucy on to the sidewalk and caught him by the collar. He made a great fuss and had clearly overslept himself. I was hurriedly explaining, amid much laughter, when McLane called out, "A nice doll-baby! Up with him!" And away he went, behind a trooper. At Third street bridge were two other officers, who must have been tipsy overnight and have slept too late. At last, with our horses half dead, we walked them back to Front and High streets, and got off for a rest and a mug of beer at the coffee-house. Soon came a brigade of Virginians, and we marched away to camp on the common called Centre Square.

The streets were full of huzzaing crowds. Our flags, long hid, were flying. Scared tradesmen were pulling down the king's arms they had set over their signs. The better Tory houses were closed, and few of this class were to be seen in the streets.

Major-General Arnold entered after us. Unable, because of his wound, to accept a command in the field, he took up his abode as commandant of the city in Mr. Morris's great house at the northeast corner of Front and High streets. I saw this gallant soldier in May, at the time he joined the camp at the Forge, when he was handsomely cheered by the men. He was a man dark and yet ruddy, soldierly-looking, with a large nose, and not unlike his Excellency as to the upper part of his face. He was still on crutches, being thin and worn from the effects of the hurt he received at Saratoga.

As soon as possible I left the troop and rode away on Lucy down High street to Second and over the bridges to my home.

I was no longer the mere lad I had left it. Command of others, the leisure for thought in the camp, the sense that I had done my duty well, had made of me a resolute and decisive man. As I went around to the stables in the rear of the house it seemed to me as if I must in a minute see those blue eyes, and hear the pretty French phrases of tender love which in times of excitement used to rise to my mother's lips. It is thus as to some we love. We never come to feel concerning them that certainty of death which sets apart from us forever others who are gone. To this day a thought of her brings back that smiling face, and she lives for me the life of eternal remembrance.

No one was in the stable when I unsaddled the tired mare. At the kitchen door the servants ran out with cries of joy. With a word I passed them, smelling my father's pipe in the hall, for it was evening, and supper was over.

He rose, letting his pipe drop, as I ran to fall on his great chest, and pray him to pardon, once for all, what I had felt that it was my duty to do. I was stayed a moment as I saw him. He had lost flesh continually, and his massive build and unusual height showed now a gaunt and sombre man, with clothes too loose about him. I thought that his eyes were filling, but the habits of a life controlled him.

He held to a chair with his left hand, and coldly put out the right to meet my eager grasp. I stood still, my instinct of tenderness checked. I could only repeat, "Father, father, I have come home."

"Yes," he said, "thou hast come home. Sit down."

I obeyed. Then he stooped to pick up his pipe, and raising his strong gray head, looked me over in perfect silence.

"Am I not welcome," I cried, "in my mother's home? Are we always to be kept apart? I have done what, under God, seemed to me his will. Cannot you, who go your way so steadily, see that it is the right of your son to do the same? You have made it hard for me to do my duty. Think as seems best to you of what I do or shall do, but have for me the charity Christ teaches. I shall go again, father, and you may never see me more on earth. Let there be peace between us now. For my mother's sake, let us have peace. If I have cost you dear, believe me, I owe to you such sad hours as need never have been. My mother—she—"

During this outburst he heard me with motionless attention, but at my last word he raised his hand. "I like not thy naming of thy mother. It has been to me ever a reproach that I saw not how far her indulgence was leading thee out of the ways of Friends. There are who by birthright are with us, but not of us—not of us."

This strange speech startled me into fuller self-command. I remembered his strange dislike to hear her mentioned. As he spoke his fingers opened and shut on the arms of the chair in which he sat, and here and there on his large-featured face the muscles twitched.

"I will not hear her named again," he added. "As for thee, my son, this is thy home. I will not drive thee out of it."

"Drive me out!" I exclaimed. I was horror-struck.

"And why not? Since thou wert a boy I have borne all things: drunkenness, debauchery, blood-guiltiness, rebellion against those whom God has set over us, and at last war, the murder of thy fellows."

I was silent. What could I say? The words

which came from my heart had failed to touch him. He had buried even the memory of my mother. I remembered Aunt Gainor's warnings as to his health, and set myself at once to hear and reply with gentleness.

He went on as if he knew my thought: «I am no longer the man I was. I am deserted by my son when I am in greatest need of him. Had it not pleased God to send me for my stay, in this my loneliness, thy Cousin Arthur, I should have been glad to rest from the labours of earth.»

«Arthur! My cousin!»

«I said so. He has become to me as a son. It is not easy for one brought up among disolute men to turn away and seek righteousness, but he hath heard as thou didst never hear, nor wouldst. He hath given up dice and cards, and hath asked of me books such as Besse's (*Sufferings*) and George Fox's (*Testimony*).»

This was said so simply and in such honest faith that I could not resist to smile.

«I did not ask thee to believe me,» said my father, sharply; «and if because a man is spiritually reminded and hath stayed to consider his sin, it is for thee but cause of vain mirth, I will say no more. I have lost a son, and found one. I would it had been he whom I lost that is now found.»

I answered gravely: «Father, the man is a hypocrite. He saw me dying a prisoner in jail, starved and in rags. He left me to die.»

«I have heard of this. He saw some one about to die. He thought he was like thee.»

«But he heard my name.»

«That cannot be. He said it was not thee. He said it.»

«He lied; and why should he have ever mentioned the matter to thee—as indeed he did to others—except for precaution's sake, that if, as seemed unlike enough, I got well, he might have some excuse? It seems to me a weak and foolish action, but none the less wicked.»

My father listened, but at times with a look of being puzzled. «I do not think I follow thy argument, Hugh,» he said; «neither does thy judgment of the business seem favoured by that which I know of thy cousin.»

«Father, that man is my enemy. He hates me because—because Darthea is my friend, and but for her I should have rotted in the jail, with none to help me.»

«Thy grandfather lay in Shrewsbury Gate House a year for a better cause; and as for thy deliverance, I heard of it later. It did seem to Arthur that the young woman had done more modestly to have asked his help than to have been so forward.»

VOL. LIV.—35.

My father spoke with increase of the deliberateness at all times one of his peculiarities, which seemed to go well with the bigness of his build. This slowness in talk seemed now to be due in part to a slight trouble in finding the word he required. It gave me time to observe how involved was the action of his mind. The impression of his being indirect and less simple than of old was more marked as our talk went on than I can here convey by any possible record of what he said. I only succeeded in making him more obstinate in his belief, as was always the case when any opposed him. Yet I could not resist adding: «If, as you seem to think, Arthur is my friend, I would you could have seen his face when at that silly Mischianza he caught me in disguise.»

«Did he not do his duty after thy creed and his?»

«It was not that, father. Some men might have hesitated even as to the duty. Mr. André did not help him, and his debt to us was small. Had I been taken, I should have swung as a spy on the gallows in Centre Square.»

«And yet,» said my father, with emphatic slowness, «he would have done his duty as he saw it.»

«And profited by it also,» said I, savagely.

«There is neither charity nor yet common sense in thy words, Hugh. If thou art to abide here, see that thy ways conform to the sobriety and decency of Friends. I will have no cards nor hard drinking.»

«But good heavens! father, when have I ever done these things here, or indeed anywhere, for years?»

His fingers were again playing on the arms of Mr. Penn's great chair, and I made haste to put an end to this bewildering talk.

«I will try,» I said, «to live in such a way as shall not offend. Lucy is in the stable, and I will take my old room. My Aunt Gainor is to be in town to-morrow.»

«I shall be pleased to see her.»

«And how is the business, father?» I said. «There are no ships at sea, I hope. The privateers are busy, and if any goods be found that may have been for use of the king's people, we might have to regret a loss.»

«I might,» he returned sharply. «I am still able to conduct my own ventures.»

«Of course, sir,» I said hastily, wondering where I could find any subject which was free from power to annoy him. Then I rose, saying, «There is an early drill. I shall have to be on hand to receive General Arnold. I shall not be back to breakfast. Good-night.»

"Farewell," he said. And I went up-stairs with more food for thought than was to my liking. I had hoped for a brief season of rest and peace, and here was whatever small place I held in my father's heart filled by my cousin.

When, not long after, for mere comfort I had occasion to speak to the great Dr. Rush of my father, he said that when the brain became enfeebled men were apt to assign to one man acts done by another, and that this did explain the latter part of my father's talk about cards and drinking. Also he said that with defect of memory came more or less incapacity to reason, since for that a man must be able to assemble past events and review them in his memory. Indeed, he added, certain failures of remembrance might even permit a good man to do apparent wrong, which seemed to me less clear. The good doctor helped me much, for I was confused and hurt, seeing no remedy in anything I could do or say.

I lighted the candles in my old room and looked about me. My cousin had, it appeared, taken up his abode in my own chamber, and this put me out singularly, I could hardly have said why. The room was in the utmost confusion. Only that morning Arthur Wynne had left it. Many of the lazier officers had overslept themselves, as I have said, and came near to being quite left behind. Lord Cosmo Gordon, in fact, made his escape in a skiff just before we entered.

The bed was still not made up, which showed me how careless our slaves must have become. The floor was littered with torn paper, and in a drawer, forgot in Arthur's hurry, were many bills, paid and unpaid, some of which were odd enough; also many notes, tickets for the *Mischianza*, theatre bills, portions of plays,—my cousin was an admirable actor in light parts,—and a note or two in Darthea's neat writing. I had no hesitation in putting them all on the hearth.

There was nothing in me to make me take advantage of what I found. I kept the *Mischianza* tickets, and that was all. I have them yet. On the table were Fox's "Apology," "A Sweet Discourse to Friends," by William Penn, and the famous "Book of Sufferings." In the latter was thrust a small, thin betting-tablet, such as many gentlemen then carried. Here were some queer records of bets more curious than reputable. I recall but two: "Mr. Harcourt bets Mr. Wynne five pounds that Miss A. will wear red stockings at the play on May 9. Won, A. Wynne. They were blue, and so was the lady." "A. W. bets Mr. von Speiser ten pounds that he will drink four quarts of

Madeira before Mr. von S. can drink two; Major de Lancey to measure the wine. Lost, A. W. The Dutch pig was too much for me."

Wondering what Darthea or my father would think of these follies, I tossed the books and the betting-tablet on the pile of bills on the hearth. I have since then been shown in London by General Burgoyne the betting-book at Brooks's Club. There are to be seen the records of still more singular bets, some quite abominable; but such were the manners of the day. My cousin, as to this, was like the rest.

In a closet were cast-off garments and riding-boots. I sent for Tom, and bade him do with these as he liked; then I set fire to the papers on the hearth, ordered the room put in order, and after a pipe in the orchard went to bed.

XXII.

My father was out when, the next day at noon, I found in the counting-house our old clerk Thomas Mason. He, like myself, had seen with distress my father's condition; but he told me, to my surprise, that he was still acute and competent in most matters of business.

"Look at this, Mr. Hugh," he said, showing me careful entries in the day-book, in my father's hand, of nearly one thousand pounds lent to my Cousin Arthur. My father had spoken to Mason of an intention to alter his will. He never did alter it, but, believing me dead, tore it up and made no new one. None of our ships were at sea. Most of them had been sold as transports to the British quartermaster. My sole comfort at home was in the absence of Arthur Wynne, and in the fact that Darthea was in the city, as I learned from Mason.

After this I went at once to see my aunt, but could give her only a few minutes, as I knew McLane would need my knowledge of the neighbourhood. In fact, I was busy for two days looking after the Tory bands who were plundering farms to west of the city.

As soon as possible I went again to see my Aunt Gainer. The good old lady was lamenting her scanty toilet, and the dirt in which the Hessians had left her house. "I have drunk no tea since Lexington," she said, "and I have bought no gowns. My gowns, sir, are on the backs of our poor soldiers. I am not fit to be seen beside that minx Darthea. And how is Jack? The Ferguson woman has been here. I hate her, but she has all the news. If one has no gowns, it is at least a comfort to hear gossip. I told her so, but Lord! the woman does not care a rap if you do but let

her talk. She says Joseph Warder is smit with Darthea's aunt, and what a fine courtship that will be! Old Duché, our preacher, is gone away with Sir William; and now we have my beautiful young man, Mr. White, at Christ Church.»

So the dear lady rattled on, her great form moving among her battered furniture, and her clear voice, not without fine tones, rising and falling, until at last she dropped into a chair, and would hear all my adventures. It was dangerous to wait long when my aunt invited replies; and before I had time to think she began anew to tell me that Darthea had come at once to see her, and of how respectful she was. At this I encouraged my aunt, which was rarely needed, and then heard further that Mrs. Peniston would remain in town, perhaps because of Friend Joseph Warder.

Darthea had also spoken eagerly of Arthur. His people in Wales had written to her—Arthur's father and his brother, who was so ill. «I could not but thank her,» said my aunt, «for that brave visit to the jail, as to which she might have written to me. I told her as much, but she said I was a Whig, and outside the lines, and she did not wish to get her aunt into trouble. (Stuff!) said I; (how came it Mr. Arthur never knew Hugh?) (How could he? You should have seen him,) says my little lady, (and even after he was well. I did not know him, and how should Mr. Wynne?)

«But,» said my aunt, «I made such little additions to his tale as I dared, but not all I wanted to. I promise you they set my miss to thinking, for she got very red, and said it was sheer nonsense. She would ask you herself. She had a pretty picture to show me of Wyncote, and the present man was to be made a baronet. Can a good girl be captured by such things? But the man has some charm, Hugh. These black men»—so we called those of dark complexion—«are always dangerous, and this special devil has a tongue, and can use it well.»

I listened to my aunt, but said little. What chance had I to make Darthea credit me? She had a girl's desire for the court and kings' houses and rank; or was this only one Darthea? Could that other be made to listen to a plain lieutenant in a rebel army? Perhaps I had better go back and get knocked on the head. Would she love me the better for proving Arthur a rascal?

I said as much to Aunt Gainor. At this she got up, crying: «Good heavens! there is a Hessian cockroach! They are twice as big as they were. What a fool you are! The girl is beginning to be in doubt. I am sorry you

have driven the man away. A pretty tale your mother had in French of her dear Midi, of the man who would have Love see, and pulled the kerchief off his eyes, whereon the boy's wings tumbled off, and he sat down and cried because he could no longer fly. When a scamp loves a good girl, let him thank the devil that love is blind.»

Here was Aunt Gainor sentimental, and clever too. I shook my head sadly, being, as a man should be, humble-minded as to women. She said next she would see my father at once, and I must come at eight and bring Mr. McLane. Darthea would be with her, and a friend or two.

I went, but this time I did not bring my commanding officer. Miss Peniston was late. In all her life she was never punctual, nor could she be. While we waited my aunt went on to tell me that Darthea wished me to know how glad Mr. Wynne was I had escaped at the Mischianza. An impulse of a soldier's duty had made him seize upon me, and he had been happy in the accident which aided my escape. I had done a brave thing to venture into the city, and she and Mr. Wynne felt strongly what a calamity my capture would have been. Darthea's friends were his friends. «And he is jealous too,» says my lady, «of De Lancey, and Montresor—and—of Mr. Hugh Wynne.»

You must have known Mistress Wynne to comprehend what scorn she put into poor Darthea's sad excuses, and her explanations of what could not be explained. I felt sorry for the little lady who was absent and was getting such small mercy. It was vain to try to stop my aunt. That no man and few women could do. I did at last contrive to learn that she had said no more of the visit of Arthur to the jail than that I did not seem satisfied.

I had rather my aunt should have let my luckless love-affair alone. I had been in a way to tell her of it, but now I wanted no interference. I feared to talk even to Jack Warder of my dear Darthea. That he saw through me and her I have, after many years, come to know, as these pages must have shown. If to speak of her to this delicate-minded friend was not at this time to my taste, you may rest assured I liked not my aunt's queer way of treating the matter as she would have done a hand at piquet. She ended this wandering talk with her usual shrewd bits of advice, asking me, as she stopped short in her walk, «Have you a little sense left?»

«I hope so.»

«Then get your head to help that idiot

your heart. Leave Darthea to herself. Ride with Miss Chew or Miss Redman. Women are like children. Let them alone, and by and by they will sidle up to you for notice."

When the town was in Sir William Howe's hands, my aunt had rejected all her Tory, and even her neutral, friends. But now that Sir Henry Clinton was flying across the Jerseys, harassed by militia, and our general was on the way to cross the Delaware after them, things were different. Her Tory friends might come to see her if they pleased. Most of these dames came gladly, liking my aunt, and having always had of her much generous kindness. Bessy Ferguson was cross, and Mistress Wynne had been forced to visit her first. What manner of peace was made I did not hear; but no one else was a match at piquet for my Aunt Gainor, and doubtless this helped to reconcile the lady. I grieve that no historian has recorded their interview.

When I wrote of it to Jack, he was much delighted, and just before the fight at Monmouth wrote me a laughing letter, all about what my aunt and Mrs. Ferguson must have said on this occasion. As he knew no word of it, I could never see how he was able to imagine it. Once, later, when their war broke out anew, my aunt told me all about her former encounter; and so much like was it to what Jack had writ that I laughed outright. My aunt said there was nothing to grin at. But a one-sided laugh is ever the merrier. I could not always tell what Mistress Wynne would do, and never what she would say; but Jack could. He should have writ books, but he never did.

I had heard my aunt's wail over her wardrobe, and was struck dumb at her appearance when, in the evening, I returned as she desired. The gods and the china dragons were out, and, the Hessian devils having been driven forth, the mansion had been swept and garnished, the rugs were down, and the floor was dangerously polished.

My Aunt Gainor was in a brocade which she told me was flowered beautiful with colours very lively. I thought they were. As to the rest of her toilet, I am at a loss for words. The overskirt was lutestring silk, I was told. The hoops were vast; the dress cut square, with a "modesty-fence" of stiff lace. "A high cap with wings is the last thing," cried the lady, turning round to be seen, and well pleased at my admiration. She was an immense and an amazing figure. I did wonder, so big she was, where she meant to put the other women—and I said as much.

"Here is one," she whispered, "who will

like your uniform more than will the rest. Mr. Wynne of the army, my nephew, Miss Morris. And how is Mr. Gouverneur Morris?"

We fell to talking, but when others came and were presented or named by me to the Whig lady, my young woman said, "Are there none but Tories?" And she was short, I thought, with Mrs. Ferguson, who came in high good humour and a gown of Venice silk. I saw Aunt Gainor glance at her gold-laced handkerchief.

I was glad to see them all. Very soon the rooms were well filled, and here were Dr. Rush and Charles Thomson, the secretary of Congress, who stayed but a little while, leaving the great doctor to growl over the war with Miss Morris, and to tell her how ill read was our great chief, and how he could not spell, and had to have his letters writ for him to copy like a boy. Mr. Adams had said as much. I ventured to remark, having by this time come to understand our doctor, that we knew better in camp, and that at least our chief understood the art of war. The doctor was not of this opinion, and considered General Gates the greater man.

Then I left them to welcome Mrs. Chew and the lovely Margaret, and Miss Shippen, and last my Darthea with her aunt, who was as thin as a book-marker.

"Aunt," I said slyly, "what is this? Tories again?"

"Be quiet, child! You have pulled their teeth. You will see they are meek enough. The dog on top can always forgive, and I must have my cards. Behave yourself! How handsome you are! Here they come." And now there was a cross-fire of welcomes and "We have missed you much," and "How well you look!" and fine sweep of curtsies, very pretty and refreshing to a war-worn veteran.

I bowed to kiss Mrs. Shippen's hand. Mrs. Ferguson tapped me on the arm with her fan, whispering I was grown past the kissing-age, at which I cried that would never be. I took Darthea's little hand with a formal word or two, and, biding my time, sat down to talk with the two Margarets, whom folks called Peggy, although both were like stately lilies, and the pet name had no kind of fitness.

The ombre-tables were set out and ready, and it was all gay and merry, and as if there might never have been war, either civil or social. "It is all as meek as doves' milk," whispered Mistress Wynne over my shoulder. "Gossip and cards against the world for peacemakers, eh, Hugh?" Assuredly here was a beautiful truce, and all the world amiable.

The powdered heads wagged; brocade and

silk rustled; the counters rattled. Fans as huge as sails set little breezes going; there was wise neutrality of speech, King Ombre being on the throne and everybody happy.

Meanwhile I set my young women laughing with an account of how a Quaker looked in on them through the window at the redcoat ball; but of the incident in the garden I said nothing, nor was it known beyond those immediately concerned. The two Margarets were curious to hear what Mr. Washington looked like, and one miss would know if Mr. Arnold was a dark man, hearing with the delight of girls how his Excellency gave dinners in camp and sat on one side, with Mr. Hamilton or Mr. Tilghman at the top, and for diet potatoes and salt herring, with beef when it was to be had, and neither plates nor spoons nor knives and forks for all, so that we had to borrow, and eat by turns.

Miss Morris, just come to town with good Whig opinions, was uneasy in this society, and said, «We shall have enough of everything when we catch Sir Henry Clinton.» In a minute there would have been more war had not my aunt risen, and the party turned to drink chocolate and eat cakes.

After a world of little gossip they settled their debts and went away, all but Mrs. Peniston and her niece, my aunt declaring that she wanted the elder lady's advice about the proper way to cool blackberry jam. For this sage purpose the shadow-like form of Darthea's aunt in gray silk went out under cover of my aunt's large figure, and Darthea and I were left alone.

How pretty she was in fair white muslin with long gloves, a red rosebud in each sleeve, and only a trace of powder on her hair, smiling, and above all women graceful! She had seemed older when we met in the Provostry, and now to-day was slim and girl-like. I do not know where she got that trick of change, for in after-days, when in the fuller bloom of middle age, she still had a way of looking at times a gay and heedless young woman. She had now so innocent an air of being merely a sweet child that a kind of wonder possessed me, and I could not but look at her with a gaze perhaps too fixed to be mannerly.

«Darthea,» I said, as we sat down, «I owe my life to you twice—twice.»

«No, no!» she cried. «What could I do but go to the jail? Miss Wynne was away.»

«You might have told my father,» I said. Why had she not?

«Mr. Wynne is grown older, and—I—There was no time to be lost, and Arthur was gone on duty for I know not what.» She was

seeing and answering what further might have seemed strange to me. «Aunt Peniston was in a rage, I assure you. My aunt in a rage, Mr. Wynne, is a tempest in a thimble. All in a minute it boils over and puts out the little fire, and there is an end of it, and she asks what ought to be done. But now I am penitent, and have been scolded by Arthur. I will never, never do it any more. My aunt was right, sir.»

«I think you gave me more than life, Darthea, that day. And did you think I would take the parole?»

«Never for a moment!» she cried, with flashing eyes. «I would have taken it, but I want my friends to be wiser and stronger than I. I—I was proud of you in your misery and ragged blanket.» And with this the wonderful face went tender in a moment, and for my part I could only say, «Darthea! Darthea!»

She was quick to see and to fear, and to avoid that which was ever on my lips when with her, and which she seemed to bid to live, and then to fly from as if she had never tempted me.

«Ah, you were a droll figure, and Arthur could not but laugh when I described this hero in a blanket. It was then he told me more fully what before he had wrote, how in the hurry of an inspection he saw many men dying, and one so like you that he asked who it was, and was given another name; but now he thought it must have been you, and that you had perhaps chosen, why he knew not, a name not your own, or you had been misnamed by the turnkey. It was little wonder where men were dying in scores and changed past recognition; it was no wonder, I say, he did not know you, Mr. Wynne. He was so sorry, for he says frankly that just because you and he are not very good friends—and why are you not?—he feels the worse about it. After he had scolded me well, and I made believe to cry, he said it was a noble and brave thing I had done, and he felt he should have been the one to do it had he known in season. He did really mean to get the parole, but then you ran away. And you do see, Mr. Wynne, that it was all a frightful mistake of Arthur's, and he is—he must be sorry.»

I would then and there have said to her that the man was a liar, and had meanly left me to die; but it was my word against his, and Delaney had long ago gotten out and been exchanged and gone South, whither I knew not. As of course she must trust the man she loved, if I were to say I did not believe him we should quarrel, and I should see her no more.

"My dear lady," I said, keeping myself well in hand, "the moral is that women should be sent to inspect the hungry, the ragged, the frozen, and the dying."

I saw she did not relish my answer. Was she herself quite satisfied? Did she want to be fortified in her love and trust by me, who had suffered? A shadow of a frown was on her brow for a moment, and then she said: "He will write to you. He promised me he would write to you. And that dear old Sister of Charity!—you must go and thank her at the little convent beside St. Mary's, in Willing's Alley. You upset her as you went out in that rude fashion. Any but a Quaker would have stayed to apologise. Mr. Wynne was pleased I went to the jail with the dear sister. I believe the man really thought I would have gone alone. And I would, I would! When he told me it was clever and modest to get the sweet old papist for company, I swept him a mighty curtsey, and thanked him, and puzzled him, which is what men are for."

Sitting in the open bow-window above the garden, my Darthea had most of the talk, while, when I dared no longer stare at her changeful face, I looked past her at the June roses swaying in the open window-space.

"Yes," I laughed, "that is what men are for; but I have not done with you. I have also to thank you for my escape in the garden—you and Mr. André. He has a good memory, I fancy."

"Oh, the fainting—yes," said Miss Peniston, lightly. "It was fortunate it came just then. And Mr. Wynne was glad enough of it later. He said it had saved him from the most horrible regret life could bring. If he had but had time to think—or had known—"

"Known what?"

"No matter; I was in time to stop myself from saying a foolish thing. Let me give thanks for my escape. I have a restless tongue, and am apt to say what I do not mean; and I do faint at nothing."

"It was very opportune, my dear Miss Peniston."

"La! la! as aunt says, one would think I went faint on purpose, in place of its being the heat, and a providential accident, and very annoying too; not a woman anywhere near me."

"It saved a worthless life," I said; "but for it I should have had short shrift and the gallows on the Common."

"Hush!" she returned. "That is not pretty talk. Your cousin is unlucky, he says, to have had you fall in his way when it was impossible to escape from arresting you. He told me

Mr. André assured him he could have done no other thing, and that it was vain to regret what was the inevitable duty of a soldier. I think Arthur was the most pleased of all when you got away. I must say you went very fast for so grave a Quaker."

"And could you see?" said I, slyly.

"No, of course not. How should I, and I in a dead faint? Mr. André told me next day he thought that dreadful rebel Mr. McLane saved your life when he was mean enough, just in the middle of that beautiful ball, to set fire to something. At first we took it for the fireworks. But tell me about Miss Gainor's girl-boy—our own dear Jack."

"He can still blush to beat Miss Franks, and he still believes me to be a great man, and—but you do not want to hear about battles."

"Do I not, indeed! I should like to see Mr. Jack in a battle; I cannot imagine him hurting a fly."

"The last I saw, at Germantown, of Jack, he was raging in a furious mob of redcoats, with no hat, and that sword my aunt presented cutting and parrying. I gave him up for lost, but he never got a scratch. I like him best in camp with starving, half-naked men. I have seen him give his last loaf away. You should hear Mr. Hamilton—that is his Excellency's aide—talk of Jack; how like a tender woman he was among men who were sick and starving. Hamilton told me how once, when Jack said prayers beside a dying soldier and some fellow laughed,—men get hard in war,—our old Quaker friend Colonel Forest would have had the beast out and shot him, if the fool had not gone to Jack and said he was sorry. Every one loves the man, and no wonder."

"He is fortunate in his friend, Mr. Wynne. Men do not often talk thus of one another. I have heard him say as much or more of you. Mistress Wynne says it is a love-affair. Are men's friendships or women's the best, I wonder?" I said that was a question beyond me, and went on to tell her that I should be in town but a few days, and must join my regiment as soon as General Arnold could do without us, which I believed would be within a week.

She was as serious as need be now, asking intelligent questions as to the movements of the armies and the chances of peace. I had to show her why we lost the fight at Germantown, and then explain that but for the fog we should have won it, which now I doubt.

Mr. André had told her that it was because of our long rifles that the enemy lost so many

officers, picked off out of range of musket, and did I think this was true? It seemed to her unfair and like murder.

I thought she might be thinking of my cousin's chances, for here, after a pause, she rose suddenly and said it was late and that the blackberry jam must be cool, or the discussion over it hot, to keep Mrs. Peniston so long. My aunt would have had me stay for further talk, but I said I was tired, and went away home feeling that the day had been full enough for me.

A little later, one afternoon in this June, I found my aunt seated so deep in thought that I asked her the cause.

"Presently," she said. "I have meant to tell you, but I have delayed; I have delayed. Now you must know." Here she rose and began to stride restlessly among the furniture, walking to and fro with apparent disregard of the china gods and Delft cows. She reminded me once more of my father in his better days. Her hands were clasped behind her, which is, I think, a rare attitude with women. Her large head, crowned with a great coil of gray hair which seemed to suit its massive build, was bent forward as if in thought.

"What is it, Aunt Gainor?"

She did not pause in her walk or look up, and only motioned me to a seat, saying: "Sit down. I must think; I must think."

It was unlike her. Generally, no matter how serious the thing on her mind, she was apt to come at it through some trivial chat; but now her long absence of speech troubled me.

I sat at least ten minutes, and then, uneasy, said, "Aunt Gainor, is it Darthea?"

"No, you fool!" And she went on her wandering way among the crackled gods. "Now I will talk, Hugh, and do not interrupt me. You always do;" but, as Jack Warder says, no one ever did successfully interrupt Miss Wynne except Miss Wynne.

She sat down, crossed one leg over the other, as men do when alone with men, and went on, as I recall it, to this effect, and quite in her ordinary manner: "When the British were still here, late in May I had a note through the lines from Mr. Warder as to the confusion in my house, and some other matters. He got for me a pass to come in and attend to these things. I stayed three days with Mrs. Peniston and Darthea. While here the second day I was bid to sup at Parson Duché's, and though I hated the lot of them, I had had no news nor so much as a game of cards for an age, and so I went. Now don't grin at me.

"When I was to leave no coach came, as I had ordered, and no chair, either. There was Mrs. Ferguson had set up a chaise. She must offer me to be set down at home. I said my two legs were as good as her horses', and one of them—I mean of hers—has a fine spavin; as to Mrs. Mischief's own legs, they are so thin her garters will not stay above her ankles.

"I walked from Third street over Society Hill, thinking to see your father, and to find a big stick for company across the bridges."

She was given to going at night where she had need to go, with a great stick for privateersmen, the vagabond, drunken Hessians, and other street pirates. I can see her now, shod with goloe-shoes against mud or snow, with her manlike walk and independent air, quite too formidable to suggest attack.

"I went in at the back way," she continued; "not a servant about but Tom, sound asleep at the kitchen fire. I went by him, and from the hall saw your father, also in deep slumber in his arm-chair. I got me a candle and went up-stairs to look how things were. The house was in vile disorder, and dirty past belief. As to your own chamber, where that scamp Arthur slept, it was—well, no matter.

"As I went down-stairs and into the back dining-room I heard the latch of the hall door rattle. 'Is it Arthur?' thought I; and of no mind to see him, I sat down and put out my candle, meaning to wait till he was come in, and then to slip out the back way. The next moment I heard Arthur's voice and your father's. Both doors into the front room were wide open, and down I sat quietly, with a good mind to hear. It is well I did. I suppose you would have marched in and said, 'Take care how you talk; I am listening.' Very fine, sir. But this was an enemy. You lie, cheat, spy, steal, and murder in war. How was I worse than you?"

"But, dear Aunt Gainor—"

"Don't interrupt me, sir. I sat still as a mouse." My aunt as a mouse tickled my fancy. There may be such in my friend Mr. Swift's Brobdingnag.

"I listened. Master Wynne is pleasant, and has had a trifle too much of Mr. Somebody's Madeira. He is affectionate, and your father sits up, and, as Dr. Rush tells me, is clear of head after his sleep, or at least for a time.

"My gentleman says, 'I may have to leave you soon, my dear cousin. I want to talk to you a little. Is there any one in the back room?' As there is no one, he goes on, and asks his cousin to tell him about the title to Wyncote as he had promised. His brother was ill and uneasy, and it was all they had,

and it was a poor thing, after all. Your father roused up, and seemed to me fully to understand all that followed. He said how fond he was of Arthur, and how much he wished it was he who was to have the old place. Arthur replied that it was only in his father's interest he spoke.

"Then they talked on, and the amount of it was pretty much this. How many lies Arthur got into the talk the Lord—or the devil—knows! This was what I gathered: Your grandfather Hugh, under stress of circumstances, as you know, was let out of Shrewsbury jail with some understanding that he was to sell his estate to his brother, who had no scruples as to tithes, and to go away to Pennsylvania. This I knew, but it seems that this brother William was a Wynne of the best, and, as is supposed, sold back the estate privately to Hugh for a trifle, so that at any time the elder brother could reclaim his home. What became of the second deed thus made was what Arthur wanted to know.

"Your father must have it somewhere, Hugh. Now says Arthur, 'We are poor, cousin; the place is heavily encumbered; some coal has been found. It is desirable to sell parts of the estate; how honestly can my father make a title?' Your great-uncle William died, as we know, Hugh, and the next brother's son, who is Owen and is Arthur's father, had a long minority. When he got the place, being come of age, some memoranda of the transaction turned up. It was not a rare one in older Roundhead days. Nothing was done, and time ran on. Now the occupant is getting on in years, and as his second son Arthur is ordered hither on service, it was thought as well that he should make inquiry. The older squires had some vague tradition about it. It was become worth while, as I inferred, to clear the business, or at need to effect a compromise. Half of this I heard, and the rest I got by thinking it over. Am I plain, Hugh?" She was, as usual. "Your father surprised me. He spoke out in his old deliberate way. He said the deed—some such deed—was among his father's papers; he had seen it long ago. He did not want the place. He was old and had enough, and it should be settled to Master Arthur's liking.

"Your cousin then said some few words

about you. I did not hear what, but your father at once broke out in a fierce voice, and cried, 'It is too true!' Well, Hugh," she went on, "it is of no use to make things worse between you."

"No," I said; "do not tell me. Was that all?"

"Not quite. Master Arthur is to have the deed if ever it be found, and with your father's and your grandfather's methodical ways, that is pretty sure to happen."

"I do not care much, Aunt Gainor, except that—"

"I know," she cried; "anybody else might have it, but not Arthur."

"Yes; unless Darthea—"

"I understand, sir; and now I see it all. The elder brother will die. The father is old, the estate valuable, and this lying scamp with his winning ways will be master of Wyncote, and with a clear title if your father is able to bring it about. He can, Hugh, unless—"

"What, aunt?"

"Unless you intervene on account of my brother's mental state."

"That I will never do! Never!"

"Then you will lose it."

"Yes; it must go. I care but little, aunt."

"But I do, sir. You are Wynne of Wyncote."

I smiled, and made no reply.

"The man stayed awhile longer, but your father after that soon talked at random, and addressed Arthur as Mr. Montresor. I doubt if he remembered a word of it the day after. When Arthur left and went up-stairs your father fell into sleep again. I went away home alone, and the day after to the Hill Farm."

"It is a strange story," I said. "And did he get the deed before the army left?"

My aunt thought not. "Mason says all the papers are at the counting-house, and that up to this time your father has made no special search. It was but two weeks or less before they left town."

It was a simple way to trap an over-cunning man, and it much amused me, who did not take the deed and estate matter to heart as did my aunt. When she said, "We must find it," I could but say that it was my father's business, and could wait; so far, at least, as I was concerned, I would do nothing. Of course I told it all to Jack when next we met.

(To be continued.)

S. Weir Mitchell.

HOW SARAH PAID FOR PEACE.

WITH PICTURES BY C. M. RELYEA.

Turn, good wheel, with humming sound.

The Flying Dutchman.



«IT'S A SHAME, IT IS!»

IN a corner near my fireplace stands an old spinning-wheel on the body of which two large letters are carved—«D. W.,» the mark of the maker. The wheel is silent and decrepit, its useful days long past. Spin it never will again; yet whenever I look at it standing there in its corner, the foot-worn treadle rises, the wheel hums, and for me spins this:

«OH, Reuben,» said Mrs. Grey, «ef that sight don't make my very blood boil! No, don't you look. Keep yer eyes on the mare, and I will, too; then maybe Sarah will think we did n't see her. Drive fast, Reuben, and don't look.»

Reuben Grey fixed his eyes on his mare's ears, and gingerly beat her lazy back with his worn-out whip.

VOL. LIV.—36-37.

«Say somethin' to me as we pass, Reuben,» whispered Mrs. Grey; «it 'll look more nacheral.»

Reuben's mouth worked foolishly, but no words came.

«Now we have passed her,» said his wife, with a breath of relief, as the buggy jogged on; «but yer did n't say a word, Reuben.»

«To save my life, I could n't think o' anything ter say. I never can when folks come on me sudden.»

«Then you might ha' said that. What I did n't want yer to look at was pore Sarah. Dan'l Whip has got her settin' up beside him on the roof of Mr. Buzzard's house while he's mendin' the chimbleys. It's a shame, it is!»

Reuben turned around in his seat to look back.

"Now, Reuben," cried Mrs. Grey, "yer 've done it after all, and o' course she saw yer!"

Reuben was shaking the buggy with his laughter.

"Ef that don't beat all!" he cried. "I heard Dan'l Whip was doin' that to Sarah, but I did n't half b'lieve it. Got her h'isted up there on the roof, sittin' in a chair at her knittin'! Oh, my!"

He beat his knee gently with his huge doubled-up fist, which was no larger than his big heart. "Pore Sarah," he said—"pore Sarah! An' 't ain't as ef he did it for fondness."

"Fondness! He jes does it to be hateful, Reuben. I al'ays feel 'bout him jes like I do of a bat, that ain't bird nor beast, but a kinder crawlin' vermin. Dan'l Whip certainly ain't a man."

"That ain't any fault o' his. He was born like that, Mary, honey—all humped together. I 've been thinkin' these years here lately that he 's been gettin' shorter, an' it ain't onreasonable that his temper should shorten, too. I don't hold Dan'l Whip full respons'ble."

Mrs. Grey shook her head. "I ain't so sure, Reuben. He 's cute enough 'bout thinkin' up new ways to be hateful. This haulin' pore Sarah up on ter roofs when he 's chimbleys to mend, now, who 'd 'a' thought o' that but Dan'l Whip? The only holiday she had was when he was up on roofs; while he 's makin' spinnin'-wheels at home he has her under hack all the time. What in the world made her marry him I don't know."

Reuben stretched out his hand to catch a wisp of sweet hay that hung on a low branch. The road was narrow, and ran between intruding bushes. The finger-like twigs had snatched part of its load from a passing hay-wagon, which could be heard rumbling on ahead. Selecting a juicy-looking straw, Reuben took it between his teeth, chewing its sweetness as meditatively as a cow might. He leaned back in the buggy, bracing his feet against the worn dash-board, which showed marks of having thus braced them for years. The reins fell in loops from the horse's neck.

"When Dan'l Whip married," said Reuben, "folks talked the other way. His body war n't much, to be shore, an' his head was 'bout as big as the biggest watermillon you ever saw, like it is now, an' his eyes was just as squeezed up. But talk! He could talk like a book. We all thought he 'd be a somebody, and Sarah war n't nothin' but a field-hand. She was reapin' in my father's field when Dan'l first saw her. (Dan'l Whip,) says my father, 'what on airth are you goin' to marry

a girl out the field fer?' You see how folks felt about it. (I 'm sick o' boardin'), says Dan'l. (I want a home table. She re'p' like a man, an' I 'm goin' to marry her.)"

Mrs. Grey's soft brows knit. "She 's as strong as a man now, Reuben; that 's what gets to me. Dan'l don't more 'n come up to her waist; she could pick him up under her arm an' walk right off with him."

"Well, she don't do it, nor nothin' like it," said Reuben. He lowered his voice: "Mary, did you ever hear that story 'bout Dan'l Whip an' Sarah an' a table? I jes pooh-poohed it at the store when I heard it, but it do seem kinder cur'ous, the way Sarah jumps an' runs an' tumbles over herself whenever Dan'l Whip says, (Come.)"

Mrs. Grey pursed up her lips. "Reuben, you know I ain't one to gossip. That I knew this thing for weeks, an' said nothin' 'bout it to yer, shows that. My cousin Lyddy ain't one to gossip either. She ought n't to ha' told her husband, an' then it would n't 'a' leaked out at the store."

Reuben looked up, his blue eyes full of interest. "That come from Lyddy, did it? Then it 's got to be true."

"It 's as true as sin, an' more disgraceful. Lyddy says she saw Sarah walkin' roun' and roun' that table, cryin' kinder sof' and wringin' her hands, while Dan'l Whip stood in the middle beatin' her with a leather strap."

Reuben's jaw dropped. "My goodness, Mary! that 's a awful thing. Somebody ought to stop it. But what I don't see is why Sarah don't stop it hersef. What made her walk?"

"That 's what I ast Lyddy. She says at first she believed he must 'a' had her held by a halter; but there war n't nothin' at all holdin' Sarah but Dan'l Whip's will. Ain't that awful, Reuben?"

"Ha-a," said Reuben, moving his feet uneasily; "it makes me crawl. But Mary, honey, I 'm 'fraid yer 'll think I 'm sorter heartless, for I do think I 'm goin' to laugh in a minute. Sarah she 's so everlastin' big, and Dan'l he 's little enough to have ter crawl on a table ter reach her. Don't you see yersef it 's sorter funny, Mary?"

His clean-shaven lip twitched as his laughter came and possessed him. Mrs. Grey looked at her husband unsmilingly.

"I don't see nothin' to laugh at, Reuben Grey. Lyddy was n't laughin' any; she said it was a sight to cry over."

"What I 'm studyin' over is how Lyddy saw it," ruminated Reuben.

"Lyddy," said Mrs. Grey, with a slight embarrassment, "was on her way to see Sarah; but when she got to Dan'l Whip's, an' heard this kinder cryin' sound, she did n't like to knock. There 's a slat out o' one o' Dan'l Whip's shutters on the left side the house, an' when Lyddy once looked through that crack she did n't want to do any knockin'. Don't you reckon it 's water that mare 's wantin', Reuben?"

The mare was turning her head longingly toward the roadside, where a weak little stream, trickling down the hill and under the matted underwood, was led by a split log into a half-sunk barrel. There was no check-rein to the rope-pieced harness. Reuben had only to sit still in the buggy and give the mare her way. As it was a warm day, she drew in the water gratefully with deep, whistling sounds.

"Mary," said Reuben, turning to his wife, his face working with laughter, "I 've been kinder keepin' somethin' 'bout Dan'l Whip to myself, but I can't keep it no longer. You remember the mornin', a week back, when he came out from town in sech a hurry to see me? Well, what yer s'pose he wanted? (Mr. Grey,) says he, whisperin', 'will you kindly lend me twenty dollars?'"

"La, Reuben!" Mrs. Grey interrupted, "what did he want it fer?"

"That was what I ast him, an' you could ha' knocked me down with a feather when he tol' me he wanted to buy a divorce from Sarah."

"Sarah!" repeated Mrs. Grey. "Why, she 's the only thing keeps folks anyways decent to him. Dan'l Whip must be losin' his mind."

"Egactly what I says to him. (Dan'l,) I says, 'Sarah 's shorely been a good wife to you.' (I know,) says he, still whisperin'; 'but there 's a lawyer parsin' through town, an' he tells me he can make a divorce fer twenty dollars. Ain't that the cheapest thing, Mr. Grey? I 'll never get a bargain like that again,' says he; 'an' I want you to lend me the money fer it. I 'll pay you back.'"

"(No, Dan'l Whip,) says I; 'you certainly won't, fer I ain't goin' to lend it to you first. You ought to be 'shamed o' yerself,' I says; but I laughed so he went off ragin'. There must be somethin' kinder ridic'ulous to me in ev'ry-thing Dan'l Whip does, Mary. I laughed to myself all the week at that, an' it makes me laugh now to think o' it. Buyin' a divorce jes 'cause it 's cheap! Like that stovepipe hat you got fer me some ten years back 'cause it was sech a bargain. It 's been in the garret ever sence, ain't it?" Reuben pulled the flapping

felt hat he always wore deeper over his brows, beneath which his eyes twinkled.

"I don' see nothin' alike between 'em," said Mrs. Grey, stiffly.

Her husband tightened the reins, and "clucked" to his mare. "Maybe there ain't, honey," he said, as they wound down the riverside road again.

Between the little town of Riverton, which the pair were leaving, and their farm ran the South Branch of the Potomac, brawling, noisy, and rapid, ever quarreling with its banks, too often rising in wrath to sweep over them, carrying destruction for lines of high corn and low-lying wheat-fields. If the South Branch, with its rich alluvial banks and wealth of fishes, was more his friend or his enemy, Reuben Grey had yet to decide. He was thinking of this as he looked down at the waters rushing by on the right side of the road. On the left bank the great gray "hanging rocks" arched high above them, holding in every crevice where earth could gather the hanging plant of the region, its gay pink head drooping and swinging against the gray wall with every wind. A hundred feet beyond the hanging rocks lay the ford, good or bad as the South Branch willed. On this day the ford happened to be kind, but Mrs. Grey breathed more freely as the mare emerged dripping on the other side.

"It seems like I never can get used to that gratin' sound of the wheels on the pebbles when the current gets to pullin' so hard mid-stream, Reuben," she said. "The mare 's real frisky to-day, ain't she? Why, whatever ails her now?"

"She 's scared of that thing comin' down the road," answered Reuben. "W'oa, Molly! It ain't nothin', you foolish woman. I 'm blessed ef I know what it is myself though, Mary."

Straight down the road a feather-bed, topped by some pillows and colored comforters, seemed to be speeding directly toward them, and with no perceptible means of locomotion; but as it drew nearer a pair of unsteady bandy legs could be distinguished sticking out from the bottom of the pile.

"Oh, my," said Mrs. Grey, woefully; "I know what it is. It 's Uncle Sam moving into his cabin again."

As she spoke the object turned, and, waverin' like one of those tormented beetles over the backs of which children delight to clasp pea-pods, moved from the road to a tiny log cabin set in the bushes. Through the open door of the cabin, after much backing and pushing, the feather-bed van-

ished. When the buggy passed the door was closed.

"There," sighed Mrs. Grey; "he 's shut in again for days, I s'pose, an' all his work lyin'. I wisht to mercy your mother was alive, Reuben; or else I wisht she 'd taken off all the old negroes with her. To this day I ain't anythin' but the 'young mistis' to them, an' they don't heed a word I say. I 'm gettin' perfectly sick of it. You ought never to have let Sam build that cabin, Reuben."

"Oh, it don't matter any. You take the ol' niggers too hard, Mary, honey. Sam he likes to have a kinder hole o' his own to crawl inter when he gets mad."

"I don't see how that cabin 's his any more 'n his room at the house is, Reuben. He 's made it outer your timber, an' set it on your land."

"What 's started him now?"

"There has n't anythin' happened but just what he deserved. He 's taken to lyin' in bed here lately deep inter the mornin', an' when he chooses to get up, Ozalla she *will* cook a red-hot breakfast for him. To-day I just stopped her, an' put by some cold victuals for Sam. He was as impident when he saw the plate! He went r'arin' roun' the kitchen, tellin' me he war n't goin' to make a gobbige-box of his stommick for nobody."

"I jes hope you ran him out with nothin'," said Reuben, indignantly.

"I had ter; but I always feel as if your mother was lookin' down at me when I scold Sam. I can't bear to interfere with the old negroes, they was here so long before me."

"Makes n' odds," said Reuben, easily; "I've known Sam to keep mad for a week after he 'd clean fergot what started him. He'll come home ter-morrow, maybe. The reapin'-machine 's lef' more or less grass over there in that field, Mary, ain't it? I reckon I 'll take that scythe there in the fence corner and trim off the stray locks. I never did think much o' machines, anyhow. You can drive the buggy on to the house. Holler for one of the little niggers to take it when yer get there."

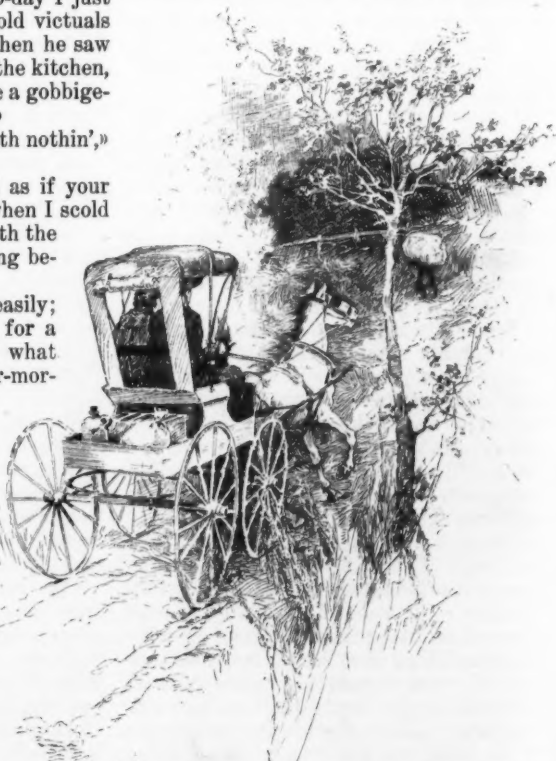
The horse taken to the stable by a "little nigger," the locks of grass shorn, and supper in the farm-

house eaten, Reuben Gray and his wife sat together happily on the vine-covered porch in the twilight. Down on the river-bank the frogs sang loudly, following their shrill leader. The farm-yard creatures were almost silenced for the night, and Reuben Grey himself was wrapped in content. His feet, clad only in their stockings, were resting on the rungs of his chair, which was tilted back against the side of the house, his pipe was in his mouth, his wife was by his side. What more could man desire?

"Reuben," said Mrs. Grey, looking up from the knitting which she did not need to see, "I do think I hear somebody hollering at the ford."

"Reckon not," Reuben answered drowsily; but as he raised his head to listen, his chair dropped forward with a jerk; he reached quickly for his boots.

"It sounds to me kinder like a lady," he said, drawing his boots half-way on, then rising to stamp his feet deeper in before he hurried to the ford. To keep a lady waiting was



"IT 'S UNCLE SAM MOVING."

not in Reuben's code. Mrs. Grey could hear the sound of the pole scraping on the boat, and knew later by the voices on the road that Reuben must be bringing some one back with him. As the two figures advanced through the dusk she could not at once recognize the face of the newcomer, who seemed to hesitate at the steps, as if doubtful of her welcome.

"Here 's Sarah Whip, wife," said Reuben; and Mrs. Grey rose at once.

"Well, Sarah Whip, I did n't know yer for a minute, I was so surprised. I 'm real glad. You have n't been on this porch sence—I do' know when. Have yer had your supper?"

"No," answered Reuben; "she ain't had any. Jest get her some, Mary. Set down and wait out here in the cool, Sarah—Mary won't be a minute. Do you take tea or coffee?"

"Coffee in general," answered Sarah, dully; "but I ain't partic'lar, Mrs. Grey."

"Mary 's got both," said Reuben.

He followed his wife, whose hospitality had already sent her to the kitchen. "Mary, honey," he whispered, "don't you hurry with that supper. Somethin' 's happened, and Sarah Whip 's got it on her min' to tell. Jes let her get through oncet, and make her some strong coffee, pore thing."

He rambled out to the porch again with a step always purposeless, however direct his aim.

"Well, Sarah, chile?" he said as he seated himself.

Sarah looked up. She was a tall, fair woman with high cheek-bones, gentle blue eyes, and a deprecating expression. Her face began to work suddenly, and she flung her blue apron over her head.

"I knowed there was trouble as soon as I saw you," said Reuben. "Jes set there and let it bile over, honey. What 's he been doin' to yer 'sides settin' yer up on roofs?"

Sarah rocked her body to and fro, talking through her apron. "I tol' him you saw me on that roof—I tol' him so. I can't stan' it no longer. When I runned out here to the river jes now I did n't know ef it was to th'ow myself in or to holler to you. Then I seemed to hear him runnin' after me, an' I hollered."

"You oughter 'a' hollered long days before this, Sarah. Now you take that thing off er yer head an' listen to me. I ain't goin' to do any talkin' round to yer, but straight at yer. You tell me ef this thing I hear 'bout you and Dan'l Whip and a table an' a strop 's true."

Sarah dropped the apron as one trained in obedience, but she wrung her hands and rocked as she poured out her story.

"Yes; it 's true whenever he gets mad at me. I 'm 'mos' crazy with it all. Ef I did n't know jes when he was goin' to do it, it would n't come so hard. But no matter how early in the day he gets mad at me, ef it 's right after breakfast, he don't say not one word till night. He jes waits till after supper, when I 've took the cloth off the table an' folded it an' put it in the dresser drawer. Ef I hear a scramblin' behind me, then I know it 's him gettin' up on the table; nor he don't say a word then, but jes waits for me to turn round from the dresser. Sometimes it 's as much as five minutes, it seems to me, before I kin turn. I jes keep prayin' there, 'Lord, help me! help me to bear it, Lord!' But nothin' don't help me." Her voice rose to a wail. "Ef I don't walk right around that table like I know he wants me to, he 'mos' kills me when I do come. Oh, I don't see how I can stan' it any more! I had ter run away ter-night, an' I reckon he will kill me ter-morrow night for doin' it."

Reuben Grey was moving restlessly in his chair. "Sarah," he cried out, "you ain't called on to stan' it. Now you look here. I ain't one to run ag'in' Scripture; I 'm believin' the wife should be subjec' to her husband; but, honey, I 've been livin' in this world some time, an' one thing I 've come to see. I 've come to see it so true that I 've done what I reckon yer 'll call awful audacious. I 've made a kinder proverb of it, and in my Bible I 've added it to the proverbs of Solomon—in pencil. It 's jes this: 'An' the price o' peace may be wa-ar—may be wa-ar,'" he accented with his earnest forefinger. "I ain't tellin' you to do anythin' that 's wrong when I tell you this: the nex' time you know Dan'l Whip 's mad, an' you hear him scramblin' on to the table behin' you, Sarah, don't you pray like yer 've been a-prayin'—'Lord, help me to bear it!' You pray like this: 'Lord, help me not to bear this ondecant thing; for the price of peace may be wa-ar, O Lord, wa-ar!' You pray that way, Sarah, an' then you turn roun' an' carry out the will o' the Lord as he puts it inter yer heart ter act. Now the best thing you kin do is to eat yer supper. I hear Mary carryin' it in."

Mrs. Grey was a good woman. She set the supper on the table, and busied herself about Sarah, watching without a question the poor soul eat and choke, and wipe her eyes. With the good food, the warm coffee, and the warmer kindness, Sarah gradually took heart to relish what she ate. A contagious peacefulness pervaded all of Reuben Grey's surroundings.

"Eat, honey, eat," he urged. "Mary an' me love to see people eat. Eat till you bu'st—I wisht yer would."

He laughed himself so heartily that Sarah had begun to join timidly in his mirth when, with a nice morsel half lifted to her mouth, she dropped her fork on her plate.

"What was that?" she asked, trembling.

As the others listened the sound which she had heard was repeated—a cry too shrill for a man's voice, too deep for a woman's.

"It 's Dan'l at the ford," said Sarah, desperately, rising with a moan, as beaten children turn at call to run screaming toward the fate they dare not escape.

"Sit still there, Sarah," said Reuben, sternly; "it 's me Dan'l Whip 's callin', an' it 's me he 'll get."

He stretched out his hand for the flapping hat, and strode from the room. The two women followed him to the porch. Standing there, they could hear through the darkness the beat of Reuben Grey's heavy footsteps on the road, then his powerful voice, "Who's callin'?"

Every word he spoke came to them clearly. From his replies they could guess at the meaning of the rabbit-like cries from the other side of the river. Sarah grasped Mrs. Grey's arm, a liberty she would not have dared to take at a less crucial moment.

"Yes, she 's here," shouted Reuben.

The inarticulate cries answered. Then Reuben's voice rose again:

"No, Dan'l Whip; I can't pole over fer you to-night; the boat 's up."

"I tell yer she is pulled up."

"Well, I ain't goin' to, then."

"I 'll drive Sarah in fust thing ter-morrow mornin'."

"I don't care ef yer do swim; yer won't drown anybody but Dan'l Whip. There ain't no use bleatin' at me like that, Dan'l. I said I won't, an' I ain't."

"Ef yer do, yer 'll grow to the stone yer settin' on, that 's all. Good night to yer."

When Reuben returned, Sarah was waiting for him, tremulously standing in the wedge of light which the open house door let out into the dark porch. Reuben came into the light also, his eyes smiling, his head turning from side to side as if in some keen enjoyment. He was holding his closed hand close to his nose.

"Hol' out yer han', Sarah," he said. As Sarah stretched out her shaking arm, he laid a brown, velvety blossom on her palm.

"There war n't but five shrubs lef' on the bush. I 'm goin' to give you two, Sarah, an' keep three fer myself. Shrubs jes suit my

smell. I don't know nothin' that substitutes a shrub after it gets all hot and smelly in yer han'. Come along, Sarah; you finish yer supper, then you 're goin' right to bed fer a good night's rest."

Sweet, homespun, chivalric soul! Reuben Grey on his mountain-side, hoeing his fields, knew a fine code that only nature had taught him.

The following morning, after the early farm breakfast, the buggy which was to take Sarah into Riverton was brought to the gate before the porch. Reuben Grey's eyes dwelt with full satisfaction on the dilapidated vehicle, the half-groomed horse, and the make-shift harness, but not upon Ozalla's boy, who stood at the horse's head in the place which Sam should have occupied.

"You, Henery? Where 's yer grandad?" asked Reuben.

Henry's already large upper lip swelled with the smile it dared not express. He ducked his head into his breast.

"Grandfa 's down in hes cabin," he answered.

That Sam was in his cabin, and why, was known to the smallest darky on the farm. Mrs. Grey, who was just within the door packing a basket of fresh eggs for Sarah, stepped out to the porch. Her soft brow was puckered and her kind face troubled.

"Reuben," she said, "Sam did n't come to the house fer his dinner nor supper yestiddy, nor his breakfast to-day. I declare, it do worry me so. I can't bear to think of anything on this place bein' hungry."

Reuben laughed at her. "Mary, honey, you air so sof 'bout them ol' negroes. Don't you bother 'bout Sam. Ain't there potatoes in the field, an' ain't he only got to dig 'em? Ain't the chickens walkin' round as tame, an' ain't he only got to knock 'em in the haid? Sam 's a-takin' keer o' himse'f, don't you fret. Air you ready, Sarah?"

Sarah was waiting to bid Mrs. Grey a farewell piteous in its tearful resignation. Mrs. Grey patted her reassuringly on the shoulder with her motherly hand.

"Pick up heart, Sarah," she said; "an' come again some time when there ain't no reason at all fer it, jes to talk a bit."

This was her only reference to Sarah's trouble. The mountain folk can show a reserve as fine and delicate as their cliff flowers.

Sarah climbed into the buggy, and, Reuben following her, they jogged down the road toward the unbroken line of green trees that wound through the farms, marking the river-course.

"When Sam and I was boys," said Reuben Grey, thoughtfully, talking half to himself and half to Sarah, "I kin jes remember worryin' fer a whippin', an' my mother war n't one to spare the rod neither. Many's the hot switch Sam and me stood up to together. She generally licked us in pa'rs; fer ef one was bad, she could be pretty nigh shore the other put him up to it, ef he did n't do more. But there war times when I'd get kinder tired, an' did n't want ter go on bein' bad; but havin' got started, I war n't goin' to stop short o' a lickin', an' then I jes wearied fer it before it come to halt me up. I use 't think, Why on airth don't they hurry up an' lick me an' make me stop? I kin remember thinkin' that as well! It's helped me a lot in dealin' with folks sence, Sarah. It's kinder made me tol'rant when they're too outrageous. I jes think 'bout them ol' days, an' my blessed ol' mother, an' that dear ol' peach-orchard back the house, full o' switches, an' then I says to myself, (Don't you be too ha'sh, Reuben; all that pore soul wants is a good lickin'); an' then, ef I kin, I up an' give it to him, sometimes one way, sometimes another. Now, Sarah, you come along here with me; I got somethin' to show yer before yer go home."

They had entered the green belt edging the river. The trees, arching over the road, framed in the ford and the farther bank, where the broken road rose again out of the water. Near the ford, set in the dingle, stood Sam's cabin with its sulkily closed door. Reuben Grey flung the reins over the back of his mare, and drew from its socket the stubby whip.

"W'oa, Molly," he said.

Molly stood quiet while her master descended, followed by Sarah wonderingly. Reuben walked straight to Sam's cabin. He lifted the butt of his whip as if to beat upon the door, then changed his mind.

"Sam!" he called in a quick monosyllable; "Sam!"

As if drawn by an invisible string, an unwilling, shuffling step approached the door, which opened a crack. A white, rolling eyeball peered out. Reuben made an impatient side motion with his head, and the door swung wide, exposing a figure that might have come off the end of a haymaker's fork. Sam's clothing, never neat, was that of a scarecrow; his gray locks were a tousele. He stood with his dark lips swelled out, his head thrust forward, his shifty eyes opening and shutting sulkily. The little white goatee that stuck out from the side of his chin was

as crooked as his temper. Reuben scanned him over.

"Well, Sam," he said, "you do look—"

Sam swallowed resentfully, drawing his features closer together after the manner of a terrapin retiring into its shell.

"You see this, Sam," said Reuben, raising the whip he held. Sam drew back a step, blinking. Reuben went on sternly: "What I'm standin' here considerin' is ef I ain't called on right now to haul yer out o' there an' give yer the worst lickin' yer ever had sence yer was a boy. 'T ain't as ef I was hankerin' to do it; it's kinder hot to be whippin' to-day. But I don't seem able to decide ef I ain't neglectin' a dooty in parsin' it by. There's jes one thing yer kin be shore of, though: ef, when I come out from town, I stop here an' do fin' yer in this cabin, hot nor nothin' else won't help yer. Min', I ain't sayin' I ain't goin' to lick yer anyhow; but ef yer are here when I come out, why, it'll be right then an' there, an' with this very whip, yer'll get your lickin'." He cut the stock through the air in emphasis. "I'm goin' to hev peace, an' nothin' else, on this yere farm."

Reuben's whip punctuated forcibly for him once more as he stalked away. He did not deign to turn his head as he moved to his buggy; but Sarah, following with less dignity, saw Sam's exit from the cabin. At a right angle to his master's footsteps, with the swift, loping run of his race, which even in his age he retained, Sam was making for the shelter of the house.

"Look, Mr. Grey," said Sarah. Reuben looked, and a smile in which there was no surprise and no unkind triumph spread over his features.

"Sarah," he said, stopping short to speak, "what did I tell yer? Don't you see how the price o' peace may be wa-ar, honey—may be wa-ar?"

Peace had indeed returned to the farm when Reuben came back from his journey to Riverton. The river was sparkling in the sun, his own fields lay smiling before him, Sam was crooning over his work, and Mrs. Grey wore her most placid face. But Reuben himself was disturbed. All through the day this disturbance grew upon him, and late in the afternoon it found utterance.

"Mary," he said, "I'm just thinkin' I'm goin' to ask yer to make supper a' hour earlier this afternoon. I'm considerin' goin' back to Riverton. I feel kinder worried 'bout Sarah an' Dan'l Whip."

Mrs. Grey laid down her knitting to look

up. «Why, Reuben, it ain't like you to be interferin' with man an' wife. What kin you do ef Dan'l chooses to beat Sarah, and Sarah lets him?»

«It don't seem like I could do nothin',» answered Reuben; «but I reckon I 'd like supper early, Mary.»

«Did n't you say Dan'l Whip war n't on-pleasant this mornin'?»

«He was pleasant enough, all but his eyes. He was settin' there, workin' away on his spinnin'-wheels. He did n't say nothin' at all 'bout Sarah runnin' off last night. I 'd 'a' liked it better ef he had. I reckon I'll have supper early, Mary.»

There was a mild obstinacy about Reuben which his wife rarely opposed. Before dusk he was on his way to Riverton, and he reached the village by the time the lamps began to shine through the windows into the streets. Checking his mare before the town store, Reuben tied her at the horse-rack in company with half a dozen other nags and buggies of similar dilapidation. As he entered the store, ever more or less crowded, answering to the club of a higher civilization, his advent was loudly welcomed; but on this occasion Reuben confessed himself hurried. He ordered a list of groceries, to be packed in his buggy against his return, thus giving explanation for his visit to the populace waiting to receive this statement as their due. His account rendered, he was more free for his mission, which led him at once to Dan'l Whip's home. The Whip cottage stood a little apart from the village, on a side road.

«Here 't is,» said Reuben to himself, as he reached the house and paused before it thoughtfully. All the shutters were closed, but a bright light from within came streaming through the cracks.

«Was it the lef' side Mary said?» murmured Reuben, hesitating on the road. «Yes, 't was the lef'.»

He walked softly to the left side of Daniel Whip's house. There, toward the bottom of one of the windows, a broader band of light burst through the shutter from which a slat was missing.

«Lyddy must ha' seen real well. There war n't no reason she should n't,» thought Reuben, as he bent his head and looked into the house. The one lamp, which was in the center of the supper-table, lighted the small room brilliantly. The china on the shelves, Daniel Whip's half-finished wheels in the corner, his tools near by,—everything, in fact, except Whip himself,—Reuben could

see plainly. Directly opposite the window, at the head of the supper-table, sat Sarah.

«White and scared as a rabbit,» sighed Reuben to himself. He looked at the supper, and thought that the poor soul must have made an effort to have it specially good. A high-backed arm-chair was placed opposite Sarah, with its back to the window where Reuben stood. There, he judged, the master of the house must be; for dish after dish was deprecatingly pushed by Sarah toward this chair, and they seemed to disappear in its recesses. Sarah's own plate lay face down before her; she had not so much as turned it over.

No word was being spoken. To the genial soul at the window this was the darkest feature. Finally, the dishes which had been disappearing full into the chair began to come back empty, and Sarah rose to clear the table. She went to her work slowly, with faltering footsteps. When all the dishes had been taken away, she seemed to hesitate, and stood with the center crease of the cloth held in her fingers for a full minute before she jerked it off.

There was still no sign of life from Daniel that Reuben could see. Close by the window stood the dresser. As Sarah approached it to open the drawer and lay the cloth away, Reuben was looking through the broken slat full into her despairing face. She was standing quite still, listening, and he held his breath lest she should hear him. At that moment came a sound that blanched the woman's cheeks and made the watcher's back crawl. It was Daniel Whip scrambling upon the table. Reuben could not see him, for Sarah blocked his view; but he could imagine him standing there, with his «watermelon head,» his «squeezed-up eyes,» his «humped-together body,» the cruel strap ready in his hand. He knew Sarah was mentally seeing the same sight; for her figure was bent despairingly, and it seemed to Reuben that she was looking out through the broken shutter straight into his eyes, while her eyes were growing fixed and strange. Her lips were moving.

«Lord help her!» thought Reuben; «she 's prayin'!»

Suddenly Sarah's eyes lighted up; a dash of bright red came over her high cheek-bones. She wheeled so abruptly that Reuben Grey started back. He heard a scuffle, one rabbit-like cry, and when he regained his post of observation Daniel Whip was not on the table.

Sarah was standing by the arm-chair, looking down into its recesses. She held a heavy

leather strap in her hand, and spoke in a high, excited voice, as mechanically as a parrot.

"Well, Dan'l Whip, you do look!" She went on rapidly, yet as one feeling for words. The thong was raised waveringly. "You see this, Dan'l? What I'm standin' here considerin' is ef I ain't called on right now to haul yer outer there an' give yer the worst lickin' yer 've had sence—sence—I

"I'm goin' to have peace, an' nothin' else, on this here farm—house, I mean."

The thong whistled again in her hand; but this time Sarah seemed to find a certain pleasure in the sound, for she repeated it, looking from the stinging lash to the chair.

"Dan'l Whip," she cried suddenly, "don't you dare to speak or move! Yes, yer may squeeze back in your chair, and stare yer

eyes outer your head. This thong 's better to hear than to feel, as I can tell yer. I said I war n't hankerin' to use it on yer, but 'deed I don' know. Now I'm at the right end o' it fer once, I do seem to feel as ef five or six good licks—now 't ain't no use your sayin' a word, Dan'l Whip; sure 's yer do, I'll light right in, an' ef I get started I ain't sayin' I *could* stop."

Reuben Grey, at the window, was clinging to the sill in dismay. Sarah had been like some dumb brute unaware of its strength. Now that she had learned her power, it was sweet. The weight of an awful responsibility settled on Reuben's shoulders. Sarah was slapping the strap across her palm thoughtfully.

"When I grabbed you off the table jes now, and chucked you back in that chair, an' yanked this thong outer yer han', Dan'l Whip, what I meant to say by it was this: I ain't never goin' to walk roun' that table to be

licked no more, not one time; but I can't be shore 'bout lickin' yer now with this thong—I'm kinder 'fraid of breakin' yer. You ain' big, like I am. I'm just wonderin' how yer ma ever done it 'thout killin' yer."

A sudden thought seemed to strike Sarah. Her face cleared; she turned away, and laid the strap on the high mantel-shelf. "Dan'l," she said, returning to stand and look down from her height into the chair, "I've made up my min' clean. I ain' ever goin' ter lick yer with that thong. It 's too crool, an' you so little." Her tone grew almost affectionate. "I know jes how crool it is. Ef leather did n't



«WELL, DAN'L WHIP, YOU DO LOOK!»

mean a worse lickin' than you ever give me with this strop. 'T ain't as ef I was hankerin' to do it; it 's kinder hot to be whippin' ter-day; but I don' seem able to decide ef I ain't neglectin' my dooty in parsin' it by. Min', I don' say I ain' goin' to lick yer anyhow; but there 's jes one thing you kin be shore of: ef I ketch yer again on this table, hot nor nothin' else won't help yer. It 'll be right then and there, an' with this very thong, yer 'll get your lickin'."

She made the strap whistle through the air as she spoke, and jumped herself at the sound, but went on doggedly:

smell so eternal bad burnin', I'd th'ow the thing in the fire once fer all. What I'm studyin' over now is, ef I ought n't to do yer jes as your ma mus' ha' done yer many a time when you got yer ugly tempers on—jes like I'd do my own chile ef I had one. I'm considerin' turnin' you right over my knee an' spankin' yer good; that could n't do yer no harm, an' it might—ach! Don't you speak a word, Dan'l Whip!"

Reuben Grey withdrew from the window as softly as he had come. He stepped from

the house to the road, and with the same unnecessarily cautious step he crossed the town, seeking his mare and buggy at the horse-rack. Then he carefully counted over the packages of groceries, to find the number correct. As he drove down the road from Riverton, Reuben Grey was whistling softly and happily to himself.

Whether Sarah decided to spank or to spare Daniel Whip, he had no curiosity to learn. "Anyhow," he ruminated, "he knows now she kin and may, an' that 's the whole p'int."

Margaret Sutton Briscoe.

A GREAT MODERN OBSERVATORY.

HARVARD'S ASTRONOMICAL WORK.



OMETES are responsible for many things. During seventeen centuries they gave rise to every sort of superstition and fanaticism, absolutely defying the advance of intelligent thought. In the tenth century comets were supposed to be rapidly foretelling the end of the world; and, while presaging the downfall of emperors and great men, they frequently shone upon illustrious death-beds, perhaps to light an otherwise dark pathway to the other world.

Although a dawning belief in the natural cause of comets seems to have made its way slowly into the still credulous seventeenth century, it was stoutly fought by the ecclesiastics, and popular terror at the appearance of these strange celestial "monsters" had hardly abated, nor were "pestilence and war" less to be feared from the shaking of their "horrid hair."

But in our own century and country a comet is responsible for something altogether admirable, fanning into constant conflagration a quiet interest in astronomy, which, smoldering for years, might have so continued many more but for its inspiring advent.

The history of astronomy in the United States is coeval with the origin and development of the Harvard Observatory. In 1761, long before an American observatory was thought of, John Winthrop, professor in the college, was sent to Newfoundland to observe the transit of Venus, on June 6 of that year; and in 1780 another expedition, under Professor Samuel Williams, was sent to Penobscot to observe a total eclipse of the sun. While in 1805 John Lowell, an uncle of the founder of the Lowell Institute, made a futile attempt to

have an observatory built at Cambridge, no committee was appointed to investigate the proposition until 1815, this being the first corporate act looking toward an astronomical observatory in the United States. Even then, finding the cost so great that the project seemed infeasible, nothing was done for a quarter-century more; but on his accession to the presidency of Harvard, Josiah Quincy took the initial step in 1839 by inviting Mr. W. C. Bond, who for nineteen years had been faithfully observing at Dorchester, to remove his entire interests to Cambridge, and there continue his work "under the auspices of the university."

Four years later the great comet of 1843 flashed into the New England sky. Irresistibly attracted to the new observatory by this celestial visitor, the people of Boston found it quite insufficient to afford an answer to their eager questions. At once subscribing a fund of \$25,000, an instrument of equal size with the largest in the world was speedily ordered in Germany. This is the present 15-inch refracting telescope, with which, on September 19, 1848, Mr. Bond made a genuine discovery—an eighth satellite of Saturn, the New World's first addition to the solar system.

This brief sketch of the early astronomy must suffice. To show the significance of Harvard's work in the "new astronomy," a glance at the development of celestial photography is essential; and this comes most appropriately, for it is matter of history that stellar photography had its actual origin there.

When, on that July evening in 1850, the Bonds, father and son, had a daguerreotype plate set in the focus of the equatorial as an interesting experiment, and succeeded in ob-

taining upon it an image of the star Vega, it is not probable that the full significance of what they had done, in all its immense possibilities, could have shadowed their thought even as a presentiment. But it was the entering wedge for methods entirely new.

Seven years later the son, Mr. G. P. Bond, subsequently director of the observatory, conducted the research to a successful issue with the then new collodion plates; and his papers upon the experiments are now classic, forming the foundation of modern celestial photography.

Passing over his directorship and that of his successor Joseph Winlock, the year 1877 is reached, and with it the appointment of the present director, Professor Pickering.¹ His plan for research at the observatory always embraces far-extending fields. If a special method of studying a particular star is found to be best, even the minutest scrutiny of that object alone is not thought sufficient, but materials are collected for a complete investigation of all stars in that class. Safe and accurate generalizations are thereby possible, and each piece of work is exhaustive in itself. For example, in an investigation of the apparent brightness of stars, Lindemann at Pulkowa employed 628 stars; at Cambridge the corresponding observing-list is based on 20,982 stars. The same comprehensive method characterizes all the Harvard work; it is a matter of principle to go through with an almost endless amount of routine to insure reliability and completeness. Of course it is possible to solve such problems only by employing many assistants—willing hands and skilful brains directed from a centrally active intelligence.

The great government observatories at Berlin, Paris, and Greenwich are also in the main occupied with a fixed routine of observation in the "astronomy of precision," as it

is called; but Harvard, not duplicating their labors, pursues instead a routine not yet part of the government programs.

Physical astronomy has always held chief place in the activities at Cambridge, and Professor Pickering's aim is in no sense to change this character, but rather to amplify it in the direction already indicated by the early work of the Bonds; and the financial resources of the observatory have, strangely enough, kept remarkable pace with the growing demands of scientific progress. The invested funds for its maintenance have increased more than \$600,000 during Professor Pickering's administration.

The most recent large gifts are the Henry Draper Memorial; the Boyden Fund, for making observations on mountain-peaks, above the mists and unsteadiness of the lower atmosphere; the great photographic telescope and the fund given by Miss Bruce; and the Paine Fund, one of the largest gifts ever made to astronomy. There is temptation to linger over these subjects in detail, full as they are of interest, and each so different from the others; but the limits of the article forbidding an extended consideration, I shall speak of them in order and as briefly as may be. It is almost impossible, however, to describe any considerable portion of the Harvard program independently of the Draper work.

When, in 1882, Professor Pickering began to photograph spectra of stars, he had been preceded only by Dr. Huggins in England and Dr. Henry Draper in America.

The brilliant labors of Dr. Draper, rudely interrupted more than fourteen years ago by his death, are now continued by others at the Harvard Observatory through the generous and constant liberality of Mrs. Draper, who established in 1886 the Henry Draper Memorial, that noble monument to one of

¹ Edward C. Pickering, born in Boston in 1846, taught physics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology before he was of age, and from 1868 to 1877 held the full professorship in that department, where he instituted the plan of providing apparatus for the use of the students, that they might themselves experiment, and no longer stand passively watching an instructor. His chief scientific researches during these years were upon the polarization of light and the laws of its reflection and dispersion. He also devised a new form of spectrum telescope, and while making other inventions found time to accompany the eclipse expeditions of 1869 and 1870 to Iowa and to Spain.

Professor Pickering has devoted his attention largely to determining the relative brightness of the heavenly bodies by novel instruments of his own devising. With one of these, technically called the meridian photometer, the light of every star as it crosses the meridian (or "culminates," in scientific phrase) is critically compared

with the pole-star, an invariable standard. Also, by another light-measuring instrument, Professor Pickering and his assistants have already completed a twelve years' series of the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, and a second cycle is already well advanced, which is further supplemented by the photographic method, also of Professor Pickering's invention, whereby the exact time of a satellite's eclipse is more precisely recorded than ever before. Ultimately this significant research will afford a new value for the distance of the earth from the sun.

But his most picturesque discovery is apparently anomalous. He has determined the form of the orbit of a star which has never been seen and probably never can be. Its existence is proved by the variations which it causes in the brightness of its nearest celestial neighbor. Professor Pickering in 1886 received the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society.

America's greatest investigators. For the first three years it was largely devoted to the photographic study of stellar spectra; and while this is still the chief interest, the scope of the photographic work has been extended to include other physical properties of the stars. As the investigations also relate to the fundamental laws regulating the formation of the stellar universe, the field of its activity becomes almost boundless, and the far-reaching prophecies of the younger Bond as to the applicability of photography to astronomy have been verified beyond even his most sanguine dream.

Upon her marriage with Dr. Draper in 1867, Mrs. Draper (daughter of the late Courtland Palmer of New York) began a coöperation in his labors at once intelligent and peculiarly helpful. Dr. Draper never went to his observatory without her, although it was two miles from their home; and when the work was interrupted by passing clouds they often revisited it during the night. Mrs. Draper's continuance of her husband's investigations is therefore doubly graceful and appropriate.

Three important telescopes were brought from Dr. Draper's observatory to Cambridge—his 28-inch reflector (the largest instrument of this type ever constructed in America), the 15-inch reflector, and the 11-inch refracting telescope, with which, by mounting four huge prisms, each nearly a foot square, in front of the object-glass, the star-images are so much spread out that "spectra of large dispersion" may be photographed. Mrs. Draper has also presented an 8-inch photographic telescope to replace the Bache glass of the same size, which was taken to Peru to interrogate the Southern stars.

Mr. Edison, who was a friend of Dr. Draper, and accompanied him on his eclipse expedition to Wyoming in 1878, has presented the Henry Draper Memorial with a dynamo for volatilizing terrestrial substances, that their spectra may be compared with the component elements of celestial objects.

It should not be forgotten that photographs of stars are not the same as photographs of the spectra of stars. The former are merely minute opaque spots on the glass negative; the latter are striped bands or ribbons, and it is these stripes and their position relatively to the red or violet end of the spectrum which tell the astronomer whether the star may have hydrogen in its constitution, or iron, calcium, or other substances.

It often becomes desirable that, for purposes of study or comparison, these small

spectrum photographs should be enlarged; and at Harvard a method has been introduced whereby details may be brought out which ordinarily are lost or are seen only in the original negative. There is extraordinary correspondence between spectra of stars and the sun, the sequence being complete from the blue to the red stars, the sun occupying an intermediate position in the series. This result has been reached by a careful study of the spectra by Miss Maury, a niece of Dr. Draper. And just here some interesting questions in cosmogony suggest themselves: Are the stars cooling or growing hotter? Are they new or old? And wherein consists the mysterious brotherhood of stars uncounted millions of miles apart, that their constitution is in so many cases identical? This fact is shown by the coincidence of hundreds of lines in the enlarged spectra; but not the explanation.

A magnificent result of this memorial work is the Draper Catalogue, published in 1890. It has been in charge of Mrs. Fleming, a widely known assistant in the observatory, with a force of six computers toiling for three years under her supervision. Ten thousand stars of the firmament are conscientiously catalogued, on a basis of over 27,000 spectra, all of which have been examined, measured, noted in manuscript volumes, computed, and carried through the press, forming a large quarto of nearly four hundred pages. The spectra of over 20,000 stars, to include fainter ones and to cover the entire sky, have lately also been classified for a revision and extension of this great catalogue, which constitutes perhaps the most marvelous of all "inventories of God's property," as Thoreau was wont to say. From inception to finish it is a splendid monument to the munificence, precision, and industry of woman.

Ordinarily a single great research like this would be thought enough for the lifetime of one astronomer; but the applications of photography have made possible the employment of so many assistants in executing the comprehensive plans of one director that his life is virtually lengthened almost indefinitely.

Some discouraging pessimist once busied himself with estimating the actual working-hours in a long life, finding that six years of continuous labor embrace the average allowance. Professor Pickering, however, in the active coöperation of so many intelligent lives with his own, has discovered a veritable elixir of youth.

In addition to the superb Draper Catalogue, more popular results have not been wanting.

Double stars revolving round each other are always of interest, the shortest hitherto known period of revolution having been about twelve years. But systematic comparison of photographic spectra of a given star, taken at short intervals, has revealed two great binaries, one of which has the wonderfully short period of four days, and is so closely double that no telescope will probably ever reveal the separate components. In speaking of this marvelous discovery, Professor Lodge says: «If β Aurigæ does not constitute a satisfactory memorial, I am at a loss to conceive the kind of tombstone which the relatives of a man of science would prefer.»

I have already spoken of Mrs. Fleming, whose eminence in original investigation is attested by the frequent appearance of her name in the scientific publications of Germany, England, and America. Her photographic study of the variable stars exhibits unusual capacity for delicate and precise research. All of the spectrum photographs taken with the 8-inch telescopes have been carefully examined by Mrs. Fleming, who makes annually many discoveries of objects having remarkable spectra. Her new method of recognizing variable stars by peculiarities of their spectra at maximum has led to the instant detection of many such objects, the variability of which may then be verified at once from an examination of the photographs already taken, without waiting for the next clear night or good opportunity, or perhaps even another season.

The regular series of negatives began in 1885, and comparison with all previous plates enables immediate confirmation of the discovery if real. An identification of the objects photographed is made by placing the glass plates over the famous charts of Argelander's stellar «Durchmusterung,¹ both being upon the same scale. All spectra possessing unusual interest are at once marked, and recorded in a book for future reference. Suspicious objects are thus tabulated, and more than twelve thousand have already been found. Obviously, anything new may perhaps be recognized and at once classified without another observation. It is as if the whole sky were laid on one's desk for verification—an unimpeachable record of our firmament bequeathed to posterity. There are now at the Harvard Observatory over seventy thousand photographs, seven or eight thousand being obtained in a single year.

¹ The name given to a famous catalogue, with accompanying charts, of 324,000 stars in the Northern heavens—a colossal piece of astronomical work.

As one result of photographic methods, the main work of this department may be done in the daytime and at any distance from the point where the pictures were made.

The location of observatories is often determined by politics and other irrelevant matters, without regard to intrinsic fitness. When once a site, buildings, and instruments are provided, governments or donors are quite satisfied, and observations must thenceforth be conducted there, regardless of climatic disadvantages. There are few marked exceptions to this unfortunate rule.

Not infrequently a good observing-station is bad for all the subsequent necessary work,—computing, printing, and so on,—because it is apt to be at a distance from merely material conveniences. This consideration, of course, influences the location of observatories near cities.

Astronomically speaking, Cambridge itself—level, gleaming with electric lights, full of old trees, and near the slowly winding Charles, ever loath to leave its salt meadows—is hardly the ideal place for a working observatory. The great dome crowns one of the few low hills, the beauty of which ought to compensate even the most mathematical astronomer for the sad fact that he is not airily perched upon some mountain-top. The beautiful grounds where birds sing and pines murmur, with the garden of rare rhododendrons abloom in the sunny springtime, give little hint of the wide-reaching activities centering here, and extending quietly, yet ceaselessly, over the world and into the infinite spaces.

But the astronomical department of Harvard is much more comprehensive than is apparent from a visit to its Cambridge headquarters. The Boyden Fund established accessory stations in the clear and steady atmosphere of southern California and Peru, while the general organization and management are conducted with the greatest facility from the home observatory, thus combining both advantages with great efficiency.

The subject of mountain observatories has always attraction for the general public as well as for the specialist. For many years it has been supposed that astronomical work at high elevations would be more satisfactory than that prosecuted near sea-level, because less liable to atmospheric disturbance. From time to time experiments have been generally confirmatory of this theory. But a practical determination to prove the question systematically was first evinced by Mr. Uriah Atherton Boyden, a wealthy Bostonian, who

died in 1879, leaving a bequest of \$230,000 for «the establishment and maintenance of an astronomical observatory on some mountain-peak.» After discussion as to the best means of carrying out his desire, Mr. Boyden's trustees finally turned the fund over to the Harvard College Observatory.

Professor Pickering, sometime president of the Appalachian Club, had in 1883 read a paper setting forth the advantages of mountain observatories. It was eminently fitting that, in the wide scope of the Harvard researches, opportunity should thus be offered for the necessary critical tests.

The first experiment was upon Wilson's Peak in southern California, where an observatory was maintained during 1889 and until August, 1890. The instruments located there brought good results, although the advantages of that climate were not so great as had been anticipated. Another attempt about the same time in Peru resulted more satisfactorily. The Chosica station presented enough of ideal hardship to satisfy the most enthusiastic astronomer. Upon a mountain over 6600 feet high a few devoted observers nightly photographed the wide-spreading sky, even if the next morning's breakfast were problematical; they accumulated valuable data of the Southern heavens, even if water and building-materials were securely lodged eight miles away. But with the approach of the cloudy season in November, 1889, the gentle suggestions of nature forced the observers to retire under the filmy veil which gradually covered Mount Harvard and its instruments.

Using this interval to explore other possible sites, the astronomers extended their search along the coast as far as Valparaiso. A station was occupied for a time in the Chilean desert of Atacama, perhaps the driest region of the earth. Even there, however, clouds came up from the ocean at evening, and the present site at Arequipa was finally chosen. Although one more clear season was spent at Chosica, the instruments in November, 1890, were removed to the new location on the line of the Mollendo Railway. Arequipa, the largest city but one in Peru, is 8000 feet above sea-level. The railroad, however, more aspiring still, attains the extraordinary altitude of 14,600 feet, the highest point reached by any railway in the world.

Here, surrounded by archæological remains of great interest, and with snow-covered mountains over 20,000 feet in height as a daily view from their windows, Professor W. H. Pickering and his assistants found a situation worthy of their fine instruments and

the magnitude of their plan. From both the Peruvian stations much valuable material has already been obtained.

Most astronomical works so far published, like the «Durchmusterung» and the catalogues of Dr. Gould, are necessarily incomplete, since each relates mainly to a single hemisphere. Now, by means of the two stations, one at Cambridge and one in Peru, both under the same director, research upon all the stars of the entire heavens is completed in a harmonious whole. Thus the special significance of the Harvard station in the Southern hemisphere is apparent. There is, of course, coöperation between the two great English observatories at Greenwich and the Cape of Good Hope, although each is conducted by a separate director and has its own plan of work; but the entirety of coöperation is reached only by the Harvard system, through which investigations prosecuted in observatories of both hemispheres have been carefully planned by a single head.

On the Peruvian chart-plates more than six hundred clusters and nebulae appear; on the spectrum-plates, over one thousand. Of course many of these are already known. The manuscript records accumulate with astonishing rapidity: nearly fifty volumes have already been received relating to the visual brightness of the Southern stars. Studies of the lunar streaks and of variable spots on the moon, of Jupiter's satellites and of the markings on Neptune, have also been made; and the peculiar fitness of Arequipa for a permanent observatory of high elevation is amply proved.

This station, now combining both Boyden and Draper interests, was fortunately located for increasing our knowledge of the planet Mars, whose near approach to the earth in 1892 could not be at all well studied from our Northern observatories. Professor W. H. Pickering employed the great 13-inch telescope assiduously, measuring nearly a hundred salient points for a future areography, discovering forty minute and very dark areas provisionally designated lakes, and determining anew the polar flattening of Mars, which appears to be greater than theoretical indications, and is possibly due to an excess of cloud in the equatorial regions of the planet. Luminous projections beyond the apparent disk of Mars, doubtless atmospheric clouds, were objects of special scrutiny. But most important of all, the reality of a multitude, or network, of dark and narrow streaks, nearly straight, and called canals by their discoverer, Professor Giovanni Schiaparelli

of Milan, was not only verified, but the steady atmosphere of Arequipa made it possible to obtain satisfactory measures of their precise location on the globe of Mars. Great areas of this neighboring world may now be more accurately indicated upon a map of the planet than regions of our terrestrial poles.

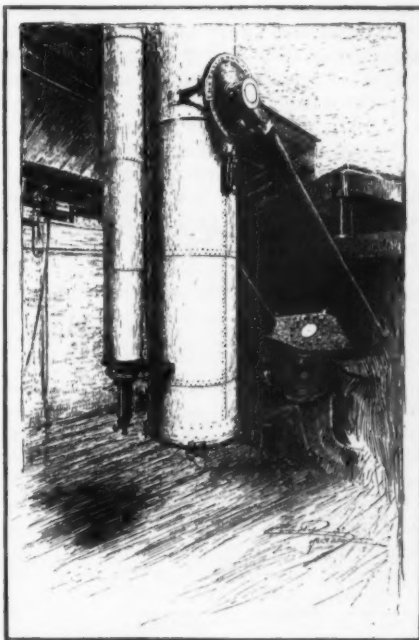
The origin of the new Bruce telescope is not without interest. Photographically, an 8-inch glass has been found fully equal to one of fifteen inches used visually. In November, 1888, Professor Pickering issued a circular proposing to establish the Boyden station on Mount Wilson, and to maintain there, if sufficient additional funds could be obtained, a large photographic telescope to be used in three ways: for visual purposes, as an ordinary telescope of twenty-four inches aperture and a focal length of seventeen feet; as a single photographic lens of like dimensions; and as a photographic doublet covering a very large field, with a focal length of eleven feet.

With this extraordinary instrument contributions to stellar astronomy of the utmost significance could be expected, increasing enormously in value year by year.

In response to this circular, Miss C. W. Bruce of New York, a cousin of the late Miss Catherine L. Wolfe (well known by her generosity to the Metropolitan Museum), presented \$50,000 to Harvard College Observatory for such a telescope. This great gift was not to be used in trying a mere experiment, but the successful 8-inch Draper glass was its model.

A vast extension of the photographic research—already well advanced with the Bache and Draper telescopes, from each of which about two thousand plates are annually received—now constitutes the particular work of the Bruce glass. Mr. Clark, the builder, has completed his labors upon it; and the telescope, after being tested at Cambridge, was shipped last year to Peru, where the Southern stars are now being charted to the seventeenth magnitude. Preliminary tests reveal a power of photographic registry beyond the reach of the largest visual telescopes. A huge prism in front of the glass adapts it for spectrum photography, thus affording a double opportunity for its success, and the Bruce telescope may reasonably be accounted the most powerful instrument in the world.

The wide liberality of Miss Bruce toward astronomy has not been confined to the Harvard telescope. During 1890 she offered a fund of \$6000 for celestial research in gen-



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE.

THE BRUCE PHOTOGRAPHIC TELESCOPE,
NOW CHARTING THE SOUTHERN HEAVENS IN PERU.

eral. Of this gift Professor Pickering was the almoner, and in response to his circular to all astronomers eighty-four replies were received. While they gave a distinct idea of the present needs of astronomy, it was, of course, impossible to assist every applicant. Many a pathetic tale of high devotion to a non-remunerative science might be read between the lines of these communications. Truly «the (patines of bright gold) with which Urania's treasure-chests overflow are not of terrestrial coinage.» A skilful astronomer is often attached to an institution lacking entirely the funds to enable him to carry out cherished plans; or another may be privately at work, but hampered by inability to purchase necessary instruments or to publish important results. Fifteen astronomers received substantial aid from Miss Bruce's fund. Only the importance of the work was considered, and the benefaction was wisely and liberally bestowed without regard to terrestrial locality. Astronomers all over the world—in the United States, in Norway, Spain, Russia, and Germany—were thus benefited. «The same sky overarches us all.»

Upon the death of Mr. Robert Treat Paine, more than a quarter of a million dollars was

bestowed upon the observatory, the income from which was wholly available for the first time during 1893. One of its oldest and most interested friends, a member of its visiting committee from the time of its organization over forty years ago, he was a diligent observer of astronomical and meteorological phenomena, and it was largely in consequence of his interest that Professor Pickering decided, several years since, to extend the scope of the meteorological work, though it is secondary and largely by coöperation. Especially may be mentioned the significant researches of the Blue Hill Observatory, maintained by the wise liberality of Mr. A. Lawrence Rotch.

Observations of atmospheric conditions are regularly carried on at the Peruvian establishment, and a line of meteorological stations is now in operation from the coast across the Andes to the valley of the Amazon. They include stations at Mollendo, 100 feet above sea-level; at La Joya, 4150 feet; at Arequipa itself, 8060 feet; at Alto de los Huesos, 13,300; Mount Blanc station on the

Misti, 15,600; and one in the Chacani ravine, 16,650 feet elevation. Notwithstanding its great height, the last station is easily reached by a mule-path, and observers may pass the night in a small hut erected for their convenience. Until very recently this was the highest meteorological station in the world; but after making a careful examination of the volcano El Misti, a sharp and isolated peak, Professor Bailey has succeeded in establishing a station upon its top, 19,200 feet above the sea. This, too, is entirely accessible by a path, while self-recording instruments register the temperature, pressure, moisture, and the velocity and direction of the wind at this unparalleled height. Farther down, again, are two more stations—at Cuzco, 11,000 feet, and Santa Ana, 3000, completing the chain.

The teaching of modern astronomy is preëminently the doctrine of change and motion. Poetic as it is to speak of the constancy of the stars, the more the astronomer finds out about them, the more he is forced to admit their periodic fluctuations. Even

the idea that they are absolutely stationary in position, as implied in the name «fixed stars,» has to be abandoned, since it is found that many hundreds of these luminaries have motions of their own large enough for us to measure, notwithstanding their inconceivably great distances from us; and it is a reasonable physical inference that all the brilliant bodies of the universe are in motion, obedient to the law of gravitation, slowly or swiftly, through interstellar space.¹

But among the countless myriads which dot the nightly heavens, and the



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE.

HARVARD METEOROLOGICAL STATION, CHACANI, PERU.
ELEVATION, 16,650 FEET.

¹ Professor Todd gives me this striking illustration of the distance of a so-called «fixed star,» based on the well-known «Century Dictionary» (with its twelve hundred three-column pages in each volume), taken in connection with that swift voyager light, which travels with such celerity that it could go fifteen times round the equator of the earth while you read a single dictionary line (of which there are one hundred in each column). Now let us suppose that a well-known star is suddenly blotted out of the firmament,—the great star Sirius, for example,—and that at the instant of its extinction you begin to read rapidly «The Century Dictionary,» reading day and night, week-days and Sundays and holidays, continuously and without intermission, just as

starlight itself does not stop to rest, once having left its birthplace. How many pages will have been covered before the astronomers here on the earth will miss the conspicuous luminary from our brilliant winter skies? Or how many volumes? Perhaps you guess that the entire six volumes of that colossal work would be completely read through before it would be known on our globe that the dog-star had gone out? But even this conjecture would give only a faint notion of the inconceivable spaces with which the astronomer has to deal in measuring the distances of the stars; for to us the chief star of Canis Major would continue to burn in its accustomed place until you had finished 360 volumes like those of «The Century Dictionary.»



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

THE BOYDEN STATION AT AREQUIPA, PERU. ELEVATION, 8060 FEET.

millions more revealed by the telescope, a totally new star is now and then discovered; some particular area of the celestial vault, hitherto the blackness of darkness, suddenly flames with the luster of a brilliant star—a new sun. The number of such phenomena recorded within historic time has not been large—less than a score in two thousand years. One very curious fact, not yet explained, is that they have been for the most part in the Milky Way. But the irregular distribution in time is even more apparent. To be sure, the centuries have shown vast variation in the degree of interest in astronomy manifested by their peoples, and the means of permanent record, too, have greatly improved. At times several centuries have passed with no new star handed down into the astronomy of the future, while, on the other hand, the annals of the last thirty years contain seven, which have been critically interrogated for all the additional light which their peculiar behavior might afford in the elucidation of stellar mysteries. The first four stars of this group were the Nova of 1866, in the Northern Crown; the Nova Cygni, discovered by Schmidt in 1876; the new star observed in the great nebula of Andromeda

in 1885; and, most famous of all, the Nova Aurigæ of 1892.

On February 2, 1892, word was received at Cambridge that such a new star had been discovered in the constellation Auriga by a Scotch clergyman named Anderson. Turning at once to the splendid series of general photographs of the heavens, invaluable information was at once gathered as to the new star, which appeared on the plates more than six weeks before it attracted Mr. Anderson's attention. Of course Mrs. Fleming's discovery of the Nova Aurigæ might have been a mere question of time when she should have reached, in her regular examination, the first plate containing it; only Mr. Anderson saw it before the plate was reached. The outburst of the star's light was perhaps due to the approach and recession of great masses of hydrogen rushing past each other with the almost inconceivable velocity of five hundred miles per second.

But Mrs. Fleming has since discovered four new stars, one of which at least is of equally interesting character. On the Peruvian plates taken in July, 1893, she found a curious variable of the seventh magnitude in the constellation Norma. The priceless series



DRAWN BY ERIC PAFE, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH BROTHERS.

PROFESSOR EDWARD C. PICKERING, LL. D.

of negatives was again called upon to assist in tracing another new celestial inhabitant, and, questioning them, the answer came that from thirteen negatives of this part of the sky, taken between June 6, 1889, and June 21, 1893, no suggestion of a new star appeared. If existing at all, it must have been fainter than the fourteenth magnitude. But it was found on a plate taken July 10, 1893, and, strangely, too, its spectrum is identical with that of the previous new star, Nova Aurigæ, which proves it actually new, and not merely a variable star of long period.

Another striking recent discovery is that of the sixth new star, which must have shone brightly about nine years ago, but is not known ever to have been seen by any one, and which has since utterly faded from the firmament. It was discovered in December, 1893, by the vigilant eye of Mrs. Fleming, when examining some spectrum-plates of the constellation Perseus that had been taken November 3, 1887. It presents a finely developed spectrum of the type usual in the case of temporary stars, and a comparison with chart-plates of the same region, taken both before and since that date, shows an entire blank. So that here is a unique case: a bright star of the existence of which in the

sky at a particular time we are absolutely sure,—even its constitution we know something about,—and yet (herein showing similarity to the theoretical discovery of the path of a star by Professor Pickering) the star itself has never been seen, and never will be seen, by any human eye. Another new star was discovered by Mrs. Fleming on the Draper Memorial plates taken at Arequipa in the spring of 1895. It appeared in the constellation Carina, and in less than three months had sunk from the eighth to the eleventh magnitude in brightness. The last new star was found by the same observer in 1895, in the constellation Centaurus.

Thus, with present photographic processes, glass negatives may take the place of the sky itself. Photography, when joined with astronomy, has been called «the very Ariel of the astronomical Prospero.» With Professor Pickering's photographic lenses a thousand stars have been catalogued within one degree of the north pole, where only forty were known before. It is a wonderful thought that these stars, too faint to be seen at all through any telescope, however powerful, may be caught by the exquisite sensitiveness of a photographic plate.

To be sure, this conjunction of photography with the study of the stars obliterates the favorite popular vision of the typical astronomer, up at all hours with eye constantly at a great «optick tube»; if the atmosphere be lower than freezing, or even a New England zero, romantic imagination insists that his heart must be amply warmed by his heavenly enthusiasm. But the elimination of personality makes the records of astronomy indisputable, and renders its pursuit more practical, not to say more comfortable, besides widening its skies beyond comparison. Stellar astronomy, indeed, might continue to progress by the aid of the star-charts and the photographic spectra already collected, even if the sky were now to be clouded for all future time.

The immense increase of glass negatives at Cambridge necessitates the most methodical arrangement. They are kept in cases marked with series and numbers. Misplacement is even worse than a book on the wrong shelf in a great library. Indeed, as years go on, the accumulation of plates must be treated more and more by library principles, and subjected to the same rigorous methods. These invaluable records of the sky were formerly stored in the main observatory, but during 1893 a fire-proof brick building was completed, and thirty thousand glass negatives

were transferred to its safe-keeping without serious accident, although their weight was nearly ten tons.

Space does not remain to treat amply of the telescope-houses, embodying the most approved methods of observatory construction (with a minimum of material at relatively trifling expense), nor of the novel types of instruments in detail—the great meridian circle, with which Professor Rogers has labored so faithfully on precise positions of stars; the Russian transit, with its «broken telescope,» which served as the model of those built for the government expeditions to observe the recent transits of Venus; of Professor Pickering's «horizontal telescope,» an advantageous type for winter use, enabling the astronomer to remain in a warm room with the image of any star brought to him always in one position, the task of observation thus becoming easier and more comfortable; or of the great equatorial, which the public in general conceive to be accessory to the nightly scene of principal achievement, but which is now quite secondary. There is no attempt to amplify the visual part of the work, and this classic telescope has been

used more for ascertaining the physical properties of heavenly bodies than for the measurement of their positions and distances; in other words, its service is rendered to the «new astronomy» more than to the old. Determinations of the brightness of double stars, satellites, and small planets have been made—researches of recognized value. Now, however, it is used chiefly for measuring the light of Jupiter's moons and of the variable stars.

More generally interesting will be the great library (with perhaps a single exception, the finest of its type in the country), containing nearly twenty thousand volumes and pamphlets. Under the same roof are the collections in astronomical photography—prints exhibiting all stages of progress in the art as applied to the study of the heavens; and pictures of the fainter moons of our planetary system, very difficult to see with any telescope, but which photography, with the advantage of long exposure, has rendered as evident as a printed page.

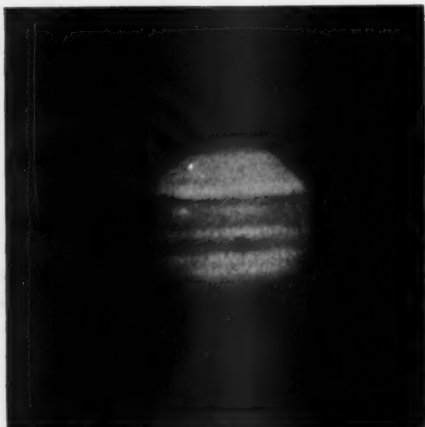
One of the pleasant places in which to linger and learn at the great Chicago Exposition was the space devoted to the exhibit of



DRAWN BY HARRY FERG.

HARVARD COLLEGE OBSERVATORY.

ENGRAVED BY J. TINKNEY.



ENLARGED FROM A HARVARD PHOTOGRAPH.

JUPITER.

the Harvard Observatory. Charming photographs, not only of celestial objects, but of buildings and scenery, including the wonderful mountain-ranges of South America, tempted the visitor to forget for the time the multitudinous collections outside.

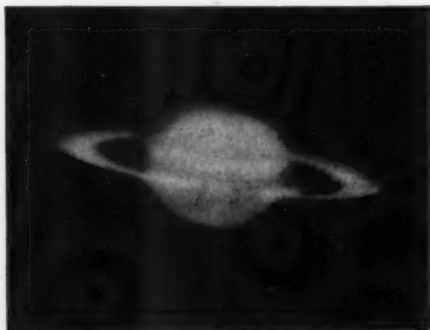
Harvard's record in recent total eclipses of the sun is worthy much more extended notice, but a glance may be given at its achievement. In 1886 an expedition was sent to Grenada, in charge of Professor W. H. Pickering, to observe the eclipse of August 29. When nature herself seems to hold her breath to watch, the merely spectacular is so absorbing that great devotion to scientific detail is necessary in order to obtain a record of an eclipse worth the having. But in spite of certain obstacles, Professor Pickering made on that occasion a contribution of recognized worth to our knowledge of the sun. The eclipses of 1887 and 1896 in Japan, and of 1889 in west Africa, offered Harvard opportunity for coöperation with the government and other expeditions in charge of Professor Todd; and a large amount of specialized apparatus for research upon the corona was contributed by the observatory, which would not otherwise have been in the field. During the eclipse of January 1, 1889, visible in California, Professor Pickering secured exceptional photographs of the sun's corona. The Harvard astronomers in Peru

were already very near the scene of action when the lunar shadow swept across South America, April 16, 1893. An expedition from Arequipa was established at a silver-mine near Valleñar in Chile. The sky was brilliantly clear, and the corona was very satisfactorily observed and photographed, though no long streamers were seen.

Space has not been left to speak of the careful time-signals transmitted for so many years as a part of the daily program, or of that interesting investigation, the search for a lunar satellite—a moon of a moon.

A new and useful department has been added to the observatory within recent years. Kiel, in Germany, is the European center for the distribution of astronomical announcements from all over the world; Cambridge is the American counterpart. Discoveries made in the United States are telegraphed to Harvard, thence to Kiel, and so to all Europe. And when, some bright night, a wandering comet or other strange visitor may be detected from a remote corner of Germany or Russia, Kiel is at once notified, then Cambridge, and the next morning all American astronomers know where to look for the newcomer.

So in these modern days, when even the stars are linked in an organized human system, and celestial messages continually tell of activities millions of miles away, it seems



ENLARGED FROM A HARVARD PHOTOGRAPH.

SATURN.

possible to apprehend the wide breathing-space of infinite distances, where star speaks to star across the dark void in rhythmic, intelligible music.

Mabel Loomis Todd.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE AUTHOR BY MOONLIGHT, FEBRUARY 29, 1896. EXPOSURE, ONE HOUR (FROM TEN TO ELEVEN P. M.).

EAST FRONT AND SOUTH SIDE OF THE PARTHENON.

HOW A RIDDLE OF THE PARTHENON WAS UNRAVELED.

[THOSE Americans who gathered in Athens in the spring of 1896, at the time of the Olympian games, accounts of which, as well as of the Athens of classic times and of our own day, have recently appeared in *THE CENTURY*, had occasion for patriotic pride in the success of the American youths who took part in those games; they, with the Greek winner of the Marathon race, may be said to have been the heroes of the hour. But there had been, earlier in the year, another successful feat, which was in fact a curious mingling of athletics and scholarship, and of which the hero was a young American from Cornell University, a student in the American Classical School at Athens. This youth accomplished what high authorities had declared impossible in unraveling the riddle of the nail-holes in the architrave of the east front of the Parthenon, thus adding an interesting paragraph to Athenian history, and writing his own name on the most precious of human structures in better fashion than that followed by the profane and scribbling tourist. Perhaps this young student might not have succeeded so well in his daring enterprise had there not been some boyish practice in high climbing among the beams of a neighboring railroad bridge—a personal detail not recorded in the modest paper, written at our request, and printed under a title given it by the editor.—*THE EDITOR.*]

ONE cold afternoon in December a group of shivering men and women followed a lecturer in and out among the blocks of marble that strewed the Acropolis of Athens, and listened as he explained the problems which the great building before them presents. It was an illustrated lecture on the Parthenon, with the Parthenon itself for illustration—one of the outdoor archæological lectures which Dr. Wilhelm Dörpfeld of the German Institute gives every Saturday afternoon during the winter. The lectures are primarily for the men of the institute, but members of the other archæological

schools receive a kindly welcome; and Englishmen, Italians, Americans, and Greeks avail themselves gladly of the opportunity to wander through the ancient city with such a guide. Boreas was asserting his sway in his own dominion in vigorous fashion that week. As his ulster-clad victims tried to keep out of the reach of the cutting blasts that swept the bleak waste of rock, and as the hum of the city, bearing a street-cry here and there, swirled up to them with the dust-clouds from the plain, the legend of Oreithyia, the maiden snatched away by the North Wind from the hillside across the valley, suddenly took new



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

TAKING DOWN A SQUEEZE.

meaning, and the rise of such a story was easy to understand. It was my good fortune to be a member of the American school, and therefore one of the audience.

We were gathered before the east front of the temple. With heads tilted back and aching necks, we followed the lecturer where his words were leading us, while the problems of column, architrave, triglyph, and the rest were made so plain that we forgot the ache, and wondered why we had never understood it all before. Learned men have written great books about the building that rose before us; mighty battles of logic or opinion have been fought over almost every detail; each of its marble blocks has been measured with a painstaking accuracy that would be ridiculous were it any other building than the Parthenon; but "all the Old World's culture culminated in Greece, all Greece in Athens, all Athens in its Acropolis, all the Acropolis in the Par-

thenon.» Racked by earthquake and torn by explosion, bombarded and pillaged by Christian and Turk, for centuries a rich mine for lime-burner and museum-pirate, its fair white brow turned golden brown with the suns and winds and driving rains of more than two thousand years, it yet stands peerless in all the world. Our architects have not caught up with those old pagans who built this temple for their virgin goddess twenty-three hundred years ago. They are still imitating it, and trying to master the principles of its construction and the art of the man who planned it. Again and again it has been covered with elaborate and expensive scaffolding, that no detail be missed. We were unprepared, therefore, to learn that anything remained to be found out about the building; a riddle was the last thing that we expected. Our attention was directed once more, however, to the architrave, normally a smooth surface of marble, an unbroken band of brown, a hundred feet long and four feet wide, running across the whole front just above the tops of the eight columns. It is the surface of the great marble beams which span from pillar to pillar. Above it runs a belt of about the same width composed of fifteen three-barred triglyphs alternating with fourteen sculptured metopes. There is a triglyph over each column, and one in the middle of each of the intervening spaces. Under each metope there is a hole, four inches by two, cut in the marble of the architrave, and under each of twelve of the triglyphs is a close group of smaller holes arranged with no apparent system.

«The large holes,» explained the lecturer, «once served to hold great metal shields in place against the marble. The weathering about the holes shows that the shields were approximately four feet in diameter, and the contrast with the weathering outside the four-foot circle shows that they remained some time in place. Between the shields groups of metal letters were fastened, as these nail-holes that dot the spaces show, but what the letters were, or what they spelled, is not known. It is, without doubt, possible to determine from the relative positions of the holes what the letters were, and thus to recover the inscription. Such things have been done,¹ and it is time that this were done.»

The suggestion was inspiring, and as soon as possible permission to undertake the work was obtained from Mr. Kabbadias, General Ephor of Antiquities.

During the bombardment of the Acropolis in 1687, the Turkish garrison, supposing that the Christians would not turn their cannon on a building which had once been a church, kept each day's supply of powder, with the women and children, in the Parthenon. As soon as this became known to the Venetians, they centered their artillery fire on the great temple, and, to their delight and to the sorrow of the world ever since, succeeded in dropping a shell into the store of powder. The explosion blew out the middle of the building, and left it much as it stands to-day, the two ends separated from each other. During their occupation the Turks made the Parthenon a mosque and built a minaret in its southwest corner. The top of the minaret, which was once a prominent feature of all views of the Acropolis, disappeared long ago; but its spiral stairway is still in place, and renders ascent to the top of the west end an easy matter. The east front, however, stands alone, and has escaped the visits of the man who scratches his pitiful name on the homes of the gods; for its top is inaccessible, except by means of ladders, scaffolding, or ropes. All attempts, therefore, to obtain an accurate transcription of the holes have been made from below, with the aid of opera-glasses or long-range cameras. The height, forty-five feet, and the fact that at such a distance spots of Turkish bullet-marks are not easily to be distinguished from nail-holes, have combined to make these attempts uniformly unsuccessful, and direct access to the architrave seemed to be not only desirable, but necessary.

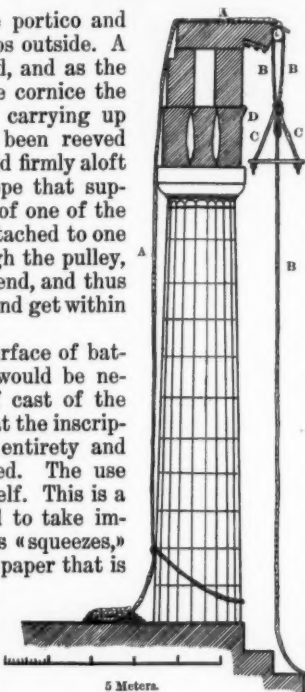
The use of ladders was out of the question. All building in Greece is done from scaffolds the levels of which are connected by inclined planes of boards, and there is probably not a ladder fifty feet long in all the kingdom. A scaffold seemed too cumbersome and expensive to be considered as a possibility. It was necessary, therefore, to get a rope over the top. A stone with a string attached was thrown over, stronger cords were drawn after it, and at last a stout Manila rope was dragged across the cornice, and lay with

¹ Inscriptions long ago torn from temples at Assisi, Pergamon, Troy, and Nîmes (the Maison Carrée), and from the arch of Septimius Severus in Rome, have been reconstructed in this way. At Adalia such an inscription was found in place on an arch of Hadrian when a Turkish wall in front of the arch was pulled down. The

letters are of bronze and gilded. Some of them are in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford; some in Berlin; and others in Vienna. The dovetailed tenons which project from the backs of the letters are still covered with the lead that held them in the holes in the marble.

one end hanging down in the portico and the other dropping to the steps outside. A pulley was tied to the latter end, and as the rope was hauled back over the cornice the pulley mounted to the edge, carrying up with it a rope which had been reeved through it. The pulley was held firmly aloft by making the end of the rope that supported it fast around the foot of one of the columns. Sitting in a swing attached to one end of the rope that ran through the pulley, I could pull down on the other end, and thus raise myself to the architrave and get within reach of the puzzle.

A glance along the great surface of battered marble showed that it would be necessary to make some sort of cast of the different groups of holes, so that the inscription might be studied in its entirety and a comparative method followed. The use of squeeze-paper suggested itself. This is a wood-pulp paper which is used to take impressions, known technically as "squeezes," of inscriptions cut in stone—a paper that is plastic when wet and stiff when dry. From the ground each group of holes is strikingly like the top of a pepper-box in appearance; but when one swings before them, it is seen that the holes are well cut, as a rule three quarters of an inch long by half an inch wide, over half an inch deep, and from two to three inches apart. A sheet of paper was spread over the stone, wet with a sponge, and pounded tight to the surface with a brush. It broke through wherever it stretched across a hole. Two strips of paper, wet and crossing each other at right angles, were pushed in by their middle through each break to the bottom of the hole, so that each hole was lined with a double U of paper. The four projecting ends of the strips were turned back flat on the paper, and another sheet was put against the first. Both sheets were next thoroughly wet and pounded into a coherent mass of pulp, and the ends of the strips were thus held firmly between. If the wind did not blow the squeeze down during the night, it was stiff and strong in the morning; a little careful use of a paper-knife pried the knobs out of the holes; and a cast was secured which showed with entire accuracy the relative position of the holes, their shape, depth, and direction. It took all day to make a cast of one group of holes, and there are twelve groups. At that season of the year the chances were that a wind would rise dur-



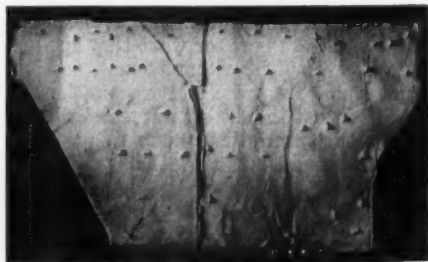
SIDE VIEW OF A COLUMN.

A, rope supporting pulley (first rope over); B, rope through pulley; C, swing; D, place where the holes are.

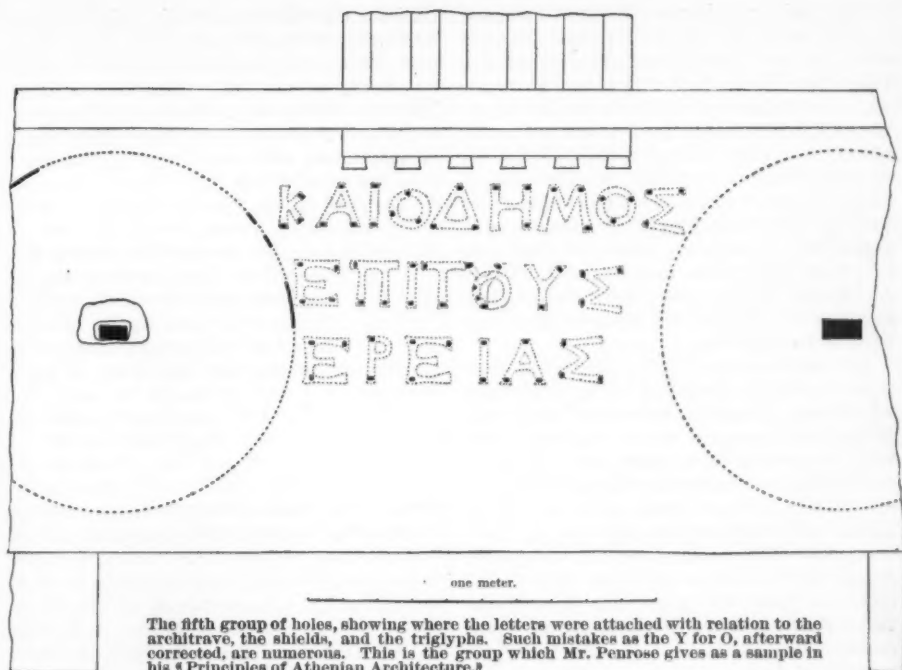
ing the night, and that I should find the great sheet of paper, torn and crumpled, snugly wedged among the blocks of marble about the corner on the south side of the Parthenon. As a rule, two could be secured in a week and carried safely to the school, a mile away. Any one who knows anything of the Greek temperament can imagine that the sight of the great white paper covered with knobs and flapping like a sail in the wind—for of course it could not be rolled—never failed to arouse the most active interest in its procession through the busy street of Æolus, up Hermes street, and across the promenade before the palace. After a month and a half the great pile of knobby papers in the library of the school was complete, and it ceased to be my first care in the morning to examine the east architrave of the Parthenon with a field-glass from a window of my room,

to see if the squeeze had survived the night.

The work, without doubt, owes its completion to Dr. Dörpfeld's kindness, which made it possible to substitute a strong rope-ladder belonging to the German school for the swing at the end of a rope running through a pulley. This ladder was long enough to reach to the top of the building, and it was thus possible to determine from which of the projecting blocks it would be unwise to suspend any weight. Two were found to be badly



A SQUEEZE SHOWING IN REVERSE PART OF NERO'S NAME.



The fifth group of holes, showing where the letters were attached with relation to the architrave, the shields, and the triglyphs. Such mistakes as the Y for O, afterward corrected, are numerous. This is the group which Mr. Penrose gives as a sample in his "Principles of Athenian Architecture."

broken, but fortunately the string which was thrown over at first had fallen on a block that is firm. The swing was now hung from the ladder, and by climbing to the top and lifting the ladder along, it was comparatively easy to gain access to any part of the architrave. The rope at the upper end of the ladder crossed over the top of the cornice, dropped down on the inside, and was made fast around the foot of the nearest column, just as had been done with the rope from the pulley. When the use of the pulley was discontinued, after only two impressions had been obtained, the rope which held it aloft was found to be cut half through by the edge of marble over which it had hung. The access which the ladder gave to the top made it possible to protect the ropes from similar cutting by wrapping them carefully with cloth.


The paper casts were hung in order about a room in the school, and thus the inscription could be studied with greater convenience than even from a scaffold running the whole length of the architrave. It has been generally assumed that the letters spelled the clever message that Alexander the Great sent to Athens, only a hundred years after the Parthenon was completed, with the three

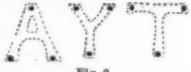
hundred suits of armor from the booty of his first Asiatic victory at the Granikos:












ALEXANDER, SON OF PHILIP, AND THE GREEKS,
EXCEPT THE LACEDÆMONIANS, FROM THE BAR-
BARIANS WHO INHABIT ASIA.

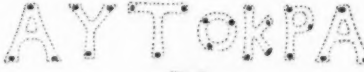
The suits of armor were sent to be placed in the Acropolis in honor of Athena, and the message was to be erected with them as a dedicatory inscription. What more natural than that the Athenians, gratified that Alexander, even if he was a Macedonian and their own conqueror, should desire to have it appear that he had undertaken the conquest of Persia in the name of Greece; and in the name of all Greece, except hated Sparta, should hang the shields in exultation on Athena's very temple, and write between them the words which proclaimed them the first-fruits of revenge on the grandsons of the Persian invaders? The most casual review of the nail-holes, however, was enough to convince one that this could not have been the Alexander message; for, while that contains in Greek only ninety-four letters, the Parthenon inscription had evidently contained not less than two hundred and fifty letters, arranged in three lines.

The Parisian makers of the great model of the Parthenon in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York evidently recognized this difficulty. When they attempted to reproduce the inscription between the shields on the east front, they found that the Alexander message would fill only about one third of the spaces. (It should be observed that they assumed thirteen groups of letters instead of twelve.) They considered themselves obliged, therefore, to introduce matter of their own invention, reference to other victories of Alexander for the most part, sufficient to bring the number of letters up to three hundred and thirty-five.

But to return to Athens. There was little time wasted in guessing. Groups of holes which were repeated here and there were picked out, measured accurately, and classified. In a short time there were almost as many of these different combinations as there are letters in the Greek alphabet. What letter each combination represented, however, was still a puzzle. Some of the groups appeared more frequently than others. For instance, there was a number of combinations of three holes in the form of a triangle (Fig. 1), . . . and a great many just the reverse (Fig. 2). The former . . . may be A, Δ, or A, and the latter γ or T. Finally in the seventh group of holes there appeared Fig. 3. . . . If Fig. 1 is A, Fig. 2, next to it, can be either . . . T or T. If the first is Δ . . . or A, the second is probably γ, since a vowel would naturally follow a consonant. The third . . . (Fig. 4) occurs several times, and the two upper holes are regularly twelve centimeters apart, and have their longer dimension vertical, while the corresponding holes in the letter before it are only eight and one half centimeters apart, and run horizontally, as indeed do all the other holes in that group. (It will be remembered that the holes are oblong.) A suspicion was aroused that Fig. 4 should be read Fig. 5,  since the cross-bar of the T would naturally be longer than the distance between the ends of the diverging branches of an γ of the same alphabet. The difference in direction seemed to be constant. That is, whenever Fig. 4 appears, with the distance twelve centimeters across the top, the upper holes run up and down; but where the group Fig. 2 with the shorter interval appears, the holes run horizontally. It seemed possible



that the direction of the holes might depend on the direction of the letter-strokes which met them—that, in short, the holes had been cut nearly at right angles to these strokes. This was yet merely a theory, but it seemed to apply in the case of the three letters under consideration, and they read Fig. 6, which is of course good Greek. The  which seems to be demanded to complete the familiar stem is furnished by Fig. 7, and a trial of the perpendicular-stroke method makes of the next Fig. 8. In a few minutes it all emerges (Fig. 8A), *autokra*, apparently the beginning of some



form of the word *αὐτοκράτωρ* («emperor»), whence the English word «autocrat.» This was encouraging, and at the same time somewhat disappointing—encouraging in that something had been made out, disappointing in that the inscription should seem to have to do, not with free Greece, but with the later period of Roman domination, which was the only time when Greece had emperors.

If the inscription was to be read straight across the top lines of all the groups, the T which must follow ATTOKPA should appear at the beginning of the top line of the next space; if, however, each three lines must be read through, like the page of a book, before going over the shield to the next group of letters, the T should be found at the beginning of the second line of the same space. As a matter of fact, there was evidently a T at each place! Thus the work with this word was interrupted for a time.

The combination Fig. 9 occurs twice, . . . each time in the group . . . Fig. 10 at the end of a . . . line. Evidently the last Fig. 9, two letters are OT, and comparison with the Fig. 11  of ATTOKPA made it probable that the new letter is Fig. 12. BOT suggests BOTΛ, and indeed Fig. 1 appears  directly following each BOT, each time at the beginning of the line in the next space. We are to read across the shields, therefore, in all probability.

The first BOTΛ is followed by Fig. . . . 13, without doubt H, the vowel required to complete the word BOTAH («council»). The second has only

- Fig. 14, but there is little doubt that this is also an H, and that the word
- BOYAH (*boulē*) may be read twice. If

Fig. 14. the last H is correct, it is evident that the workman did not always use the same number of holes to fasten the letters—that some might be omitted. The letters between the two words may be, therefore, Fig. 15 (*καὶ ἡ*, «and the»). As is usual in ancient inscriptions, there was no spacing of words.

Two hypotheses were now on trial, viz.: that a letter might not be represented always by the same grouping of holes, and that the letter-strokes were at right angles with the longest dimension of the holes. Further experiment enabled the letters preceding the first BOYAH to be read EIOYHATOT (*eioupagou*). The H is confused, and was read only when the other letters were reasonably sure. A great piece of the surface has flaked off the architrave, beginning a few inches before the E, and has taken with it all but five of the nail-holes at the beginning of the inscription; but the three that are left at the beginning of this line adapt themselves to another H («the») to accompany the first BOYAH, which demands such an article. The space intervening is just large enough for the letters EE AP (*ex ar-*), which are needed to complete the familiar words with which the inscription evidently begins: H EE APEIOYHATOT BOYAH («The Council of the Areiopagos»). Indeed, two holes which seem to have belonged to a P are left at the edge of the break (Fig. 16).



Fig. 16.

The confusion at the beginning of the word HATOT has been noticed. Examination shows that the extra holes are the result of a correction—and a correction of peculiar interest. Four holes which could not have been intended for the attachment of a H are exactly right for an H. Directly following are four small round holes bored in the marble to the depth of the larger holes, and arranged as if for an E. It seems beyond question that the workman who put up the letters began the inscription at this point, had the holes for the initial H finished, and the holes for the E which follows bored but not yet squared out, when it occurred to him or to some one else that there would not be room at the other end of the architrave if he

began here, and he moved over to the next space to the left for a fresh start.

There are a great many decrees preserved in the collections of Greek inscriptions which begin with the formula, «The Council of the Areiopagos, the Council of the Five Hundred (or Six Hundred), and the Athenian People.» Following the second BOYAH are the holes

Fig. 17. The first is evidently a T, and the

last, on trial of the perpendicular-stroke method, X, the Greek numeral

Fig. 18. ΩN, and the second council was H BOYAH TON X («The Council of the Six Hundred»).

The combination Fig. 19 occurs three times in the inscription, and during the classification excited much wonder as to what it could possibly be. Now that it could be assigned with reasonable certainty to the Ω (omega)

page in the alphabet-book, it was not long before it was revealed which emperor it was whose name had been blazoned on the Parthenon's brow.

The next Fig. 19 after ATTOKPA is in the

group Fig. 20. This spells out Fig. 21, and the third letter comes again before the P, with

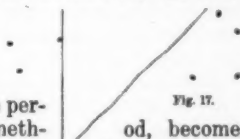


Fig. 17.

od, becomes 600. The letter therefore Fig. 18,



Fig. 18.

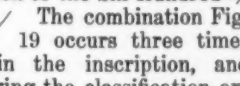


Fig. 19.

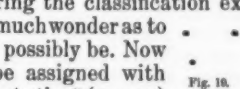


Fig. 20.



Fig. 21.

a possible E intervening. The letter is probably N, and the word Fig. 22—that is, Nero.



Fig. 22.

The word NEPΩNA is in the accusative case. It must be in the same case as the word «emperor,» and we may complete with confidence the first word, ATTOKPATOPA, and expect to find all of Nero's names, which inevitably follow, also in the accusative. They are quickly deciphered: MEIETON NEPΩNA KAISEAPA KAATAIION SEBAETON IEPMANIKON ΘEOY TION («Greatest Nero Caesar Claudius Augustus Germanicus, Son

of God»). This last rather staggers one, spelled out in Greek; but one has only to reflect that all this is merely Latin translated into Greek, and that Nero styled himself *Divi Claudii filius* («son of divine Claudius»). Roman emperors usually became divine at death—*ex officio*, so to speak. The first four letters of the word ΓΕΡΜΑΝΙΚΟΝ flaked off with the ΕΕΑ at the beginning, but the missing letters are supplied readily, and the gap has been bridged twice.

More than half yet remains to be read, but with so many letters identified and at our command, the deciphering goes fast, and the rest is soon legible. After Η ΒΟΥΛΗ ΤΩΝ Χ there emerges the third legislative body, ΚΑΙ Ο ΔΗΜΟΣ Ο ΑΘΗΝΑΙΩΝ («and the Athenian People»). The formula is complete, and it is evident that the inscription commemorated the erection of a statue of Nero, probably at the entrance of the Parthenon:

THE COUNCIL OF THE AREIOPAGOS AND THE COUNCIL OF THE SIX HUNDRED AND THE ATHENIAN PEOPLE [ERECT A STATUE OF] EMPEROR GREATEST NERO CÆSAR CLAUDIUS AUGUSTUS GERMANICUS, SON OF GOD, WHILE TI[BERIUS] CLAUDIUS NOVIUS SON OF PHILINOS IS ACTING AS GENERAL OVER THE HOPLITES FOR THE EIGHTH TIME, AND WHILE HE IS OVERSEER AND LAWGIVER.

This Novius is prominent in the history of his time, and held several offices besides those enumerated; but he seems to have thought that it would be unwise to occupy more than half of the inscription with his own titles, even if they were used ostensibly to date the event. Neither the eighth year of his generalship nor the name of the priestess for the year, which is given, but has not yet been deciphered, would avail to date the inscription accurately, were it not for the fact that there is in existence another inscription which not only states that Novius was general for the eighth time, but deigns to give the name of the archon—Thrasyllos—who was in office that year. Phlegon, in one of his «Wonder Stories», tells of a four-headed child that was brought to Nero in the archonship of Thrasyllos, while Cæsonius Pætus and Petronius Turpilianus were consuls in Rome. The year of their consulship was 61 A. D., and this chain of references locates the Parthenon inscription in the same year. Paul had just arrived at Rome to begin the long series of imprisonments, trials, and releases which finally resulted in his death. Ten years before he had been in Athens, had roamed among the countless statues and altars which crowded the Acropolis, and had gazed at this

fairest of «temples made with hands,» as yet unsullied by any Cæsar's name.

Had it been necessary to resort to conjecture for the date, a year not far from 61 would have been selected. At that time the Greeks had every reason to think that Nero's rule would be favorable to them. From the first he had shown himself an enthusiastic disciple of the Hellenism that had spread from southern Italy to Rome. As soon, however, as he felt secure enough on his throne to kill his mother, and thus to free himself from the last restraining influence, his fondness for music, poetry, the circus, and the stage speedily developed into a mania. The business of state was left more and more to his freedmen, and, with all the resources of the civilized world at the command of his caprice, he had but one thought and but one ambition—to make Rome as Greek as possible, and to win for himself applause and prizes as singer, poet, musician, and athlete.

When Rome conquered Greece, Romans came in contact with Greek culture, and learned to consider their own civilization rude in comparison with it. The result was that Greece became a nation of schoolmasters. Athens was the university city of the world, and Roman youths were sent there to acquire the final polish that should stamp them as gentlemen. The Greeks found it exceedingly profitable thus to be the fashion, and Athens especially profited by the flood of gold that poured in from all parts of the empire with those who came to be taught. Nero's attitude toward everything Greek was therefore most gratifying.

When, however, in the year 60, Nero established the Neronia,—quinquennial games at Rome patterned after the national games of Greece,—it is easy to believe that the conquest of Hellenism in Rome seemed complete, and that the feelings of gratitude toward Nero found immediate and enthusiastic expression in all parts of Greece. The Olympic games occurred the next year, in 61. Invitations to attend them were sent out to persons of note, and in all probability Nero was urged to be present and compete, with every assurance that he should be declared victor. Indeed, there is reason to believe that victor's crowns were sent him in advance, not only from Olympia, but from the other Greek cities where games were held. The whole country eagerly anticipated his coming, and it was natural that the demagogue of Athens should seize the opportunity to cater to the popular pro-Roman feeling by erecting a statue of Nero in the front portico of the

Parthenon, and at the same time to make good his own chances of obtaining favor when the emperor should come, by publishing the dedication in glittering letters across the front of the temple, coupling Nero's name and titles with his own.

It is always profitable to cultivate the party in power, and Greeks bowed very low from time to time in their servility to Rome; but never did a sycophant Greek with a Latin name have such a chance as that which Novius found. He must have considered himself a very clever fellow when the idea suggested itself. Temples in Asia Minor often bore metal inscriptions dedicating them to some Roman emperor. The Parthenon was the choicest treasure of Greece, the pride of every man whose tongue was Greek. Bright shields adorned the architrave, but no name had ever been there. What a stroke of genius for Novius thus to set the emperor's name between the shields, and write his own humbly underneath!

But Nero did not come in 61. Perhaps he preferred to wait until he had become more accustomed to appear in public; for he always affected great awe of the judges of the games. He made preparations to attend the games at their next celebration, in 65, and meanwhile built gymnasiums and gave magnificent shows.

In 64 he started for Greece, and selected Naples as the port from which to sail, since it was a Greek city, and he could therefore secure a final rehearsal before a Greek audience on Italian soil. For some unknown reason he changed his plans and returned to Rome, giving orders that the Olympian games should be postponed until he could be present! Soon afterward Rome was destroyed by a disastrous conflagration; and the rebuilding of the city and the celebration of his own games, the Neronia, in 65, prevented him from leaving Italy until late in 66.

During the rebuilding of the city he had sent his agents throughout Greece to seize any works of art, even statues of the gods, which they should consider it desirable to have at Rome. This was only one of the acts by which, during the years since 61, he had taught the Greeks to await his long-deferred visit with anxious misgivings. Once in their country, he speedily showed them that they knew not a third of his powers of wickedness. With his great army of followers, he made a triumphal circuit of all the games, which at his order had been forced into a single year, contrary to all precedent and all

religious law. The programs of the games likewise were changed to suit his convenience, and events were introduced in which he considered himself proficient. The judges awarded him the prize, no matter how wretched his performance. No one dared to attempt honest competition with him, except one singer, and he was strangled by Nero's followers before he could leave the stage. The country was laid waste as by a hostile invasion. The despairing people asked one another whether a destroying Xerxes could have been more terrible than a singing Nero. Property was confiscated right and left, and if the owners seemed likely to make trouble they were killed. Nothing was sacred to the ravaging horde. Temples were plundered, and women were torn from their families, until the very name of Nero became a frightful thing. Perhaps Novius had cause to regret that his name was joined so conspicuously with the name of the robber-emperor, and to wish that those letters which kept him in such unpleasant prominence were down. In all probability he had not long to wait. After a year of undreamed-of insolence and outrage, Nero departed. He had not visited Athens at all, and the bright letters on the Parthenon's architrave were destined never to attract his approving glance. There was too much that weighed heavily on his conscience for him to dare to approach the city where the avenging Furies were worshiped and were said to dwell.

Another year, and the imperial maniac, turned coward, sought the sword of a freed slave to escape the vengeance of an outraged empire. Before he died the Roman senate had declared him a public enemy, and his name was chiseled carefully out of almost every stone in Greece that bore it. In the outburst of joy that swept over the empire at his death, Novius himself may well have helped to tear down the letters which he had been so glad to erect. The stone bears not the slightest mark of the letters, no trace of stain or weathering to indicate that they were long in place. Not a vestige of metal was left even in the nail-holes, and the Christians who used the Parthenon for a church in later centuries, and painted pictures of saints on the walls, probably had little idea that the accursed name of Nero, spelled even in nail-holes, had a place on the building. But the holes remained, and at last they have told to our inquisitive century the story of how a proud people, grown servile, did a shameful thing, and were sorry afterward.

Eugene P. Andrews.

QUEEN VICTORIA.



SIXTY years have come and gone since the crown of Great Britain first rested, by right of descent, upon the head of the daughter of the Duke of Kent, and a girl of eighteen was enthroned as Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, to which has since been added the title of Empress of India. Among the people who have lived happily and with growing prosperity under her long and just sway, naturally and by a common impulse has been begotten a desire that the year which registers the longest and the happiest reign by a British sovereign should be marked indelibly by their earnest, sincere, and grateful recognition.

In these threescore years there has been no interregnum, no lapse for an instant, when any of the multitude of powers, duties, and high prerogatives constitutionally vested in the throne has been yielded to the hand of another, or has not personally, laboriously, and honorably been fulfilled by the present Queen. No more interesting episode in history has occurred, or is likely soon again to be repeated, than this remarkable accompaniment of ripened maturity, of long official life dedicated unflinchingly to the public service, with personal excellence and unstained good example to the human race in every region of the globe.

Surely it is worth while for all who study and seek to discover the secret of good government in any of its forms to pause in the rapid and often heated journey of daily life, and, contemplating such a career and record, to ask upon what basis it has proceeded, and by what agencies a reign so prolonged has been so impressively and unquestionably marked by the increased welfare, the elevation of moral, intellectual, and material standards, which to-day cause the empire of Great Britain to be the most extended and powerful in the world's history.

Perhaps no single reply can be made to this suggestion, or none can be more instructive in accounting for the place Queen Victoria has gained in history, the firm hold she has acquired upon the confidence and respect of mankind, and the permanent and

secure place she has in the hearts of her people, than is contained in the instinctive response made by her when consulted as to the form of manifestation of the universal wish of her people that the year which records the prolongation of her reign beyond that of any of her predecessors should be distinguished in the annals of her country as a year of popular jubilee, and witness the erection of permanent and impressive monuments to emphasize to the present and future generations her just renown and glory. In other times, and in Great Britain as in other lands, the glorification of powerful and successful rulers has been attested by huge grants of public property in its many forms of material wealth. Architecture, sculpture, painting, and kindred arts have all lent their aid to swell the current of munificent embellishment, and with such permanence as earth can secure have built high the structure of personal adulation to those who became the objects of admiration and patriotic devotion. But such was not the thought of the venerable sovereign who, from youth to old age, from her high post of duty has so solicitously watched over a vast body of human interests. Her long life has been checkered with lights and shadows. Sorrows have necessarily and inevitably followed upon the steps of joy, and her ear has not been insensible to the surging Vergilian cry, the "*lachrymæ rerum*," sobbings ever in the hearts of mankind.

The tasks of real life soon surrounded her, and early indeed were the maidenly virtues brought into the companionship of serious and responsible public duties. Grave duties to the state, religious duty, social duty in its fullest, strongest sense, and the claims of benevolence and charity, walked ever hand in hand at her side. Upon these were ingrafted the natural affections of domestic life, with its strong and holy ties; and as a true wife and mother she has presented to her people the example of a modest, refined, self-respecting home life.

And who that is acquainted with the circle of domestic duty, with the currents of such a life, does not perceive how, with quiet yet persistent force, they connect themselves with the great stream of governmental

power, until the whole sphere of public action is refreshed and strengthened by the unfailing purity of such fountains of supply, and it becomes plain that the qualities that make a state strong, self-respecting, and honored are best nourished by the domestic virtues of well-ordered and happy homes?

Such was and is the home of Victoria; and when consulted as to the form in which her great age and long reign should best be commemorated, her heart gave the wise answer: "Let it all take the shape of charity. Let your offerings be given to the poor and lowly, and your aid to those who are in want and are about to perish. Let this intent govern your systematized effort to heal the inevitable inequalities of human society, so that the gifts of God, in a spirit of reasonableness and mercy, may be distributed among his creatures."

From her decision in this matter may best be discerned the spirit in which the Queen has sought to shape her life. It is no sudden impulse, no startled reaction from cold indifference, or a reproachful sense of days wasted in selfish disregard of painful or unpleasant duty. No country in the world presents at this day a more sustained, efficient, and honorable system of voluntary charities for every class of suffering humanity, and relief for the countless ills that flesh is heir to, than Great Britain.

No intelligent observer could fail to be convinced that important among the sources of true strength of the government of that country is the warm, strong flood of human brotherhood that makes itself felt and is recognized as it pulsates through all the arteries of the community, from opulence to poverty, lessening misery and strengthening "the tie that binds" men together in the sense of their interdependence and mutual needs for aid and sympathy.

Before these words shall have been read the voice of her people will have been distinctly heard giving vent to their feelings in their own way toward one who has ruled

their affairs so long and faithfully, with not a trace of personal ambition, selfishness, or desire for arbitrary power. In this sixtieth year of Victoria religious liberty and toleration are absolute, and the rules of the public service contain no sectarian proscription or exclusion. Justice between man and man is in all cases publicly, freely, and impartially administered to all classes and occupations, without distinction of race, age, sex, or condition of fortune; and in the presence of equal laws all are alike protected, restrained, or punished, with an eye single to the public safety and the security of private freedom. This is the ingrained belief and immovable confidence of the body of the people, and herein lies the true bulwark against invasion and overthrow from within or without.

When, therefore, it is asked why the Queen's long reign is a subject of such deep general feeling, grateful joy, and marked congratulation among those over whom it extends, numbered by hundreds of millions, scattered as they are all over the earth's surface, separated by seas, and composed of races so variant in origin, tradition, customs, and creeds, the answer will be found in the heart of contented humanity, and its recognition of the progress of the principles of Christian civilization. They read in the features and discern in the long and laborious life of the head of their government

The holy pride of good intent,
The glory of a life well spent;

and love and pride are mingled in the tribute they gladly bring to greet their Queen in the sixtieth year of her reign. Wiser than her ancestor of 1776, the monarch of Great Britain has accepted the great lesson of government, the chief instructor of which was our own and only Washington, who

Taught Prince and Peer that power was but a trust,
And rule alone that served the ruled was just.

Thomas F. Bayard.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

The Hero.¹

THE monument to Colonel Robert Shaw just erected in Boston is, all things considered, the most accomplished, the greatest work of plastic art yet produced in America. It is fitting that the art of the New World should culminate in this tribute to one who dedicated his pure young life to his country, to freedom, to the uplifting of a people in bondage, to the ennobling of the whole race of man.

The character of this lovely youth, the crisis in which he was involved, the special duty which he undertook with such solemn devotion, all tend to make his figure in our national history as typical as it will be forever memorable. The sculptor, in pouring into his work all the surprise, the ardor, the very spirit of that day in Boston when the black troops marched to the front with their young commander at their head, has made the monument express more than the mere occasion, remarkable and significant as was that occasion. In this sculptured picture we see the awakening of a race, the dark, determined mass moved by a common impulse of daring endeavor; lifted above these, the high-bred form, the delicate, intense, intellectual visage, the fair Anglo-Saxon head of their heroic leader; and high over all, the everlasting ideal, the symbol of the spiritual purpose, which beckons, inspires, and gloriously rewards.

Robert Shaw was not the only youthful sacrifice to the cause of human freedom and nationality; every memory has its bead-roll of youthful martyrs, names like those of young Ellsworth and Winthrop and George de Kay. But his personality, his peculiar service, and the crowning tragedy of his career, even the circumstances of his burial, make the deed and the name of Shaw worthy of the distinction of so expressive and splendid a monument as that which the world now owes to the genius of St. Gaudens.

As a school-boy Rob Shaw was the very type of the American school-boy of our own day—high-spirited, just, affectionate, frank, and pure of heart. His letters home show every trait of a natural, unaffected, pleasure-loving, manly youth. His parents were his confidants. To them every boyish whim, every prejudice, every hope was confessed. It was indeed a happy childhood and youth, troubled only by occasional anxiety for the health of that honored mother who still lives to see the memory of her boy assured, not only in his own great deeds, but in immortal art.

In the volumes, privately printed, in which his parents brought together with loving reverence the letters of

the boy and the soldier, along with posthumous tributes which were paid to his character and his heroism, we can watch the flowering of this noble spirit in a congenial and fortunate soil, through sunny days, till fate and opportunity brought the compelling duty and the crowning act of heroic patriotism.

He was a type, and yet his individuality was exceptionally winning—in personal beauty, in an indescribable charm of bearing and of spirit. Once, at a fancy ball, and without a mask, he so easily passed for a sweet-faced girl that the astonishment was great when, as he gleefully told the story, he spoke out «in a loud, swaggering voice.» No clearer idea of his sympathetic nature and the gentle rectitude of his character could be given than in the tribute of a classmate who declared: «He could do what few men can, and that is, tell his friends of their faults in such a way as not to give offense, and also make them correct them.»

Rearred in an atmosphere of reform and intellectuality, and related to men like Lowell, Curtis, and Barlow, he took the antislavery and reform ideas of the time without morbidness or suspicion of superiority or self-consciousness. At fifteen (in the year 1852) he writes home from Neuchâtel in answer to a suggestion that that one should not be afraid of declaring one's religious opinions. He said he should not be afraid of declaring them «if there could be any kind of use in it»; but he did not wish merely to bring up discussions which would be stupid and tiresome, as he did not want to become «reformer, apostle, or anything of that kind»; he thought there was «no use of doing disagreeable things for nothing.» In the same letter he asks: «Have you seen that book named 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'?» Next year he writes: «I've been reading 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' again lately, and always like it better than before, and see more things in it»; adding, as if in answer to some inner questioning: «I don't see how one man could do much against slavery.»

But there is no excess of this serious note in the early letters, which abound in the joy and curiosity of healthy boyhood. Two days before he is seventeen he writes to his mother: «You mention my becoming a merchant; but that's entirely out of the question. I had rather be a chimney-sweep. They at least can have fresh air, and not get peaked and lean, like a fellow sitting all day on a five-foot stool in a nasty hole of a counting-room.» Then, as if in apology: «They are all holes here. I don't remember the American ones.» And then the genuine voice of youth: «All I can say for the present is that I have no taste for anything except amusing myself!» And yet when the time came he was will-

¹ Robert Gould Shaw, son of Francis George and Sarah Blake (Sturgis) Shaw, was born at Boston, October 10, 1837, and killed at Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863. His family moved to New York when he was a child, and have lived on Staten Island or in the city ever since. His

brothers-in-law were George William Curtis, Robert B. Minturn, Gen. Francis C. Barlow, and Charles Russell Lowell. He married Miss Annie Haggerty on May 2, 1863. His widow, for many years an invalid, divides each year between Paris and Switzerland.

ing to give the counting-room a fair trial; and again, when the time came, he was as ready for the grim amusement of war.

If it were possible here, it would be a pleasure to trace the development of Shaw's career through school life, European study and travel, and his Harvard course; it would be delightful to tell of his love of music and of literature, his comradeship with some of the most attractive and noble of the young men and women of those days just before and during the war for the Union; to watch from year to year the growth of that stern and exquisite nature. But there is time now for only a few of the leading incidents of the moving narrative.

Young Shaw took up military study and discipline with deliberate purpose. He entered the famous Seventh Regiment, New York State Militia, because, as he said to his mother, Lincoln's election might bring trouble, and he wished to be prepared to do his part for the Union. When the trouble actually came, the only thing he regretted in their sudden call to the front was that his mother was away at the time. He could not keep from tears when he remembered that she would come home to find his room empty.

It is gratifying to know that the boy whose name will be linked with that of Lincoln in the cause of human freedom saw the great liberator more than once. While the Seventh was quartered in Washington he called with young King, the son of Columbia's president, on Secretary Seward, who gave them a note to President Lincoln. The President was «sitting at a desk perfectly covered with papers of every description.» He got up, and shook hands with them both in the most cordial way, asked them to be seated, and seemed glad to have them come. Shaw thought it «too bad» for any one to call him «one of the ugliest men in the country,» for he had «seldom seen a pleasanter or more kind-hearted looking one,» and he had «certainly a very striking face. It is easy to see,» added the young soldier, «why he is so popular with all who come in contact with him. His voice is very pleasant; . . . he gives you the impression, too, of being a gentleman.»

But the Seventh's short time of service was not long enough for Shaw. Before it expired he took a commission as second lieutenant in the Second Massachusetts Regiment. Either in the regiment or on staff duty, he served faithfully till the summer of 1863, seeing meantime some of his dearest comrades killed or captured at his side. At Winchester, in 1862, a bullet which might have killed him was stopped by his watch. He well earned his promotion to a captaincy.

Early in 1863 Governor Andrew of Massachusetts, having undertaken to place negro troops in the field, concluded to select for their officers «young men of military experience, of firm antislavery principles, ambitious, superior to a vulgar contempt of color, and having faith in the capacity of colored men for military service. Such officers,» he said, «must be necessarily gentlemen of the highest tone and honor.» Reviewing the young men then in the service, and of the character described, the governor determined to offer the colonelcy of the first colored regiment to Captain Shaw.

It is significant as to his character that the greatest responsibility of Shaw's life was one not sought by

him; that he even hesitated at its acceptance; that indeed he at first refused the hazardous honor. His father took him the offer of Governor Andrew on February 3. He declined, and his father returned to New York. On the 6th he telegraphed, accepting. What strivings of the spirit made the history of those days of indecision can only be imagined. His letters show that it was in no momentary enthusiasm that he made his final resolve, but after long pondering and under a conviction of unescapable duty.

In the record of which I have spoken, the story of his remaining days rushes to its climax with the remorselessness of a Greek tragedy. We see him working to fill up the ranks of his regiment, the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, drilling and firmly disciplining them in their camp at Readville, Massachusetts; then comes his marriage, and a few happy days stolen from the troublous times; then the presentation of colors by Governor Andrew, in an eloquent and memorable speech, to which the young colonel modestly replies; and on May 28 the triumphant march through Boston, one of the most thrilling scenes of the whole war. «Never can I forget,» wrote a friend when all was over, «that sweet smile which he gave when twice . . . I proposed to the surrounding crowd to give (three cheers for Colonel Shaw.) It was full of intelligence and sweetness. It seemed to beam with youthful joyousness, as he sat his horse so finely, and withal bore his ovations so modestly.»

Again at the front, now under General Hunter, on the islands off our Southern coast, he took part in an expedition when a village with nothing but a few women and children in it, and which had made no resistance, was burned to the ground. The command to destroy was from Colonel Montgomery, and it was not till afterward that Shaw learned that the order proceeded originally from a higher officer. To this barbarous deed he was so bitterly opposed that he wrote to the acting adjutant-general of the department that if the colonel took such action on his own responsibility he should hereafter «refuse to have a share in it, and take the consequences.» On July 16 a portion of his command did well in action, which greatly gratified him, partly because it wiped out the remembrance of the Darien affair, which had so wounded his sense of soldierly honor.

Colonel T. W. Higginson, who saw him about this time, records the strong impression he created of «quiet power,» and the «tinge of watchful anxiety in his look.» His attitude toward his men was remembered by others. In camp at Readville «he moved gracefully, kindly, and resolutely among his black troops.» One of his men said, in a published letter, that to a casual observer there was a touch of austerity in his relations with the soldiers of his regiment. No man among them would have dared to presume upon any supposed liberality of his opinions; «but had any man a wrong done him, in Colonel Shaw he always found an impartial judge.»

But now comes a sudden change of base. At James Island he learned that a new attack upon Fort Wagner was contemplated. His close friend, the lieutenant-colonel, asked him, if they charged the fort, whether he would go in front or behind the men. He replied: «I cannot tell now, but I trust that God will give me strength to do my duty.» He was heavy with despondency. His

friend begged him to shake it off. He quietly answered: «I will try.» Nights and days of marching and exposure followed. On the last day Shaw was deeply depressed, and talked despairingly. He asked to be left alone, so he could think of home. In an hour he had conquered, and his cheerful spirits returned. When his general asked him if he wished the privilege of leading the column of attack, his face brightened, and he answered, «Yes.» As the men, tired and hungry, lay flat on the ground before the assault, he was more familiar with them than he had ever been known to be before. He walked along the line, and encouraged them, saying: «Now, men, I want you to prove yourselves *men*!» «His lips were compressed, and now and then there was visible a slight twitching of the corners of the mouth, like one bent on accomplishing or dying.»

It is now nightfall, and at last all is ready. The regiment is formed in two lines, the colonel taking the right wing in front. Coming up to Lieutenant-Colonel Hallowell, he said: «Ned, I shall go in advance of the men with the National flag; you will keep the State flag with you. It will give the men something to rally round. We shall take the fort, or die there.» All his sadness had left him.

Then came the rush upon the fort. His friend saw him again «just for an instant, as he sprang into the ditch; his broken and shattered regiment were following him, eager to share with him the glory of his death.» When within one or two hundred yards of the fort a terrific fire of grape and musketry was poured upon them, tearing the ranks to pieces. They rallied again, went through the ditch, which held three feet of water, up the parapet with the flag, the colonel leading. He waved his sword, cried out, «Forward, Fifty-fourth!» and fell dead, with twenty or thirty of his officers and men killed close about him. The rest is well known. They «buried him with his niggers,» in one long trench, and his father refused to have that honorable grave disturbed.

But at last the trench itself has been washed away by the waves of the Atlantic, and in the South may now be found some of those who appreciate and cherish most tenderly the fame of Robert Shaw.

A letter to those who mourned, from one who had herself suffered in like measure, expressed the thought of multitudes when the news of this «costly sacrifice» was flashed through the North: «When the beautiful vision, which was beheld by so many thousands, of the inspired and brave young hero at the head of his dusky followers, is recalled, many who never had an earnest thought about it before will feel, «This must be a sacred cause for which such a youth has offered so willingly his life.»

No death in the cause of liberty and union, save that of Lincoln himself, has been the occasion of such tributes as those which have been offered to the memory of Shaw. This was Lowell's hero when he wrote:

Right in the van
On the red rampart's slippery swell,
With heart that beat a charge he fell
Foeward, as fits a man;
But the high soul burns on to light men's feet
Where death for noble ends makes dying sweet.

And he was Emerson's youth who nobly answers to the voice of duty:

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must,*
The youth replies, *I can.*

Already the prophecy of Motley is being fulfilled. «I have often thought,» he said, «how fondly his image will be retained in after-days as a type to inspire American genius. . . . Sculptors, painters, and poets will delight to reproduce that beautiful vision of undying and heroic youth, and eyes not yet created will dwell upon it with affection and pride. And when the history of these dark, tragic, but most honorable days comes to be written, there is nothing . . . that will fasten itself more closely on the popular memory than the storming of Fort Wagner by the Fifty-fourth, with their colonel falling on the rampart, sword in hand, cheering on those despised blacks to deeds of valor.»

The patriots of to-day are not now, and may not be, called upon to die «sword in hand»; but this country is in need of men who will bring into the fight against civic corruption as keen a sense of duty and as true a courage as that which inspired the young hero of Fort Wagner.

The Sculptor.

PERHAPS no living artist has so high a reputation as St. Gaudens, and so strong an artistic influence, with so little of his work familiar to the general public. His «Lincoln» in Chicago, and his «Farragut» in New York, are the statues most familiar to the people, and on these his just popular fame is mainly based. But in the art world St. Gaudens has long been known as the author of a series of medallions, of numerous portrait heads, memorial monuments, and pieces of decorative sculpture, all of which have the stamp of mastership. Before a great while his Shaw monument, his splendid and virile equestrian statue of Logan, his statue of Peter Cooper, his Sherman equestrian statue, and other works of a monumental character, will give still wider public proof of a genius the evidences of which have been fully known and appreciated by artists and critics for many years. THE CENTURY from time to time has given examples of his work, but in this number of the magazine a greater array of his sculpture is presented than on any other occasion. And although much is necessarily omitted, it is easy to see that the sculptor's fame already rests on foundations ample and absolutely secure. It is gratifying to know that he is in the fullness of his artistic strength, and that the future should hold for him as many triumphs as the past.

The Man in the Copper Box.

INASMUCH as the most serious daily inquiry of three fourths of the millions who struggle on the earth for a bare physical existence is, «How shall we be fed?» the paper beginning on page 246 of this number of THE CENTURY is of very wide significance. In it Professor Atwater offers the first popular explanation of a series of experiments which are conducted under the auspices of the government, and which promise, in their future development, to have an important bearing upon the problem of the economical and healthful feeding of humanity. Expressed in more scientific terms, the purpose of the investigation is to study the laws of nutrition: to find out more than is now known of the ways in which food

builds up the different parts of the body, repairs its wastes, and supplies energy for work and thought. While, in one sense, these researches have a purely scientific object, which is the study of the application of the laws of the conservation of matter and the conservation of energy to the human organism, from another point of view they are intensely practical, as representing an effort to gain new knowledge regarding the food of man, and his needs for nourishment, the better to fit his diet to the demands of health, strength, and purse.

The researches Professor Atwater describes are the first of their especial kind on this side of the Atlantic, although experiments more or less similar have been conducted at several German universities for more than a quarter of a century, and of late have been carried on elsewhere in Europe. Most of those in Europe have been made with domestic animals. The number with men has been small, and in no case, it is believed, have they—for lack of material resources—been so painstaking and laborious as those here described.

Several years ago the first steps were taken at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, toward the development of an apparatus for measuring the income and outgo of the animal body. The investigation was undertaken jointly by Professor Atwater and Professor E. B. Rosa. It was conducted under the patronage of the university, and in connection with the Storrs Experiment Station, of which Professor Atwater is director, and of which the more purely scientific researches are being prosecuted at the Wesleyan laboratories.

Fortunately for the enterprise, the resources, which were at first limited, were increased by appropriations from the public funds. In the year 1894 provision was made by an act of Congress for an inquiry into the food and nutrition of the people of the United States. The act places the investigation in the hands of the Secretary of Agriculture, and wisely allows him to distribute it among the experiment stations of the country, which are in close official relations with the Department of Agriculture. It is under the immediate charge of Professor Atwater as special agent of the department. While the larger part of the inquiry is given to the study of the kinds and nutritive values of foods and the economy of their purchase and use by people of different localities and classes, a portion is devoted to more abstract research, which would naturally include experiments of such fundamental importance as these.

In 1895 the legislature of Connecticut provided a special annual appropriation to be expended by the Storrs Experiment Station for food investigations. The resources of the station were thus increased, and with the supplement from the General Government, and the original private aid, it has been possible greatly to enlarge the scope of the inquiry. Indeed, this may be regarded as one of the class of cases in which the higher scientific research has been favored by a happy combination of public and private support in such way as not only to insure the greatest economy in the use of money and other resources, but also to promise a valuable outcome.

In order to control the conditions and measure the changes affecting the living organism under examination, the human subject is isolated in a copper box, a trifle higher and longer than the stature of an average man, and only twice the width of a broad pair of shoulders; and the process of «harmless vivisection,» as it might almost be called, is made tolerable by a glass window and a telephone, enabling the subject to see and converse with friends; by facilities for reading and writing; by provision for vigorous though rather cramped exercise; and by the maintenance of atmospheric conditions calculated to have a cheering effect on the spirits of a healthy man. That a person of active mind, though buoyed by scientific ardor, could lend himself for twelve days to the experimental mercies of the copper box, and emerge with grateful emotions, is a compliment to the foresight of the experimenters, and a promise of surprising results from this method of human analysis.

Ten years ago THE CENTURY began a series of seven papers by Professor Atwater, which in a way broke the ground for these experiments with the man in the copper box. The initial paper, entitled «The Composition of our Bodies and our Food,» in May, 1887, was followed by others on «How Food Nourishes the Body» (June, 1887), «The Potential Energy of Food» (July, 1887), «The Digestibility of Food» (September, 1887), «The Pecuniary Economy of Food» (January, 1888), «Food and Beverages» (May, 1888) and «What we Should Eat» (June, 1888). It stands to reason that a scientific diet, varied to repair wasted energy, mental or physical, with the smallest tax on the assimilative powers, would confer health and a better chance for wealth on the workers of the world. In time it might also reduce the ranks of the minority who «live to eat,» by rendering more certain of attainment the benefits of «eating to live.»

OPEN LETTERS

Portraits of Queen Victoria.

PRINCESS VICTORIA AT THE AGE OF FOUR.

THE portrait of «The Little Princess Victoria,» an engraving of which, by Peter Aitken, is the frontispiece of the present number of THE CENTURY, is a small oil-painting now in the Dulwich Gallery. It is a panel,

eleven inches by eight and three quarters, acquired by the gallery in 1890. It is thus described in the catalogue:

(304) Her Majesty the Queen when Princess Victoria, aged 4 years. S. P. Denning. Full-length figure standing, large black hat with feathers, black velvet pelisse,

nable fur round the neck and crossed over the chest, gray gloves, one of which is held in the right hand, black shoes. Background landscape and blue sky, with clouds.

The catalogue states as follows:

Stephen Pointz Denning was a miniature-painter. He was also employed to make drawings for engravers. The drawing for the engraving of Sir David Wilkie's picture, "Chelsea Pensioners receiving the News of the Battle of Waterloo," was made by him, as also several of Mulready's most popular works. He was keeper of the pictures in the Dulwich Gallery from 1821 until his death, in the seventy-second year of his age, in 1864.

QUEEN VICTORIA, 1838.

THE engraving by T. Johnson of the portrait of Queen Victoria painted in 1838 by the young American artist Thomas Sully is reprinted from THE CENTURY for November, 1883, where it appeared by the kind permission of Mr. Francis T. Sully Darley. The picture is from the original oil-study made for the artist's full-length painting of the Queen for the St. George's Society of Philadelphia. Thomas Sully was one of the best-known of the earlier American portrait-painters. He lived to a ripe old age in Philadelphia, and his house and studio, preserved in the business quarter of the city, were most interesting survivals of the old days. He was born in England in 1783; died in Philadelphia in 1872. In "Hours at Home" for 1869 are some "Recollections of an Old Painter" dictated by him. In relation to the picture Mr. Sully says:

A painting-room was arranged for my accommodation in Buckingham Palace. . . .

In order to reach the painting-room I had to pass through a room called the King's closet, and I saw lying upon the Queen's desk books which showed that she did not read nonsense. Among these books were Channing's Discourses.

The Queen came to the sittings with her secretary, the Baroness Letzen. She was very affable, like a well-bred lady of Philadelphia or Boston, and used to talk about different things. I saw that she relished American freedom very much: she had not had such a treat for a long time. I told her I would get my daughter to sit with the regalia, if there would be no impropriety, in order to save her the trouble.

"Oh, no impropriety," replied Victoria; "but don't spare me; if I can be of service I will sit."

After that my daughter sat with the regalia, which weighed thirty or forty pounds. The earrings had to be tied with a loop, as I had not allowed her ears to be pierced.

One day the Queen sent word that she would come in if my daughter would remain where she was. But, of course, Blanche stepped down, and the two girls, who were almost the same age, chatted together quite familiarly.

The Queen wrote her name for me in this manner:

For Mr. Sully,

Victoria Regina.

She also gave my daughter a medal and her signature.

QUEEN VICTORIA, 1840.

THE third portrait is, with some slight curtailment, a reproduction of one by Sir William Charles Ross, R. A., who was born in London, 1794, and died 1857. He painted, in miniature, many members of the royal household (the Queen, Prince Consort, and their family), King and Queen of the Belgians, King and Queen of Portugal, and Napoleon III. He was elected Royal Academician in 1839. In the same year he was knighted. The engraving from which our picture is

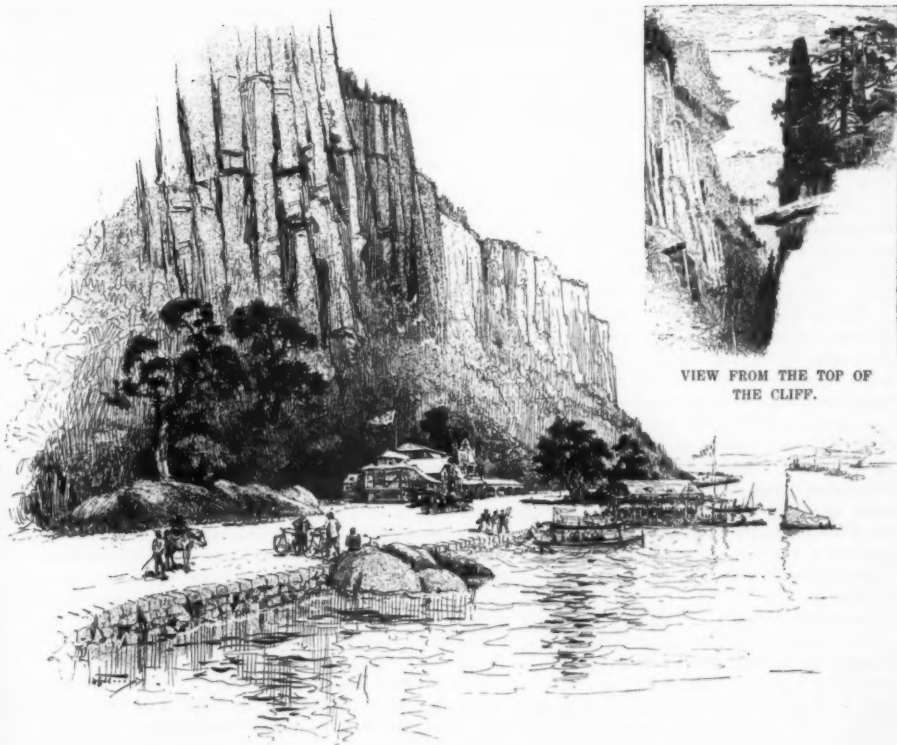
made is by Henry Thomas Ryall, a pupil of Sam Reynolds. He was an engraver, both on copper and steel, of considerable reputation. This portrait of the Queen is one of his best-known works. He died in 1867.

QUEEN VICTORIA, 1895.

THE following account of the portrait on page 168 is furnished by the Canadian artist Mr. F. M. Bell Smith: "At three o'clock on the afternoon of July 5, 1895, I was in the white drawing-room of Windsor Castle, awaiting the arrival of the Queen, who had appointed that hour for the first sitting for her portrait, which was to be included in the historical painting representing her Majesty in the act of placing a wreath upon the coffin of her dead statesman, the Right Hon. Sir John S. D. Thompson, K. C. M. G., M. P., P. C., Q. C., etc., whose sudden death on December 12, 1894, just after leaving the presence of his sovereign, was one of the most tragic events in the history of the venerable pile in which it occurred.

"In a few moments an aged gentleman who for over seventy years has filled the position of usher to the sovereign entered the room, and announced that the Queen would be detained for a short time, owing to the arrival of the Duchess of Coburg. The delay was not of long duration, however; and soon the door was thrown open, and the usher said, 'The Queen is coming!' From my position in the room I could see down a corridor for some little distance; but before the royal party came into view I heard a voice, strong, clear, ringing, speaking in such a loud tone that I wondered who could presume to so speak in such near proximity to her Majesty's private apartments. Then it struck me that it must be the Queen, and so it proved to be; and the wonderful, bell-like purity of tone, and strong, vigorous manner of her speech, impressed and surprised me. As the Queen entered the room she said, as she acknowledged my low bow, 'I am sorry to have kept you waiting'; and I could not help the recollection that some persons of less degree than England's queen had not thought it worth while to show similar politeness when failing in their appointments. The fact that I had been positively assured by some very high officials connected with the Queen's household that there was no chance whatever of her Majesty's giving me a sitting, together with the assurance from the Munshi that I need not expect more than five minutes, had led me to expect very different treatment from that which I actually received. The Queen, being seated, turned to me and said, 'You will place me in the position you desire'; and so I arranged the pose of the head and direction of the eyes, which being done, my illustrious and royal sitter sat as still as any model in the ateliers of Paris, and retained the position with a rigidity I have never known surpassed. The Queen, seeing that I could obtain a better view sitting than standing, directed the Princess Louise to hand me a chair; and during the whole of the sitting her Royal Highness stood at my shoulder, and watched with keen interest the progress of my work, which she was good enough to comment upon from time to time.

"In speaking to the Queen, I noticed that the princess always said, 'mama dear,' but never used any other form than 'the Queen' when speaking to others. The conversation between her Majesty and her daughter was



VIEW FROM THE TOP OF
THE CLIFF.

SUGGESTED DRIVEWAY AT THE FOOT OF THE PALISADES OF THE HUDSON.

for the most part conducted in German, which is, I am told, the language in which the royal family usually converse. I noticed several times that the expression on the Queen's face relaxed into a very pleasant smile when reference was made to some of the little princes or princesses, great-grandchildren of the Queen; and it was then that the singular beauty of the form of her mouth was seen. My general impression was that the photographs of the Queen did not do her justice, as there was a refinement and delicacy in the features that I had never observed in her pictures.»

FACSIMILES.

THE facsimiles from the Queen's « coronation roll » have never before appeared. It was found that as they pertained to a living personage, it was necessary to obtain authorization for their publication. The royal permission was graciously accorded for their reproduction in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

The Editor.

A Way to Save the Palisades.

It is well known that the impressive scenery of the Palisades of the Hudson is gradually being destroyed by quarrymen. The sphere of action to devise or enforce some protective measure which may save them from further injury is confined to the two States whose territory includes this remarkable dike of rock. Though the

whole nation is deeply interested in the preservation of the unique and familiar landmark, on the citizens of New York and New Jersey rests the responsibility, both legal and moral, to protect it from further defacement. In spite of the care which private interests have taken to exclude them, quarries are being worked at four different points along the base of the cliffs, where, by lease or purchase, a foothold has been gained. The lack of permanence in all defensive measures against the quarrymen, based on the interest or sentiment of the individual resident or owner, renders it important that the States of New York and New Jersey, for the public good, should condemn and take possession of the eastern slope of the Palisades by right of eminent domain.

The menace of the future is more alarming than the damage of to-day. What with steam-drills and high-grade explosives, and an increasing demand for broken stone, there is danger of the ultimate destruction of the pristine wildness and beauty of this region; and when we consider that in the quarrying gravity here largely takes the place of manual labor, and that it is but a short haul to a good market, the doom of the cliffs appears inevitable.

On the 19th of February New Jersey passed an act requiring the riparian commissioners, in all leases or sales of water privileges of the State, to insert a restrictive clause forbidding quarrying of the Palisades;

but although this was a step in the right direction, it is not retroactive, and does not reach those already in possession of riparian rights.

Nearly two years ago the New York legislature enacted a law authorizing the appointment of three commissioners by the governor, whose prescribed duty, in coöperation with a similar commission from New Jersey created by an act of the legislature on the 13th of June, 1895, was to appeal to the national government at Washington to buy the Palisades for «fortification purposes.» This appeal has been made, and neither the War Department nor the Military Committee of the House of Representatives looks with favor on the proposition. The Palisades possess no strategical or military value, and, as is well known, it is not within the power or province of the United States to preserve the natural scenery of any State. The enormous expense, some \$4,000,000, for the property included in the terms of the bill, and the heavy additional cost that would have to be incurred in adapting the rocky forest of the Palisades plateau to military uses, are further and serious objections to the measure, especially as the clearing of «open places for manœuvres and camps» would be as destructive to the wild and rugged character of the top of the Palisades as the quarrying operations are to the base. The bill has been held back, by request, from an unfavorable report, merely as an act of courtesy.

The passage of an act by each of the States, giving to the United States the right to take title to this property for a military reservation, concludes the legislation that has been accomplished on this subject, and leaves the quarrymen still unmolested in their work of despoiling the Palisades «of the moss and hue of antiquity.» The military-park scheme is dead, and the sooner this fact is accepted, the speedier will the rescue be accomplished.

A practical and comparatively inexpensive way of saving the Palisades has been suggested, which has been received with marked approval by those who have made an impartial study of the question. It would also result in conferring a great benefit on the public. It is that the States of New York and New Jersey should unite in condemning the narrow strip from the edge or base of the steep rocks down to the river, and should convert this slope into a park, with a broad driveway along the water's edge from Fort Lee to Piermont, a distance of thirteen miles. The region is already connected with the New York shore by ferries at Fort Lee, Yonkers, and Tarrytown, and might be connected with the Jersey City boulevard, and thus be made a beautiful addition to the park system of the metropolitan district, and a new resource for driving, riding, or cycling. This would give New Jersey a continuous drive of thirty-five miles—from Bergen Point to Nyack. Of afternoons this driveway, in the cool shadows of the majestic wall of rock above, and commanding the broad expanse of the Hudson and the beautiful scenery of the opposite shore, would thus afford continual delight to the observer of

the picturesque in nature, and add to one of the great scenic features of the world.

This thirteen miles of river-bank detached from the costly land above contains an area of 900 acres, and can be obtained, it is estimated, at a cost of \$300,000 to \$400,000. The construction of a roadway along the water's edge, as proposed, would be comparatively inexpensive, as the very best material is at hand every foot of the way. Although the slope is generally covered with a luxuriant growth of trees, underneath is a mass of loose, detached rocks, which, with the exercise of proper care, would supply all needed material for filling and grading without injuring or defacing the natural growth, which is one of the attractions of this shore; and as the water is very shallow under the whole length of the Palisades, the filling would be proportionately slight on the entire length of thirteen miles.

The Hudson is essentially a New York river, and consequently there is greater and more general interest among her citizens to preserve the conspicuous features of its natural scenery than in New Jersey, although eleven miles of the Palisades are in that State, and only two miles and a half are within the boundaries of New York. It is proposed to ask the governors of the two States to recommend the enactment of laws, similar in their provisions, by which the States shall divide equally the cost of obtaining and laying out the eastern slope of the Palisades, and shall share in the care and control by an interstate commission.

F. P. Albert.

The Affair at Guiney's Station.

ON page 493 of the February CENTURY, General Horace Porter, describing the affair at Guiney's Station, on May 21, 1864, says: «While riding forward, a little in advance of headquarters, with another staff-officer, I saw a body of the enemy on the opposite side of a stream which we were approaching. This made us feel a little apprehensive for the safety of the commanding generals, as Hancock was many miles in advance, and the head of Warren's corps was a considerable distance in the rear. . . . It was promptly decided to order the regiment of infantry commanded by Colonel C. H. T. Collis, which served as General Meade's headquarters guard, to make a dash across the stream and endeavor to drive the enemy from his position on the opposite bank. This was promptly and gallantly done.»

In justice to myself and the gallant officers who were all impelled upon that occasion by the same impulse which influenced me, permit me to say, by way of correcting the above statement, that, so far as I knew, no staff-officers of Generals Grant and Meade were near when the enemy intercepted and engaged my command; the presence of the enemy was discovered by troops of my brigade, and the attack was made on my own responsibility, without an order from any one; and it was for this reason that I received the thanks of Generals Grant and Meade on the field.

Charles H. T. Collis,
Brevet Major-General U. S. V.

NEW YORK, February 8, 1897.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

An Idyl of the Kitchen.

WHEN Polly presides at the stove,
Fleet Cupids flit there in a drove;
But when her art takes
To divine buckwheat cakes,
I swear she 's fit Hebe for Jove!

Now she that sets others aflame
Is flushed with a glow of the same;
But ah, and alas!
That this comes to pass,
That only stove ardor 's to blame.

As she bends, like a witch at a kettle,
The blood roves her flesh in high fettle;
And her velvet skin glows
Like a strange, molten rose,
And her cheeks have the feel of a petal.

With freckles they 're dearly besprent,
As if wind and sun were intent
On baking wee cakes,
For their own selfish sakes,
Where ruddy and rosy are blent.

And Polly's own hair has the tinting
Of syrup where sunlight goes glinting;

But the taste of her kiss
Were far sweeter, iwis,
Though she featly evades all my hinting.

Ah, Polly, you mischievous sweet, you!
Nor dryads nor fine cits could beat you;
And while my greed takes
Innumerable cakes,
I vow I 'd more willingly eat you!

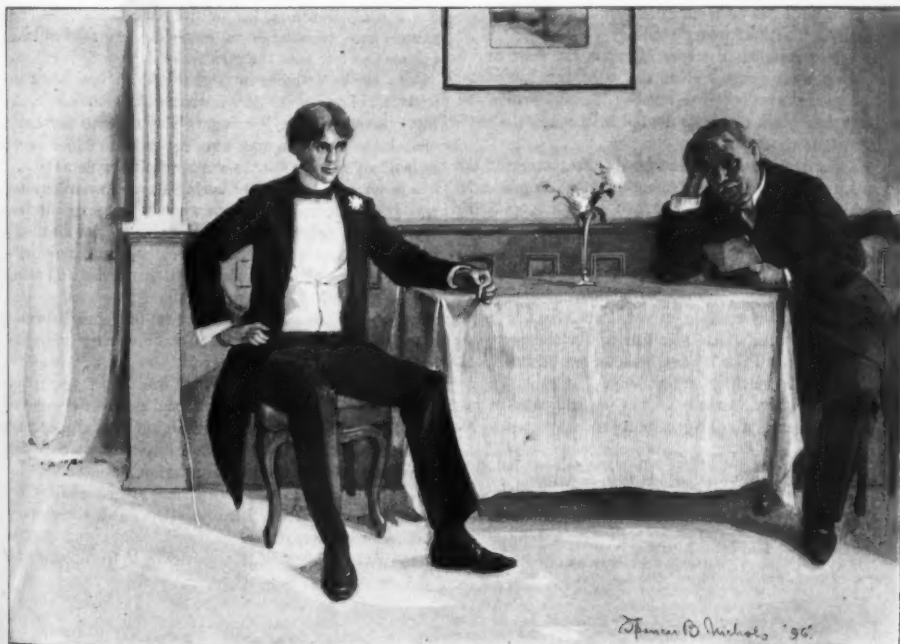
When Polly presides at the stove,
Young Loves gather round in a drove;
But devil a bit
Of a good comes of it:
Their burnt wings but flatter
And sweeten her batter!
It 's wiser to flee—*qui peut, sauve!*

Rupert Hughes.

Slang.

WORDS scribbled on the margin of Time's book,
Which learned readers view, pained and perplexed;
Some vanish from the page, but others live
And creep into the body of the text.

Meredith Nicholson.



DRAWN BY SPENCER B. NICHOLS.

THE COLLEGE BILL.

«I did n't put the items in, because I wanted to save your time.»

«The Man and the Girl.»

A NEW BOOK BY RUYTER¹ LITTLE MORE.

THE important part played by dress in modern fiction was never better exemplified than in the winning little story recently published by the gifted author of «Songs of New York's Numbered Streets», a review of which volume recently appeared in these pages. It bears the curiously quaint and simple title, «The Man and the Girl.»

This tale would serve to force recognition of the peculiar talent as a sartorial writer displayed by Miss More were it her first venture in the fields of creative effort; but when we remember how entirely different in every way, and yet how charmingly original, was her book of poems, we are lost in wonder at her many-sidedness. It is not vouchsafed to all to wield the prosaic (here used in its strict sense) and the poetic pen with equal facility. It would not surprise us in the least to be called upon to review a book of essays by the same author.

We have adverted upon the important figure that dress makes in the composition of this story, but we do not wish to be understood as saying that it is a mere set of fashion-plates. The book has more literary value than a catalogue of dress patterns, and we had almost said that the incidents are not subsidiary to the dressing.

We make bold to quote the opening of the narrative:

«It was a lovely spring day.»

How direct! How forceful! Here is not a redundant syllable, but each word, like the well-trained members of a stock company, contributes its legitimate share to the *ensemble*.

Following this is as effective a bit of repressed description as it has been our good fortune to come across in many a month of weary reading:

«A blue Axminster carpet lay upon the floor, and a noble mountain-range divided the valley into two parts; while upon the walls were a number of cheap prints, and the hum of birds and bees floated in through the half-open window.»

Having indicated thus succinctly the setting of the story, and supplied the atmosphere, the author proceeds:

«Lucinda entered the room, attired in a snug-fitting brown cashmere waist and skirt of the latest mode, and wearing a bonnet that was so simple, and yet in such good taste, that it deserves a word of description. In shape it was a poke; it was covered with salmon-colored plush edged with crimson velvet, and it was trimmed very plainly with white tulle and passementerie, while from its apex a little orange pompon reared itself. Its owner was evidently a perfect lady.

«Edgemont was already there» (he had come in just before the description), «buttoning and unbuttoning his

English-made pepper-and-salt sack-coat from very nervousness. His patent-leathers were splashed with mud, and he was plainly agitated.

«Good morning,» said Lucinda, as she removed her mouse-colored mousquetaire gloves.»

Pardon our halting at this point to note the simple means employed by this young author to paint a picture. She does no more than tell you that Lucinda removed her gloves (with a perfectly proper and adequate description of their style), and yet you sense the situation at once; you see that she has taken them off.

«He stepped over to the window and adjusted his cravat before replying. Then he said, «Good morning.»

«You have come here,» she went on, casting her beautiful eyes out of the window.

«His own followed them, and then, as if tired out, he seated himself upon the sofa, and pulled up his trousers to avoid bagging. (Would he avoid bagging her heart? he wondered). She, too, seated herself, and removed her diaphanous veil. «You have come,» she repeated.

«Yes,» said he, as he pulled his cuffs beyond his coat sleeves—a masterpiece of quiet suggestiveness pointing unerringly to his extreme nervousness—«yes, and I am here.»

«Her dress had never looked so becoming to her as when she replied to him. Her skin was lighter than the brown cashmere, but it went with it—all day long. «And why,» said she, as she brushed the dust from her tan-colored shoes with her dainty hemstitched handkerchief, «did you not come before?»

«He stooped over and pushed a truant shoe-lace into his shoe. (Because—) he hesitated, and nervously fingered his watch-pocket (a gift from Lucinda)—«because—the—walking—was—so—bad,» he said at last, in tones so low that the girl blushed.

«As her color mounted higher and higher, she rose with it. (Edgemont—Mr. Larchcomb,» said she, chillingly, several of her lily fingers playing with her topaz brooch the while, «a man who thinks more of his shoes than of my heart is not the one to receive my hand!») . . .

«It was still a lovely spring day. The Axminster was still blue, the mountains went on dividing the valley, and the prints upon the walls were just as cheap as before; but the humming of the birds and bees sounded more plainly to Edgemont Larchcomb's ears—for he was out of doors!»

Miss More has employed the prose-pastel style of diction to close her very effective and affecting tale. The atmosphere of the opening of the story is here, and yet it is not the same; it has been changed by the substitution of a word here and there, and yet this change of air, by a paradox, has been produced by harping upon the same notes. Do we not recognize here the penchant for delicate effects that characterized the «Songs»?

In the hands of a writer less sure of her medium and of herself than Miss More, this story, with its lavish reference to dress, might have degenerated into a mere manual of modes; as it is, to paraphrase the noble words of Bobby Burns:

The dress is but the guinea stamp,
The tale 's a tale for a' that.

Charles Battell Loomis.

¹ We are in receipt of the following self-explanatory letter, which we take great pleasure in printing:

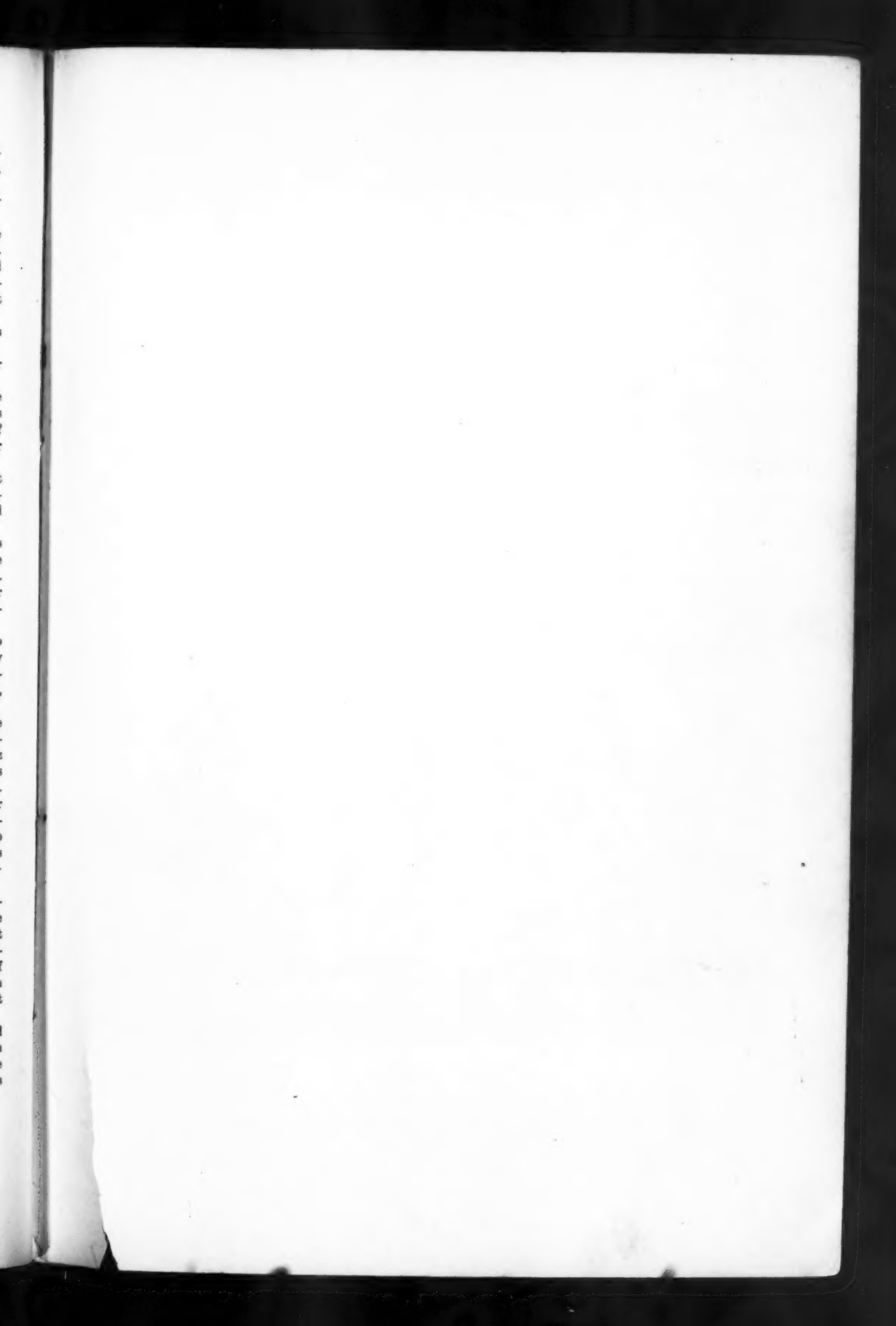
AILANTUS MANOR,
BOWERY BAY BEACH, LONG ISLAND,
May 19, 1897.

MR. CHARLES BATTALL LOOMIS.

DEAR SIR: By a printer's misprint, as annoying as it was vexing, my first name was spelled «Rita» in your very able review of my book of verse (and, by the way, it was the only review that I have been able to find).

Now my name is not «Rita,» but «Ruyter.» My mother was of real old Knickerbocker Dutch stock—by marriage. Hence the name.

Yours fervidly,
(Miss) RUYTER LITTLE MORE.



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JUL 8 1897



PAINTED BY HOGARTH AND NOW AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE BY PERMISSION OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

«GARRICK AND HIS WIFE.»